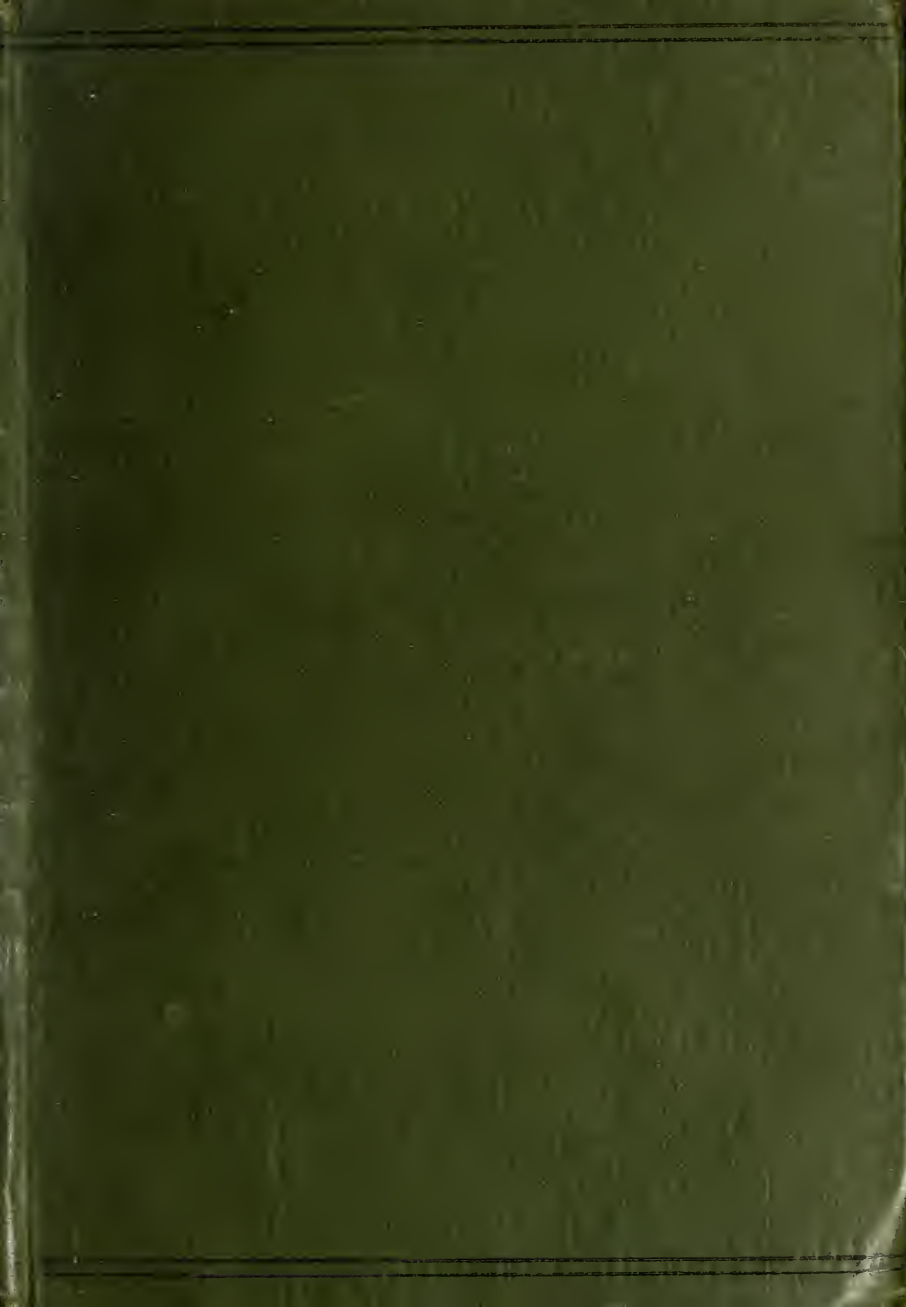






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The Practical Elocutionist

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The Practical Elocutionist

BY

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PREFACE.

The aim of the present volume is to place before students of elocution and dramatic readers, in a handy and practical form, a brief but suggestive exposition of the art of delivery, and a series of selections of a varied and attractive kind. The book is divided into four parts. The first division is devoted to a short account of the general principles of elocution; the second consists of practical hints with illustrative examples; the third treats of the theory of gesture; while the last contains a graduated set of pieces for reading and recitation.

The writer does not claim to reveal anything new as to the working or application of the general laws regulating correct and graceful delivery. He has only gathered together some of the most useful and important of these laws and set them down in a succinct and, it is hoped, clear form. In doing this, however, he has been animated by a desire to stimulate the student to thoughtful and patient application, and to stir in him a spirit of enthusiasm for the subject of his study.

There are so many "Selections of Readings" in the market that it is with some diffidence that the present volume is offered to the public. At the same time the excuse for its appearance (if, as may be thought, such an excuse is needed) may be found in the fact that it contains many selections that have never been included in any similar book. It is true that a number of old standard favourites has been retained. This is due to the desire on the part of the compiler to include, for the use of teachers, certain literary productions lending themselves specially as texts for teaching purposes. The bulk of the matter is fresh. A number of original adaptations from good authors, and many valuable copyright items have been inserted.

Attention may also be drawn to the readings suitable for musical accompaniment, and to a condensed form of debate which may prove useful in dealing with the art of public speaking.

The writer has purposely avoided, from first to last, the placing of accent marks or other arbitrary guides to delivery upon the words or phrases in the selections. He believes that more harm than good results from this old-fashioned practice, and that it is more consistent with common sense and good judgment to leave inflections, accents, and pauses to be taught *viva voce*.

The writer desires to acknowledge his grateful appreciation of the kindness of the many authors and publishers who have permitted him the use of copyright matter of much value and interest.

Finally, it may be added that the whole selection has been made with a single eye to healthiness of tone, and it is hoped that the volume may prove of use in the school-room and at the fireside, in the study and on the platform.

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THE PRACTICAL ELOCUTIONIST.

DIVISION I.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

Among the cultured races in ancient times the study of correct and graceful speech was deemed an essential element of a liberal education. In the training of the youthful Greek or Roman, Elocution was assigned a place of honour and importance, and many coveted rewards were in store for those who excelled in it. Oratory, indeed, for which Elocution forms a necessary foundation, was then considered one of the fine arts, and entitled to quite as dignified a recognition as painting and music and sculpture. No effort was spared in the encouragement of the study, and a high standard of excellence was maintained.

It has often been urged, and with considerable show of reason, that in our own day the study of Elocution and public speaking does not get that regular and close attention in our educational system to which it has so good a claim. Elocution has met with indifference, sometimes even with half-veiled contempt, at the hands of the directors of many of our schools and colleges. In view of the great value of the study this state of matters is not easily accounted for. One is tempted to call it the outcome of wilful ignorance. It is to the credit of an awakening intelligence in educational matters, however, that the subject is now obtaining a rank of greater importance every year, and that the immense benefits to be derived from a systematic course of training in correct and effective delivery are more and more clearly recognized. The hap-hazard manner in which clergymen, barristers, and others whose duties lead them to speak much in public usually acquire an inkling of the principles of Elocution is most hurtful in its effects. It seems to have been, and to a great extent evidently still is judged that knowledge—the accumulation of facts and doctrine and law—and some skill in com-

position, are enough to carry the minister and the lawyer through his professional career with credit, and that he must trust to natural ability and the ordinary training of everyday experience to enable him to convey his knowledge or opinions, or plead his case, with persuasiveness, grace, and force. It is true that in the course of his preparation for his profession he sometimes turns a lukewarm attention to the subject, but his half-hearted attempt is often worse than useless. The imperfectly-taught or self-taught student of Elocution is apt to develop irritating mannerisms both in pronunciation and tone. The crudities of his style have had no adequate friction applied to them to clear them away. He goes to the pulpit, the bar, or the platform with a vitiated method that renders him wearisome or even obnoxious to his hearers. He has so little knowledge of the proper mode of husbanding his breath and producing his voice that it is not surprising he has so often to consult his physician regarding serious trouble in his throat.

Elocution, however, is deserving of the most studious attention by others besides professional men. To the latter it ought to be a necessity, but to all it will be an advantage. Those who desire to strengthen and improve the voice and develop the organs of respiration, to overcome a rough or provincial accent, to cultivate their taste, to improve and brighten their conversational powers, to lay up treasures of literature in their memory, and to be able to read and recite in a manner at once pleasant to themselves and enjoyable and profitable to others, should devote themselves diligently to the study of Elocution. Of study Shakspeare wisely and quaintly says:

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks".

This truth is to be borne in mind by all who hope to make progress in the art. The study of Elocution "will not be deep search'd by saucy looks". It will not be sufficient merely to "cram" a few selections from popular authors, and then go around inflicting their recital on long-suffering friends. To deserve as well as to attain success, thoughtful application and an enthusiastic love of the subject for its own sake must go hand in hand. Constant practice in articulation and pronunciation must be joined to a careful training of the voice and a due regard for the mechanism of breathing. To the study of grammar and literature must be added the study of character. The emotions and passions must be pondered over and analyzed, and their appropriate symbols of expression determined upon. The imagination must be trained to apprehend, and the physical powers

to render with fidelity and truth the full force and message of what we have to say or the meaning and spirit of the author whose work we seek to interpret.

Our English word "*Elocution*" is derived from the Latin, and means literally "*a speaking out*". In its technical sense it signifies a speaking out with such correctness of pronunciation, clearness of articulation, and intelligent modulation of the voice, as will convey to the hearers, in a graceful and artistic way, the full meaning of the spoken words.

The aim of the student of Elocution, therefore, is to acquire the art of accurate and effective delivery. How best shall he set about it? His work has two main divisions. Firstly, he must make himself thoroughly versed in what may be termed the mechanical part of the study—the production of the voice, the management of the breath, the articulation and pronunciation of words, and the regulation of accent. Secondly, he must study the principles which govern expression in delivery, which dictate or suggest the proper inflections, emphases, and pauses to be made, and the exact modulation of voice to be adopted.

It is impossible in these introductory remarks to give more than a very brief outline of the principles of the art, but in any case an elaborate system of rules and exceptions, with all the formidable array of uninviting matter it engenders, tends rather to frighten than encourage the student. Judicious *viva voce* teaching is better than a library of Manuals. The individual tricks of manner and speech into which people fall in reading or conversing can best be remedied in the class-room. Even after the mechanics of Elocution have been learned, and the student is proceeding to more advanced work, the teacher's oversight is of great value. His office indeed becomes more that of a friendly and experienced critic than of a law-giver. At the same time we think it well to bring before the student in as concise a form as possible a number of practical observations on the more salient difficulties to be met with and overcome. We desire above all to make him realize the importance of the study, to stimulate him to serious effort, and to awaken his ambition to excel.

The production of the voice and the management of the breath primarily call for the most painstaking attention. Bad habits in breathing and voice-forming are acquired with unfortunate ease, and are most difficult to cure. A knowledge of the physiology of the human voice is very helpful to the student of elocution, we recommend him to consult a work dealing specially with

subject. He will not fail to be impressed with the beauty of the mechanism and will more intelligently appreciate the need for constant care and exercise to develop and improve the voice—to render it both musical and flexible. The vocal organs are muscular, and even poor voices, properly trained, may be strengthened, mellowed, and made capable of good work.

It is the A B C of correct vocal production to keep the lungs at all times plentifully supplied with air. By this means alone will a smooth delivery be preserved, and any necessary change of tone or alteration of pitch be readily seized. Breathing should be carried on almost wholly through the nostrils, but it will sometimes be found of advantage to breathe through the mouth as well. In any case, care must be exercised not to allow the act of breathing to be heard or seen. Every chance presented by the ordinary pauses in speaking or reading should be taken to maintain the full stock of breath. It is quite a mistake to wait for any particular time to take in a supply, as for example, till the end of a sentence. The true secret of proper breathing is to cultivate a habit of replenishing the lungs at every available opportunity during the delivery whether for the moment a full store is required or not. The good habit once formed will be almost unconscious in its working.

The voice has three different keys or pitches—the high, the low, and the middle—each of which has its separate functions and usefulness. The high pitch, appropriate to the expression of excitement and nervous emotion, ought never to be rashly resorted to. Occasions for its necessary use are comparatively rare, and great care must always be taken to avoid straining the voice when it is pitched high. Unless the high pitch is used with judgment and artistic moderation the effect is most unpleasant on the ear. The low pitch is of value in solemn and impassioned utterance. A golden rule in vocal training is to practise assiduously the low notes. Besides enriching the expressiveness of the voice, such practice will be of immense physical value to the whole vocal mechanism. The middle pitch is the one we commonly use while conversing, but it should also be that chosen for public speaking and reading,—to be altered only under stress of emotion or for other valid reason. It will be found by experience that the middle key is altogether the most satisfactory and durable one on which to work.

In public speaking or reading it ought always to be a first endeavour to be well heard. In this connection it is important to note that distinctness and a level pitch are far more effective than mere loudness. Loudness and vocal pitch must not be confounded.

One may speak loudly or softly on the same key. It is an everyday occurrence for speakers in a large hall to pitch their voices too high, or else to speak too loudly, or both. Clergymen are perhaps the greatest offenders in this respect, even in their own pulpit. How few there are who preach naturally and quietly with just the proper degree of loudness to be heard distinctly by everybody. A good plan to secure the proper pitch is to watch the demeanour of the remotest listeners and judge whether they are hearing with comfort. Tell your story to those in the back seat and almost unconsciously the voice itself will help you to adjust the true key to meet the case. In large buildings, or where the acoustics are defective, extra care has to be taken in articulation, and the syllables have to be dwelt upon with more than usual emphasis. Where there is an echo a subdued middle pitch will be found most effective. Loudness in such a place should never be attempted unless conjoined with great deliberation and crispness of utterance, otherwise a mere unintelligible jumble will be the result. False methods of vocal production are numerous, but perhaps none is more harmful than that in which all the breath and sound seem to be proceeding from the throat. It is imperative that the student should keep in view that the larynx is a most delicate instrument which requires to be played upon with skill. A clumsy performer will soon coarsen or even wear away outright its powers of melody.

Articulation, or distinct utterance, next presents itself for consideration. This is a branch which is usually treated at some length by means of a long list of rules. These rules are, without doubt, most useful in themselves, but a too rigid adherence to them is apt to create a preciseness in style which is not to be commended. The student should endeavour to speak out his words in a clear and firm manner, giving each syllable its due value and proper sound. Mistakes of articulation are usually the result rather of slovenliness, affectation, or local accent, than of ignorance. The battle is more than half won if the student makes up his mind *to be careful*. While accuracy and clearness are being acquired, freedom and refinement must not be forgotten. The proper pronunciation of words may be learned (*first*) by listening to the speaking of cultured people, and (*second*) by consulting a reliable dictionary. The student must be always on the alert in this connection, because pronunciation is a matter of use and fashion—the use and fashion that obtain from time to time among the educated and refined.

One of the greatest obstacles in the path of the beginner is his

local or provincial accent. Mere quality of voice, apart from inflection and pronunciation, has more to do with local accent than what is generally supposed. People in different parts of the country produce their voices in different ways. We have a faulty utterance from the throat here, or a disagreeable nasal quality of vocal sound there, and so on; all of which are but the evidences of a deplorable lack everywhere of education in the management of the voice. A monotonous regularity in the use of certain inflections, mispronunciation of words, especially owing to a false articulation of the vowel sounds, and other peculiarities, all help to make up what is known as a local accent. The best means of rooting it out is to practise reading aloud in accordance with the principles of elocution, keeping specially in view the proper formation of the voice.

In all exercises on articulation, deliberation is essential. To hurry over a passage is to waste time, not to practise. Flexibility and lightness of touch, with a capacity for quick yet clear and correct articulation cannot be acquired without persevering and patient effort.

We come now to the second division of our subject, which concerns itself with the canons of taste and expression in delivery. The consideration of these canons leads us to place the study of the art in a very high rank indeed. To be able to vivify the language of our great writers with an illuminating exposition of its spirit and its message, "to lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of the voice", to deliver a noble theme with earnestness and convincing power, require the cultivation of qualities which concern the heart as well as the brain of the student. His imagination must be stirred, his powers of observation quickened, and his sympathy for his neighbour deepened. It is only when he has taken a firm grasp of the meaning of the text, and is actuated by genuine feeling, that his vocal inflections and modulations of tone, the emphases he employs, and the pauses he makes, will become appropriate and telling. The four elements just referred to, viz.—Inflection, Modulation, Emphasis, and Pause, are so blended in tasteful delivery that it is difficult to treat of them separately. It is well, however, to endeavour to indicate what is distinctive in the operation of each, as well as to show their close relationship.

The Inflections of the voice are of two classes—Rising and Falling. A third class is sometimes added, called the Circumflex Inflection, which is only a compound of the two simple inflections. Inflection is aptly enough described as a slide of the voice in speaking, and the direction of the slide—up or down, as the case may be

—determines the class to which it belongs. To put the definition in other words, the voice is bent with an upward or downward course in such a way as to indicate various shades of meaning in the matter spoken, or to suggest a certain state of emotion or mental attitude on the part of the speaker. The rising inflection indicates in general that the logical sense is still incomplete, while the falling inflection conveys the opposite idea. In emotional phrases the rising inflection suggests a stretching forward into the future, and is used where prayer or pleading, hope or joy, questioning or doubt, are the prevailing notes. The falling inflection, on the other hand, is found, in similar phrases, to be the proper mode of expressing strong affirmation or authority, and of rendering the notes of the deeper and harsher passions. The circumflex inflection is difficult to describe on paper with any degree of exactness. This compound slide of the voice is of great value in passages where irony and bantering are the dominant notes, or where any latent meaning—"between the lines", as we say colloquially—is intended to be conveyed. In Division II. of this volume will be found a number of special exercises on the inflections, which it is hoped will be found useful.

Modulation is but a higher form of inflection. It is the act of arranging the vocal inflections in a passage so as to assign to each its relative weight and importance as a contributory to the general effect. It further groups and arranges the emphases and pauses. It is modulation or tone which expresses the spirit or emotion of the whole passage. The truest and only really effective modulation is that which is founded on a sympathetic and thoughtful study of the text. There are tones appropriate to all human emotions and sentiments, but to imitate these tones with sincerity and truth is no easy task. False or incorrect modulation jars like a discord in music. The tones natural to animated conversation are the best guide to the due rendering of all narrative and argumentative passages. These tones should also be the foundation of all emotional or dramatic reading. Artificial and stilted styles of declamation, or a monotonous cadence or tune, should be anxiously avoided. Modulation properly employed makes spoken language a living power to persuade or rouse or touch the listener. It depicts the rush and development of emotion and passion, or reveals with subtle force changes of idea and sentiment. It enables us to produce a pleasing variety and picturesqueness in delivery when we render clearly but without obtrusion the imitative element which lurks in many words, when we show in fact, the frequent close connection between sound and sense.

From Modulation it is not a far cry to Emphasis. By Emphasis is meant the placing of weight or stress, by means of a fuller sound or marked tone of voice, upon certain words to show their relative importance to the context. The proper use of emphasis is dictated entirely by the meaning of the passage. The same sentence, or combination of words, may be emphasized in quite a number of ways according to the particular meaning sought to be conveyed. It is outwith the province of rigid rules to deal with due emphasis. Taste and intelligence must be brought to bear upon every separate set of words and phrases. Emphasis, in its widest application, is a means of *dramatizing* a sentence or a paragraph, but accurate judgment and artistic care will be necessary to prevent too lavish a use of it.

The Pause is but another form of emphasis, and a most effective one when properly employed. Ordinary grammatical punctuation suggests certain pauses in delivery, but is no safe guide. Pauses are sometimes divided into grammatical and rhetorical, sometimes into those which mark emphasis and those which indicate distinctions of the sense. But indeed it is difficult to draw any clear line. As a form of Emphasis many remarkable effects may be obtained from its use. A pause immediately before a word serves as a pointer, drawing instant attention, and helping to reveal that word's importance and value. On the other hand, when the pause is made immediately after a word, the mind has time to dwell on the full significance it bears or the suggestions it stirs. As with individual words so with phrases, and here lies material for nice discrimination. Phrases may be grouped and arranged by means of the pause (aided, of course, by tone and emphasis) in such a way as to render most graphically the full force of a sentence. Each phrase has a different value and entitled to a different degree of recognition, and the artistic arrangement of the phrases distinguishes the finished speaker or reader. Grammatical analysis teaches us the construction of sentences; rhetorical analysis teaches us something more. By rhetorical analysis, if we may be allowed the phrase, is meant that analysis which makes clear to us the spirit and aim of the writer. Having so analyzed a passage we are in a position to apply the proper tones, emphases, and pauses to its delivery, and so to punctuate or phrase it, as to make that spirit and aim live for others as well as ourselves. We become the true interpreter of the author. Without such previous analysis our delivery will be either meaningless and dead or hopelessly misleading. These remarks apply to the reading of both prose and verse, but the latter has some special features worthy of

mention. Verse is extremely difficult to read well, owing chiefly to the constant danger of misplacing the pauses, and the easy blunder of inharmonious phrasing. It is essential to maintain at once the melody or rhythm and the sense. There is, in poetical composition, a natural pause at the end and also a pause about the middle of each line. To some extent these pauses must always be regarded, but there are several common errors to guard against. We have especially to keep free of any artificial monotony or tunefulness. Sometimes the rhythm catches the reader and chains him to a sing-song delivery that is most irritating. Care must be taken to bring home to our hearers the sentiments of the poem, while we preserve its melody. But if the melody and the sense are anywhere so distinctly at variance that one must be sacrificed, then of course the rhythm must go. Yet, even in such a case, by a careful balancing or poising of the whole passage and a delicate phrasing of the words, the grace and poetical beauty of it may be suitably maintained and the sense at the same time clearly conveyed.

As a concluding word to these few pages on the principles of Elocution we would strongly urge the student to attend to three simple injunctions which, if carried out, will invest his work with individuality and interest—**Be thoughtful: be natural: be in earnest.**

DIVISION II.

THE PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION.

I.—GENERAL HINTS.

(a) Speak out firmly: take plenty of time.

1. In an old abbey town, a long while ago—so long that the story must be a true one, because our great-grandfathers implicitly believed it—there officiated as sexton and grave-digger, one Gabriel Grub, an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly and lonely man, who consorted with nobody but himself, and an old wicker bottle.

A little before twilight, one Christmas Eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself towards the old churchyard; for he had got a grave to finish by next morning. As he went his way, up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam, through the old casements, and heard the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub; and when groups of children bounded out of the houses, tripped across the road, and were met, before they could knock at the opposite door, by half a dozen curly-headed little rascals who crowded upstairs to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his spade with a firmer grasp, as he thought of measles, scarlet-fever, and a good many other sources of consolation besides.

2. At midnight, in his guarded tent, the Turk was dreaming of the hour when Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, should tremble at his power: in dreams, through camp and court he bore the trophies of a conqueror; in dreams, his song of triumph heard;—then, wore that monarch's signet ring; then, pressed that monarch's throne—a king!—as wild his thoughts, and gay of wing, as Eden's garden bird!—At midnight, in the forest shades, Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band, true as the steel of their tried blades,—heroes in heart and hand. There had the Persian's thousands stood, there had the glad earth drunk their blood on old Plataea's day: and now these breathed that haunted air—the sons of sires who conquered there—with arm to strike and soul to dare, as quick, as far as they!

(b) Articulate clearly: pronounce correctly: pay careful heed to the vowel sounds and the definite article: do not drop or slur over terminal consonants.

Note.—*The definite article is pronounced with a long “e” before a vowel or silent “h” and also when it is used emphatically: but the “e” is short before a consonant.*

1. Here it comes sparkling, and there it lies darkling; now smoking and frothing its tumult and wrath in; rising and leaping, sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping, showering and springing, flying and flinging, writhing and singing, eddying and whisking, spouting and frisking, turning and twisting around and around with endless rebound; smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in, confounding, astounding, dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound! Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting, delaying and straying and playing and spraying, advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing—and so never ending, but always descending, sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending, all at once and all o’er, with a mighty uproar;—and this way, the water comes down at Lodore!

2. No object is more pleasing to the eye than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

3. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4. The horse was standing near the hotel, eating the oats which the ostler had fetched; the traveller rested himself under the awning, which the apple-tree afforded; near him was the orchard, whose trees were weighed by the fruit of the abundant harvest; the uppermost branches appeared to be the most prolific, and the whole scene was clothed with the grandeur of the setting sun.

5. The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with

their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

II.—EXERCISES ON THE INFLECTIONS.

The rising inflection should be employed in the following cases:—

(a) While the meaning of a sentence or clause of a sentence remains incomplete in itself:

While the leading thought in a paragraph or stanza is logically connected from sentence to sentence with cumulative effect.

1. When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within;
 When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit;
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close,
 When the girls are weaving baskets
 And the men are shaping bows;
 When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;

With weeping and with laughter,
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

2. In the name of every generous and honourable feeling—for the sake not merely of those on whose behalf I specially appeal, but for your own sakes, and as you value your own dignity and character, and prize the future independence of your country, come forward and by one simultaneous exclamation, signify your assent to a measure which will not only have the effect of rescuing the peasantry from ruin, but of rescuing your own character from ignominy and disgrace. Do it in the name of justice,—do it in the name of humanity—do it in the name of Ireland; and I trust I do not take his name in vain when I say, do it in the name of God.

3. If a cool, determined courage, that no apparently hopeless struggle could lessen or subdue—if a dauntless resolution, that shone the brightest in the midst of the greatest difficulties and dangers—if a heart ever open to the tenderest affections of our nature and the purest pleasures of social intercourse—if an almost childlike simplicity of character, that while incapable of craft or dissimulation in itself, yet seemed to have an intuitive power of seeing and defeating the insidious designs and treacheries of others—if characteristics such as these constitute their possessor a hero, then, I say, foremost in the rank of heroes shines the deathless name of Washington.

4. To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters; to restrain every irregular inclination; to subdue every rebellious passion; to purify the motives of our conduct; to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce; to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle; to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm; and to that integrity which no interest can shake; this is the task which, in our sojourn here, we are required to accomplish.

(b) When the sentence or clause is interrogative and can be answered by "yes" or "no", or when it is negative in construction.

1. Do the perfections of the Almighty lie dormant?
 Can wealth, or honour, or pleasure satisfy the soul?
 Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?
 Can the soldier when he girdeth on his armour boast like him
 that putteth it off?
 Can the merchant predict that the speculation on which he has

entered will be infallibly crowned with success? Can even the husbandman, who has the promise of God that seedtime and harvest shall not fail, look forward with assured confidence to the expected increase of his fields?

2. No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine
 And made no deeper wounds?
 Was this the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Is this the face which faced so many follies,
 And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?

3. Has our Maker furnished us with desires which have no correspondent objects, and raised expectations in our breasts with no other view than to disappoint them? Are we to be for ever in search of happiness without arriving at it, either in this world or in the next? Are we formed with a passionate longing for immortality, and yet destined to perish after this short period of existence? Are we prompted to the noblest actions, and supported through life under the severest hardships and most trying temptations, by hopes of a reward which is visionary and chimerical, by the expectation of praises which we are never to realize and enjoy?

4. Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea puffed up with winds
 Rage like an angry bear?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
 And Heaven's artillery thunder in the sky?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
 That makes not half so great a blow on the ear
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

5. The peace we seek is not peace through the medium of war; not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle in all parts of the empire; not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, nor the precise marking of the shadowy boundaries of a complex government.

6. THE BETTER LAND.

MRS. HEMANS.

Child. I hear thee speak of a Better Land.
 Thou callest its children a happy band.
 Mother, oh, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?

Mother. Not there, not there, my child.

Child. Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds on their starry wings
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?

Mother. Not there, not there, my child.

Child. Is it far away in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
 Is it there, sweet mother, that Better Land?

Mother. Not there, not there, my child.

Mother. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—

It is there, it is there, my child.

(c) When the emotional feeling expressed in a sentence is bright, happy, or hopeful.

1. I come; I come;—ye have called me long:
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,—
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows—
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,—
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves;—
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

2. Thy bright image,
 Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils
 By which man masters men. For thee I grew
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages.
 For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace
 And every Muse, such attributes as lend
 Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
 And Passion taught me Poesy—of thee;
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life
 Of Beauty. Art became the shadow
 Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes.
 Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded not;
 But still toil'd on, hoped on, for it was sweet,
 If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

3. Nay, speak not; my heart has broken its silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured all the weary bondage of this house; yes, to see you, hear you, breathe the same air, be ever at hand, that if others slighted, from one at least you might receive the luxury of respect; for this—for this I have lingered, suffered, and forborne. We are orphans both—friendless both; you are all the world to me; turn not away; my very soul speaks in these words—*I love you!*

4. The quality of mercy is not strain'd; it droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd; it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes: 'tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the thronèd monarch better than his crown: his sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; but Mercy is above this sceptred sway—it is enthronèd in the hearts of kings—it is an attribute to God himself; and earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew, though justice be thy plea, consider this,—that, in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation: we do pray for mercy: and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS-DAY.

DICKENS.

5. On Christmas morning grandpapa and grandmamma, with as many of the children as the pew will hold, go to church in great state: leaving Aunt George at home dusting decanters and filling castors, and Uncle George carrying bottles into the dining-parlour, and calling for cork-screws, and getting into everybody's way.

When the church-party return to lunch, grandpapa produces a small sprig of mistletoe from his pocket, and tempts the boys to kiss their little cousins under it—a proceeding which affords both the boys and the old gentleman unlimited satisfaction, but which rather outrages grandmamma's ideas of decorum, until grandpapa says that when he was just thirteen years and three months old, he kissed grandmamma under a mistletoe too, on which the children clap their hands, and laugh very heartily, as do Aunt George and Uncle George; and grandmamma looks pleased, and says, with a benevolent smile, that grandpapa was an impudent young dog, on which the children laugh very heartily again, and grandpapa more heartily than any of them.

As to the dinner, it's perfectly delightful—nothing goes wrong, and everybody is in the very best of spirits, and disposed to please and be pleased. Grandpapa relates a circumstantial account of the purchase of the turkey, with a slight digression relative to the purchase of previous turkeys, on former Christmas-days, which grandmamma corroborates in the minutest particular. Uncle George tells stories, and carves poultry, and takes wine, and jokes with the children at the side-table, and exhilarates everybody with his good humour and hospitality; and when, at last, a stout servant staggers in with a gigantic pudding, with a sprig of holly in the top, there is such a laughing, and shouting, and clapping of little chubby hands, and kicking up of fat dumpy legs, as can only be equalled by the applause with which the astonishing feat of pouring lighted brandy into mince-pies is received by the younger visitors. Then the dessert!—and the wine!—and the fun! Such beautiful speeches, and such songs! Even grandpapa not only sings his annual song with unprecedented vigour, but on being honoured with an unanimous *encore*, according to annual custom, actually comes out with a new one which nobody but grandmamma ever heard before. And thus the evening passes, in a strain of rational goodwill and cheerfulness, doing more to awaken the sympathies of every member of the party

in behalf of his neighbour, and to perpetuate their good feeling during the ensuing year, than half the treatises that have ever been written, by half the philosophers that have ever lived.

(d) When surprise or wonder is expressed, or doubt or contingency suggested.

1. A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
2. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.
3. Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor words of common courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in Prayer:
4. It is doubtful yet,
If Cæsar will come forth to-day or no.
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the capitol to-day.

5. It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—If it be proved against an alien, that, by direct or indirect attempts, he seek the life of any citizen, the party 'gainst the which he doth contrive, shall seize one half his goods; the other half comes to the privy coffer of the State; and the offender's life lies in the mercy of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

(e) When prayer or entreaty is expressed, or exclamations or ejaculations made.

1. And now, in conclusion, I pray from the bottom of my heart, that He who is the Author of all mercies to mankind, whose divine providence, I am persuaded, guides and even superintends the transactions of this world, and whose guardian spirit has ever watched over this prosperous island, direct and fortify your judgments!

2. All good people,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say. You few that loved me
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying;
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
 And lift my soul to Heaven.

3. Oh, I beseech thee,
 If my obedience and blameless life,
 If my humility and meek submission
 In all things hitherto, can move in thee
 One feeling of compassion; if thou art
 Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
 One look of her who bore me, or one tone
 That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
 In my behalf, who am a feeble girl—
 Too feeble to resist; and do not force me
 To wed that man.

4. Ay? and this man dares to talk of conscience! Conscience, forsooth! It is enough to make one's blood boil to think on't! That he who had publicly, and in the open light of day, thrown off every coverlet of shame—that he should, without sense, or memory, or feeling, before the eyes of the whole empire, with the traces of his degradation still fresh upon him, presume to call upon the name of the great and eternal God, and in all the blasphemy of sacrilegious cant, dedicate himself, with an invocation to Heaven, to the everlasting oppression of my country! This it is that sets me, and every true patriot, on fire! This it is which raises, excites, inflames, exasperates! This it is which applies a torch to our passions! This it is which blows our indignation into flames!

The falling inflection should be employed in the following cases:—

(a) When a thought is completely expressed (whether by way of a sentence or a clause of a sentence) as in definitions and statements of fact.

1. Industry is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God.

2. Age in a virtuous person carries with it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth.

3. By uniting different ranks in the same elegant pleasures, the fine arts promote benevolence; by cherishing love of order, they enforce submission to government; and by inspiring delicacy of feeling, they make regular government a double blessing.

4. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

5. In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same points. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden.

6. Ask of the learn'd the way: the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain:
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

7. LABOUR.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real

harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!

(b) When a sentence, although interrogative, cannot be answered by a simple "yes" or "no"; and when earnest affirmation or conviction is intended to be conveyed, although the sentence may be negative in construction.

1. What! my young master? Why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The haughty pride of the humorous Duke?
2. Me you call great: mine is the firmer seat,
 The truer lance; but there is many a youth
 Now crescent, who will come to all I am,
 And overcome it; and in me there dwells
 No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
 Of greatness, to know well I am not great.
 There is the man.

(c) When there is expression of command or authority, and when the various stronger passions such as anger, hatred, and the like are represented.

1. "Halt!" The dust brown ranks stood fast.
 "Fire!" Out blazed the rifle blast.
2. An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
 That bright dream was his last.

He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
 He woke—to die, ’midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast,
 Like forest pines before the blast :
 Or lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
 And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band,
 “Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
 Heaven—and your native land!”

3. I grieve to see the company thou keepest—
 The man whom thou hast ever at thy side,
 I hate him from the bottom of my soul,
 The very sight of him makes my blood thrill.
 To most men I feel kindness—but him
 Do I detest ; and with a feeling strong—
 Strong as my love for you—strong as my wishes
 To have you with me—does a secret shudder
 Creep over me when I behold this man.
 He is—I cannot be deceived—a villain.
 I would not, could not, live together with him.
 He feels no love for any living soul ;—
 And when I am so happy in thine arms,
 He’s sure to come, and my heart shrinks and withers.
 This hatred overmasters me so wholly
 That, if he does but join us, straightway it seems
 As if I ceased to love thee. Where he is
 I could not pray. This eats into my heart.

4. Vice is the cruel enemy which renders man destructive to man ;
 which racks the body with pain and the mind with remorse ; which
 produces strife, faction, revenge, oppression, and sedition ; which
 embroils society, kindles the flames of war, and erects inquisitions ;
 which takes away peace from life, and hope from death ; which
 brought forth death at first, and has ever since clothed it with all
 its terrors ; which arms nature and the God of nature against us ;
 and against which it has been the business of all ages to find out
 provisions and securities, by various institutions, laws, and forms
 of government.

5. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know that they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incalculable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms;—never, *never*, NEVER!

The circumflex or compound inflection is used in the following cases:—

(a) When the diction is ironical or bantering in its nature the important words are so inflected as to suggest the intended latent meaning.

(b) When there is an expression of indignation, derision, or blame.

1. Indeed! Oh!

Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending:

Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval!

2. Hath a dog money? is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats?

3. Ye gods! it doth amaze me, a man of such feeble temper should so get the start of the majestic world, and bear the palm alone. Why man he doth bestride the narrow world, like a Colossus; and we petty men, walk under his huge legs, and peep about to find ourselves dishonourable graves. Men at some time are masters of their fates; the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in our selves that we are underlings. *Brutus* and *Cæsar*!—What should be in that *Cæsar*? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together; yours is as fair a name; sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them, Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

4. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break; go show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble.

Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humour? By the gods! you shall digest the venom of your spleen, though it do split you; for from this day forth I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, when you are waspish. You say you are a better soldier; let it appear so; make your vaunting true, and it shall please me well. For mine own part I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

III.—EXERCISES IN MODULATION.

(a) Parenthetical clauses should be read in a different tone from the remainder of the sentence, and with either slower or quicker movement, according to their relative importance to the context.

1. The desire of knowledge (like the thirst of riches) increases ever with the acquisition of it.

2. If there is a power above us (and that there is all nature cries aloud through all her works), he must delight in virtue; and that which he delights in must be happy.

3. It often happens that those are the best people whose characters are injured by slanderers (and who so great or good that slander does not assail) as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit, which the birds have been pecking at.

4. The late Mr. Bardell (after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign as one of the guardians of his royal revenues) glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford. At this touching allusion to the decease of Mr. Bardell (who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar) the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with some emotion

5. Thou happy, happy elf!

(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)

Thou tiny image of myself!

(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)

Thou merry, laughing sprite!

With spirits feather-light,

Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,

(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!

With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)

Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!

There goes my ink!)
 Thou cherub—but of earth;
 Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)

(b) When the force of a passage increases as it goes on, the voice should indicate the gradation by a corresponding increase in pitch, intensity, and rate of utterance.

1. One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur,
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!

—Quoth young Lochinvar.

2. With never a thought or a moment more,
 Bareheaded she slipped from the cottage-door.
 Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
 Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
 And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
 She urged the fiery horse of grey.
 Around her slender and cloakless form
 Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
 Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
 Grasped the reins with stern command;
 And full and black her long hair streamed,
 Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed,
 And on she rushed for the Colonel's weal,
 Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neale.

3. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead;
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair Nature with hard-favoured rage;
 Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean—
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height; Now on! you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument;
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
 Cry, Heaven for Harry! England! and St. George!

(c) When dialogue and narrative are comprised in one selection, the tone of voice should clearly indicate the distinction between them.

THE DEATH OF CASTLEWOOD.

THACKERAY.

It was midnight, but the night was bright enough for the unhappy purpose they came about. All six entered the fatal square, the chairmen keeping the gate, lest any person should disturb the duel. After not more than a couple of minutes, a cry caused Esmond to look round. He ran up to the place, where he saw his dear master was down.

My Lord Mohun was standing over him. "Are you much hurt, Frank?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"I believe I'm a dead man," my lord said from the ground.

"No! no! not so," says the other. "I call Heaven to witness,

Frank Esmond, that I would have asked your pardon had you but given me a chance. I swear no one was to blame but me, and that my lady—”

“Hush!” says my poor lord viscount, lifting himself up, “don’t let her name be heard in the quarrel. It was a dispute about the cards!—Harry, my boy, I loved thee, and thou must watch over my little Frank, and carry this little heart to my wife.”

They brought him to a surgeon in Long Acre, the house was wakened up, and the victim carried in.

Lord Castlewood was laid on a bed, very pale and ghastly, with that fixed fatal look in his eyes which betokens death. Faintly beckoning all away from him he cried, “Only Harry Esmond,” and his hand fell powerless on the coverlet.

“Thou art all but a priest, Harry!” he gasped, with a faint smile and pressure of his cold hand, “let me make thee a death-bed confession.”

With sacred Death waiting, as it were, at the bedfoot, as an awful witness of his words, the poor dying soul gasped out his last wishes, his contrition for his faults, and his charity towards the world he was leaving. The ecclesiastic we had sent for arrived, hearing which, my lord asked, squeezing Esmond’s hand, to be left alone with him.

At the end of an hour the priest came out of the room looking hard at Esmond, and holding a paper.

“He is on the brink of God’s awful judgment,” the priest whispered. “He has made his breast clean to me.”

“God knows,” sobbed out Esmond, seemingly unconscious of the words, “my dearest lord has only done me kindness all his life.”

The priest put the paper into Esmond’s hand.

He looked at it. It swam before his eyes. “’Tis a confession,” he said.

“’Tis as you please,” said the priest.

There was a fire in the room. Esmond went to the fire and threw the paper into it.

“’Tis only a confession, Mr. Atterbury. Let us go to him.”

They went into the next chamber; the dawn had broke, and showed the poor lord’s pale face and wild appealing eyes, which wore the awful fatal look of coming dissolution. He turned his sick eyes towards Esmond.

“My lord viscount,” says the priest, “Mr. Esmond hath burned the paper.”

“My dearest master,” Esmond cried.

My lord viscount sprung up in his bed and flung his arms round Esmond. "God—bl—bless" was all he said. The blood rushed from his mouth. He was no more.

"Benedicti Benedicentes," whispers the priest.

And Esmond groaned "Amen."

(d) Endeavour to modulate the voice so as to present a sympathetic and artistic picture to the imagination of the listener. This can only be accomplished by thoughtful study of the text, assiduous practice in the use of proper symbols of vocal expression, and a sincere and convincing style in delivery.

1. Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge—a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner. Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice.

2. Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave:
 And the sea yawn'd round her like a hell;
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he dies.
 And first one universal shriek there rush'd
 Louder than the loud ocean—like a crash
 Of echoing thunder—and then all was hush'd
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

3. But a change came upon the view almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bed-room, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying; the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and even as the sexton looked upon him with an interest he had never felt or known before, he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny

hand, so cold and heavy; but they shrunk back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant face; for calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping in rest and peace as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead, and they knew that he was an Angel looking down upon, and blessing them, from a bright and happy Heaven.

4. There was a sound of revelry by night: and Belgium's capital had gathered then her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men; a thousand hearts beat happily; and when music arose with its voluptuous swell, soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.—But hush!—hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? "No: 'Tis but the wind, or the car rattling o'er the stony street. On with the dance!—let joy be unconfined! No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more, as if the clouds its echo would repeat; and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

5. GEORGE THE THIRD.

THACKERAY.

From November, 1810, George the Third ceased to reign. All the world knows the history of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. He was not only sightless, he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him! Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down, and prayed aloud, for her—and then for his family—and then for the nation—concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert this heavy calamity from him; but, if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled!

What preacher needs moralize on this story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before

the Ruler of kings and men—the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the Inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory.

“O brothers!” I said to those who heard me first in America—
 “O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely,—our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, ‘Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little!’

‘Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass!—he hates him

That would, upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer!’

Hush, Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!”

6. Roll on! thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll! Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain; man marks the earth with ruin—his control stops with the shore; upon the watery plain the wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain a shadow of man’s ravage—save his own; when for a moment, like a drop of rain, he sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan, without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown!

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty’s form glasses itself in tempest: in all time—calm or convulsed: in breeze, or gale, or storm; icing the pole, or in the torrid clime dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime; the image of Eternity, the throne of the Invisible; Even from out thy slime, the monsters of the deep are made: each zone obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless—alone!

7. I am thy father’s spirit:

Doom’d for a certain time to walk the night,

And for the day confin’d to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,

Are burnt and purg’d away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand an-end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood.

8. Give thy thoughts no tongue
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act,
 Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice,
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment;
 This above all, to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not, then, be false to any man.

9. Descend, ye Nine, descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre.
 In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain;
 Let the loud trumpet sound
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear,
 Now louder and yet louder rise,
 And fill, with spreading sounds, the skies:
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats:
 Till by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away
 In a dying, dying fall.

10. THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street stands the old-fashioned country-seat; across its antique portico tall poplar-trees their shadows throw, and from its station in the hall an ancient time-piece says to all,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!” Half-way up the stairs it stands, and points and beckons with its hands from its case of massive oak; like a monk, who, under his cloak, crosses himself, and sighs, alas! with sorrowful voice to all who pass,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!” By day its voice is low and light; but in the silent dead of night, distinct as a passing footstep’s fall, it echoes along the vacant hall, along the ceiling, along the floor, and seems to say, at each chamber-door,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!” Through days of sorrow and of mirth, through days of death and days of birth, through every swift vicissitude of changeful time, unchanged it has stood; and as if, like God, it all things saw, it calmly repeats those words of awe,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!” In that mansion used to be free-hearted Hospitality; his great fires up the chimney roared; the stranger feasted at his board; but, like the skeleton at the feast, that warning timepiece never ceased,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!” There groups of merry children played, there youths and maidens dreaming strayed. O precious hours! O golden prime, and affluence of love and time! Even as a miser counts his gold, those hours the ancient timepiece told,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!” From that chamber, clothed in white, the bride came forth on her wedding night; there, in that silent room below, the dead lay in his shroud of snow; and in the hush that followed the prayer, was heard the old clock on the stair,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!” All are scattered now and fled, some are married, some are dead, and when I ask, with throbs of pain, “Ah, when shall they all meet again?” as in the days long since gone by, the ancient timepiece makes reply,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!” Never here, for ever there, where all parting, pain, and care, and death and time, shall disappear,—for ever there, but never here! The horologe of Eternity sayeth this incessantly,—“For ever—never! never—for ever!”

11. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

POPE.

Vital spark of heavenly flame, quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
 —trembling, hoping,—lingering, flying; oh, the pain, the bliss of
 dying! Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife, and let me languish
 into life!—Hark, they whisper! Angels say, “Sister spirit, come
 away!”—What is this absorbs me quite, steals my senses, shuts
 my sight, drowns my spirit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul—
 can this be death? The world recedes!—it disappears!—heaven
 opens on my eyes!—my ears with sounds seraphic ring! Lend, lend
 your wings! I mount! I fly!—O Grave! where is thy victory?
 O Death! where is thy sting?

IV.—EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

(a) Words opposed to, or contrasted with each other, and those which mark a new idea, should receive emphasis.

(b) Never lay emphasis on unimportant words, and especially do not give prominence to the minor parts of speech, such as prepositions and conjunctions.

1. Heaven is the region of gentleness and friendship; hell of fierceness and animosity.

2. Many men mistake the love for the practice of virtue, and are not such good men as the friends of goodness.

3. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him.

4. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools. Our safety—our lives depend on your fidelity. A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

5. Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.

6. Not love, quoth he, but vanity sets love a task like that.

7. To our faith we should add virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

8. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

9. It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forebore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.

But onwards, always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then, as the Græme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend—Argyle.

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan cry,
Not all their troops of trampling horse
Nor might of mailed men;
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then,
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there?

10. Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life-rent of this world—a little section cut out of eternity and given us to do our work in; an eternity before, an

eternity behind ; and the small stream between, floating swiftly from the one into the vast bosom of the other. The man who has felt with all his soul the significance of time will not be long in learning any lesson that this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away, and bearing you along with it towards that awful other world of which all things here are but the thin shadow, down into that eternity towards which the confused wreck of all earthly things are bound? Let us realize that; until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling strongly that it is worse than madness to sleep that time away. Every day in this world has its work ; and every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again? Every period of human life has its own lesson, and you cannot learn that lesson in the next period. The boy has one set of lessons to learn, and the young man another, and the grown-up man another. Life is like the transition from class to class in a school. The schoolboy who has not learnt arithmetic in the earlier classes cannot secure it when he comes to mechanics in the higher ; each section has its own sufficient work. He may be a good philosopher or a good historian, but a bad arithmetician he remains for life ; for he cannot lay the foundation at the moment when he must be building the superstructure. The regiment which has not perfected itself in its manœuvres on the parade-ground cannot learn them before the guns of the enemy. And just in the same way, the young person who has slept his youth away, and become idle, and selfish, and hard, cannot make up for that afterwards. He may do something, he may be religious—yes ; but he cannot be what he might have been. There is a part of his heart which will remain uncultivated to the end.

V.—EXERCISES ON THE PAUSE.

(a) In reading verse be careful to sustain its melody as much as possible by a proper regard for the pauses the rhythm demands, but at the same time do not sacrifice sense to rhythm.

1. We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low ;
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours.

2. The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 "Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 "Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 "Excelsior!"

3. The pall was settled: He who slept beneath,
 Was straightened for the grave, and, as the folds
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
 His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
 Reversed beside him; and the jewel'd hilt
 Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.

4. I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

(b) Assist the development of the force and meaning of a passage by pausing immediately after (or just before, as may be found most effective) emphatic words or phrases. Do not pause too long or too frequently.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question :—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

DIVISION III.

THE THEORY OF GESTURE.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

Hamlet's address to the players, which is above quoted in full, ought to be closely studied in all its bearings by those who wish to excel either in public speaking, dramatic reading or acting. The student should not only have every line of it by heart, but he should endeavour to let the spirit of it pervade every bit of work he does.

The great value of its precepts is shown by the fact that the most experienced reader or actor as well as the beginner will profit by keeping them always in view, and by intelligently following them. In a word, all who enter on the study of the dramatic exposition of thought, emotion or passion are strongly urged to adopt Hamlet's address as their artistic creed.

Hamlet begins by a caution to "speak the speech trippingly on the tongue", which is but a direction to articulate clearly, to pronounce correctly, and to render the whole passage with naturalness and freedom. We have already dealt with the ways and means likely to assist the student in learning correct and graceful delivery. It now remains for us to consider briefly the theory of gesture. Under the term "gesture" we seek to include all actions and movements of the body, limbs and countenance which serve to express or suggest ideas, feelings or passions. The aid of gesture in delivery should not be summoned till the student has attained some proficiency in the art of elocution proper. Assuming that he has learned to speak correctly and gracefully, and is desirous of carrying his studies further, so that he may perform satisfactory platform work, he will find two branches to which to devote his attention. Firstly, he will have to learn what constitutes graceful attitude or deportment: to study the gesture of repose, as it might be termed,—meaning the attitude not only graceful in itself but best suited to the full and free use of the vocal organs, the head, the limbs, and in short the whole body. This form of gesture is to some extent a negation of gesture, popularly so called. It teaches the mechanics of platform balance or poise. Secondly, he will have to study the general laws of dramatic action, comprehending (first) all gesticulation which expresses or illustrates a thought or a passion, which points an argument, or gives weight to an opinion; and (second) facial expression, with all its subtleties and powers of mental revelation.

It will thus be seen that as in elocution there are two main divisions, relating the one more particularly to the mechanical or physical parts of the study and the other to the mental or imaginative, so in gesture there are the two branches of (first) deportment and (second) dramatic action, the former concerning itself with the merely physical and the other chiefly with the psychological factors in effect.

In the first place, then, the reciter should take up such an attitude and so deport himself upon the platform as to have his whole physical resources well under control, ready for any call he may

have to make upon them. He must stand erect, with his chest expanded and his shoulders thrown back—but all this without stiffness. His head should be held well up, but not tilted back. It should never be allowed to droop over the chest, unless for some very good reason. No fault is more common among amateurs than a tendency to hang the head and speak towards the floor. Even those who are aware of the force of the injunction to keep the head up, disregard it continually, owing, no doubt, to the lack of a systematic struggle to overcome the wrong tendency. When the head is held level and erect—not thrown back—the neck is left free, and good vocal production is secured. The larynx, in other words, has freedom to perform its work properly. With the head down, the voice is poor in quality and the facial expression is lost. The throwing back of the shoulders and the expansion of the chest are meant to ensure proper facility in breathing, as well as to give dignity and what is technically called “presence” to the general bearing. The balance of the body is best maintained by resting the weight of it chiefly on one foot, so that the position may be easily altered. Jerky motions ought to be carefully avoided. They betray nervousness or want of preparation. For a similar reason all meaningless restless action, such as twitching of hands, shifting of posture, or moving about upon the platform should be guarded against. A quiet and modest bearing when coming upon the platform is to be earnestly recommended. Step easily forward without obtrusively signifying the fact that you are about to *recite* to the audience. Convey rather the idea that you are there to speak to them or tell them a story for its own sake, not for the sake of letting them know how effectively you can do it. A bow of the head, neither too formal nor too familiar, and in which the body to a slight degree participates, should be made in taking up your position. Then survey the audience with polite attentiveness for a moment before beginning. Avoid hurry. Stand firmly, allowing the arms to hang loosely by the sides. The beginner is often puzzled what to do with his hands and arms. He feels that it is necessary to keep them employed somehow, and does not realize that a graceful attitude may be maintained without moving them at all. The hands and arms are of value in gesticulation, but are not of such paramount importance as is popularly supposed. They form only part of the machinery of gesture.

Graceful deportment demands that gesticulation should be formed in curves, not by points and angles. Angular gesture is awkward and ungainly. So, too, is the waving of the arm with monotonous

frequency. "Do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently." The attitude of the body, the expression of the countenance, and the particular movement or gesture made should all be in harmony with one another, else the effect will be weakened, perhaps altogether lost or entirely misunderstood.

In general the speaker should make his remarks or tell his story with his face fronting the audience. He should never turn his back upon it. In presenting two or three characters, however, as in dialogue, it is useful to speak in a line a little to right or left in order to make a distinction. Care must be taken, however, not to move too much in either of these directions. A very awkward appearance is created if the body is turned sideways to the audience. Besides, in such a case, at least half of the people are prevented from seeing the facial expression properly.

It will be observed that the public speaker is more limited in the use of gesture than the reciter or actor. At the same time gesture is of much service to him. His hands may be made especially expressive. His countenance must be touched with the spirit of what he says. His bearing should be that which would be natural to him in animated conversation, with the necessary adjunct of weight and force appropriate to the platform. In an impassioned speech he may emphasize his words with well-chosen and well-timed dramatic action—"using all gently"—but in ordinary argument or anecdote his gesticulation will be more colloquial than dramatic. Keeping in mind the general principles which teach grace in deportment, the best gesture for the public speaker is that which comes most naturally to him. The dramatic reader and the actor, on the other hand, while bound to pay attention to correct attitude and poise, have a greater license in gesticulation than the orator.

There is infinite scope for individual talent in the interpretation of human thought or passion, and in the delineation of character by means of the symbolism of gait, gesture and facial expression; but this second and higher branch of the study is not capable of being reduced to rules. Hints may be given and general directions in method indicated. The student must begin by making himself thoroughly familiar with the meaning of his text, and the kind of character he is about to embody or suggest. After making up his mind definitely as to the meaning of the passage, or conceiving the character, he must think what symbols will best bring that meaning or conception home to his hearers. In the delineation of character it is the little points that tell—simple personal touches judiciously applied and consistent with the broad or general conception. The

tones, gait, gesture and facial expression should appeal to the audience as one intelligible embodiment—a complete and artistic whole. When we say that it is the little points that tell we do not mean to infer that gesture should be over-minute. There is danger in overloading a character sketch with a superabundance of action or too much facial expression. The dramatic reader, too, as distinguished from the actor, has to be careful not to do more than suggest a character sketch in the course of his recital. The actor is clothed for his part and is in surroundings that suit its full embodiment. It becomes a nice question for the reciter how much he may fully embody and how much he may merely suggest. If he is doing a character piece which contains no separate narrative portion, he may have great freedom, but when narrative and character drawing are mingled in one selection there is great need for care and discrimination. The quality of reserve or restraint is invaluable both in the reciter and the actor. Violence and unregulated energy whether of gesture or of vocal modulation are contrary to art and displeasing to the cultured audience. "In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." The gesticulation must not be "inexplicable dumb show", nor the vocal modulation mere "noise".

Every gesture must have a meaning or a purpose. It should never be weak nor undecided. Judgment must be employed to steer clear of the Charybdis of tameness as well as the Scylla of rant. "Let your own discretion be your tutor." Do not model your gesticulation upon the style of another, however clever your proposed pattern may be. It is the easiest of things to fall into queer mannerisms from blind attempts to copy another's methods. If you admire some one's work, rather inquire into the spirit or emotion or idea which prompted the various tones and gestures in it. Get hold of the motive power in fact, and let the tone or gesture come from your own physical resources as your own discretion dictates. To copy another is usually to adopt all his faults without his cleverness: to give a surface imitation devoid of the elements which, in the original, attract and charm. The same movements may appear in one man pleasing and appropriate, in another stiff or affected or unnatural.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." Nature, we see, is the foundation on which appropriate gesture must be built. But to be natural requires the exercise of

considerable art. It is none too easy to "suit the action to the word, the word to the action" in a natural way. Gesture is a language we must learn from observation and fix on our memory by imitation. We must endeavour to trace the connection between a movement or expression and the mental or emotional state of the person who made or exhibited it. By adding reflection to our observation and imitation we will discover the essential element in the gesture, the part which gave it real life and force and meaning. Then if we require to reproduce such an idea or passion we have a knowledge of the symbols to be used. The particular movement may be different in direction or even made by a different part of the body, but the motive principle will be behind it, to give it point.

A common tendency in descriptive gesture is to make it too literal. This is all very well in burlesque and is regularly employed for comic effect, but in all serious pieces literal gesture should be very sparingly used. The least false step and we are "o'er the modesty of nature". As a nation we are not given much to gesticulation, in ordinary circumstances, and this fact should be a guide to the reciter, and a warning to him to be rather reserved and restrained in the use of gesture. Audiences are always critical, often quite unconsciously so, and if they feel that the dramatic action is being overdone or that it is out of place their enjoyment of the whole rendering is greatly lessened. At the same time it is to be observed that warmth and animation in gesture follow naturally from earnestness, and are the quite appropriate outcome of emotion or passion. In conversation or unimpassioned discourse the word and action are simultaneous; in the expression of passion or highly-strung emotion the action precedes the word.

In studying the language of gesture and how to use it most effectively, we repeat that the only true way is to go to nature. Observe the means unconsciously adopted by those with whom you come in contact to express their feelings. Wherever people congregate, watch how they move and speak and look. It is wonderful how much may be learnt from careful and steady observation. The training will be of value to the mind in many ways. For the special object of the dramatic student it will make him fresher and more convincing in his work. It will enable him "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature".

What has been said regarding the theory of bodily gesture applies also to facial expression. No rules can be laid down as to the working of the countenance under emotion. Rather again we

are compelled to enjoin "how not to do it". It is in the matter of facial expression that constant demand is made for the exercise of discrimination and taste. Mannerisms in play of feature are painfully abundant. Some reciters get into the habit of working the eyebrows up and down, in season and out of season. Others develop tricks of mouth-twisting and so on. In these matters the criticism of a teacher or of a judicious friend is of immense service. The reciter does not see himself as others see him, and the sooner he is told of oddities the better, in order that he may begin eradicating them at once. The only positive maxim we can safely lay down with regard to facial expression is this. Endeavour to make the features express a full sympathy and correspondence with the subject-matter spoken. To have a chance of fulfilling such an endeavour you must first have felt the force, breathed the spirit, and grasped the meaning of the text.

The power of the eye in helping a reciter to picture a scene is remarkable, although very simple in its manifestation. The reciter should, as it were, gaze upon the scene he is describing, and if his look corresponds with the feeling of the words of the description and expresses a present interest in such scene, the audience will see the same with the reciter's eyes. But if the reciter lets his eyes wander aimlessly about among the audience the effect will be quite broken up. He must picture the scene or incident in his own mental vision, and imagine he is looking upon it and even breathing its atmosphere at the moment of representation or delivery.

While in all dramatic action, we "show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure", we must remember that it is our province only to *suggest* these ideas and others in an artistic form. We must use symbols, not the things themselves. We must choose only what is demanded by art, and leave the rest alone. It has been urged against the study of gesture that it tends to the formation of an affected, or, as it is termed, a stagey style of delivery. This is a fallacy. It is just an analogous complaint to the one sometimes so thoughtlessly made against the study of elocution proper, viz.: that it causes a bombastic or unnatural mode of speaking or reading. The truth is that the faults of affectation or of an inflated or highly-coloured style are due to a half-educated taste in the matter of correct delivery or appropriate gesticulation. It is not study but the want of study that is to blame. It is the old story of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing. The art of dramatic reading is not to be acquired in the happy-go-lucky fashion which seems

popular among many would-be students. A scientific training must be gone through and much hard work done before really good results can be obtained. The culture of the mind must be supplemented by the culture of the emotions, and the study of words by the study of character. Be sincere and true in every effort you make. Do not strain after effect nor work for the mere sake of applause. Take a high aim in your study. Do not pander to the mob, but try to secure the approval of the educated and refined. "Let the censure of the judicious, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."

DIVISION IV.

SELECTIONS FOR READING AND RECITATION.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee;”
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

“Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden’s hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

AT LAST.

J. G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown ;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting :
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father ! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold ;

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place :

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

IN THE EVENING TIME IT WILL BE LIGHT."

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,
Or darken on an unforgiven wrong ;
And Peace, like lilies, shall bestrew thy path,
And sweet Content shall sing thy slumber-song.

Be slow to anger—to forgive be strong,
And evil deeds with goodly deeds requite;
Then shall God's love thy cloudless days prolong,
And "in the evening time it will be light".

Time rings its hours with changing chime and knell—
Save for our tears Life's smiles were incomplete;
Joy's greeting follows after Grief's farewell;
And, save Love parted, Love would never meet.
Tho' Duty's path be thorns about thy feet,
Do what thou hast to do with all thy might;
Then, with God's blessing, shall thy days be sweet,
And "in the evening time it will be light".

Make firm thy faith, and let thy trust in Him
Grow stronger still, as worldly ties decline!
And, round thy soul, as earth is waxing dim,
Look up to heaven, and all to Him resign.
Then, robed in peace and clothed with love divine,
More sweet than morn, and than the noon more bright,
Angels in Death's void sepulchre shall shine,
And "in the evening time it will be light".

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BABY IN CHURCH.

MINNIE M. GOW.

Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty thing,
Of hamburg and ribbon and lace,
And Mamma had said, as she settled it 'round
Our beautiful Baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes:
"If the day is pleasant and Baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood"
Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir and the crowd.
And the man up in front who talked so loud:
But she must not talk nor laugh nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours),
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our Baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, the reverent air,
The solemn hush and the voice of prayer
Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow :
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven", said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And Baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the chinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong
She struck the first note, clear and long.

She held it, and all were charmed but one,
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried :

"Aunt Nellie, you's being bad!"

The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain.
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the scene again.

So, we have decided, perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours, and all the rest,
That we wait, maybe for a year or two,
Ere our Baby re-enter the family pew.

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms—
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms;
Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from elsewhere;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;
Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old,
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Here you come to tell them—what an eager shout!
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbours know,
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little schoolgirl, with your strap of books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugar-plums;
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
Waking up to study with the morning light;
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before you, and the world is wide;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek,
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future just to keep you so.

Ah! the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;

All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—
Babe and child, and maiden, all are with me now,
Though my heart is breaking, yet God's love I know—
Safe among the angels, I would keep her so.

THE SEA-FIGHT.

BARRY CORNWALL.

The Sun hath ridden into the sky
And the Night gone to her lair;
 Yet all is asleep
 On the mighty Deep,
And all in the calm, grey air.

All seemeth as calm as an infant's dream.
As far as the eye may ken;
 But the cannon-blast
 That just now passed,
Hath awakened ten thousand men.

An order is blown from ship to ship;
All round and round it rings;
 And each sailor is stirred
 By the warlike word,
And his jacket he downward flings.

He strippeth his arms to his shoulders strong;
He girdeth his loins about;
 And he answers the cry
 Of his foeman nigh,
With a cheer and a noble shout.

What follows?—A puff, and a flash of light,
And the booming of a gun;
 And a scream, that shoots
 To the heart's red roots,—
And we know that a fight's begun.

A thousand shot are at once let loose;
Each flies from its brazen den,
 (Like the plague's swift breath,)
 On its deed of death,
And smites down a file of men.

The guns in their thick-tongued thunder speak,
 And the frigates all rock and ride,
 And timbers crash,
 And the mad waves dash,
 Foaming all far and wide.

And high as the skies run piercing cries,
 All telling one tale of woe,—
 That the struggle still,
 Between good and ill,
 Goes on in the earth below.

Day pauses, in gloom, on his western road;
 The Moon returns again;
 But, of all who looked bright
 In the morning light,
 There are only a thousand men.

Look up, at the brooding clouds on high;
 Look up, at the awful Sun!
 And, behold,—the sea flood
 Is all red with blood:
 Hush!—a battle is lost—and won!

THE FUNNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

DICKENS.

(Adapted for Recital.)

As one funny young gentleman will serve as a sample of all funny young gentlemen, we purpose merely to note down the conduct and behaviour of an individual specimen.

We were all seated round a blazing fire, when there came a post-man's knock at the door, so violent and sudden that it startled the whole circle. We were about to remark that it was surely beyond post-time, when our host, who had hitherto been paralysed with wonder, sank into a chair in a perfect ecstasy of laughter, and offered to lay twenty pounds that it was that droll dog Griggins. He had no sooner said this than the majority of the company and all the children of the house burst into a roar of laughter too. To be sure it must be Griggins, and "How like him that is!" and "What spirits he is always in!"

Not having the happiness to know Griggins, we became extremely desirous to see him, the more especially as a stout gentleman with a powdered head whispered us he was a wit of the first water, when

the door opened, and Mr. Griggins presented himself, amidst another shout of laughter. This welcome he acknowledged by sundry contortions of countenance, which were so extremely successful that one stout gentleman rolled upon an ottoman, protesting, with many gasps, that if somebody didn't make that fellow Griggins leave off, he would be the death of him, he knew.

When he had quite exhausted all beholders, Mr. Griggins received the welcomes and congratulations of the circle, and went through the needful introductions with much ease and many puns. This ceremony over, he avowed his intention of sitting in somebody's lap unless the young ladies made room for him on the sofa, which being done, he squeezed himself among them, and likened his condition to that of Love among the roses. At this novel jest we all roared once more.

The tea-things having been removed, we sat down to a round game, and here Mr. Griggins shone forth with peculiar brilliancy, abstracting other people's fish, and looking over their hands in the most comical manner. He made one most excellent joke in snuffing a candle, which was neither more nor less than setting fire to the hair of a pale young gentleman who sat next him, and afterwards begging his pardon with considerable humour. The young gentleman could not see the joke, however, but a young lady, betrothed to the young gentleman, used her immediate influence to bring about a reconciliation, emphatically declaring, in an agitated whisper, that if he went on in that way, she never would think of him otherwise than as a friend, though as that she must always regard him. At this terrible threat the young gentleman became calm.

Mr. Griggins' spirits were slightly depressed for a short period by this unlooked-for result of such a harmless pleasantry, but he soon got into excellent cue.

To recount all the drollery of Mr. Griggins at supper would be impossible. He drank out of other people's glasses and ate of other people's bread, he frightened into screaming convulsions a little boy who was sitting up to supper in a high chair, by sinking below the table and suddenly reappearing with a mask on; the hostess was really surprised that anybody could find a pleasure in tormenting children, and the host frowned at the hostess, and felt convinced that Mr. Griggins had done it with the very best intentions. Mr. Griggins explained, and everybody's good-humour was restored but the child's. To tell these and a hundred other things ever so briefly, would occupy more of our hearers' patience than either they or we can conveniently spare. But every society has a Griggins of its own.

GERMS OF GREATNESS.

ELIZA COOK.

How many a mighty mind is shut
Within a fameless germ!
The huge oak lies in the acorn-nut,
And the richest regal robes are cut
From the web of a dusky worm.

The river rolls with its fleet of ships
On its full and swelling tide,
But its far-off fountain creeps and drips
From a chinklet's dank and mossy lips
That a pebble and dock-leaf hide.

The thoughtless word from a jesting breath
May fall on a listening ear,
And draw the soul from its rusty sheath,
To work and win the rarest wreath
That mortal brow can wear.

Yon tiny bud is holding fast
Gay Flora's fairest gem,
Let the sunlight stay and the shower go past,
And the wee green bud shall blaze at last,
The pride of her diadem.

The sower casts in the early year
The grains of barley corn,
And barns and barrels of goodly cheer
Of winter's bread and nut-brown beer
From the infant seed are born.

The poet-chant may be a thing
Of lightsome tone and word;
But a living sound may dwell in the string,
That shall waken and rouse as its echoes fling,
Till myriad breasts are stirred.

Look well, look close, look deep, look long,
On the changes ruling earth,
And ye'll find God's rarest, holiest throng
Of mortal wonders—strange and strong—
Arise from noteless birth.

Fate drives a poor and slender peg,
 But a crown may hang thereby;
 We may kill an eagle when crushing an egg,
 And the shilling a starving boy may beg
 May be stamped with fortune's die.

'Tis well to train our searching eyes
 To marvel, not to mock;
 For the nameless steed may win the prize,
 The "wee" child grow to giant size,
 And the atom found a rock.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you—Ef you—Don't—Watch—Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
 An' when he went to bed 'at night, away up-stairs,
 His mamma heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turned the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
 An' they seeked in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole an' press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an' every wheres, I guess,
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout!
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you—Ef you—Don't—Watch—Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an' kin,
 An' onc't when they was 'company', an' ol' folks was there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what
 she's about!
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you—Ef you—Don't—Watch—Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp-wick splutters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
 An' you hear the crickets quiet, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
 You better mind your parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
 An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 Er the gobble-uns 'll git you—Ef you—Don't—Watch—Out!

THE THREE FISHERS.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Three Fishers went sailing out into the West,
 Out into the West as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town:—
 For men must work, and women must weep;
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour-bar be moaning!

Three Wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
 'They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbour-bar be moaning!

Three Corpses lie out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam, as the tide went down;
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come home to the town.—
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning!

A BALLAD OF WAR.

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

“Oh! were you at war in the red Eastern land?
 What did you hear, and what did you see?
 Saw you my son, with his sword in his hand?
 Sent he, by you, any dear word for me?”

"I come from red war in that dire Eastern land;
Three deeds saw I done one might well die to see;
But I know not your son with his sword in his hand;
If you would hear of him, paint him to me."

"Oh, he is as gentle as south winds in May!"

"'Tis not a gentle place where I have been."

"Oh, he has a smile like the outbreak of day!"

"Where men are dying fast, smiles are not seen."

"Tell me the mightiest deeds that were done.

Deeds of chief honour, you said you saw three;
You said you saw three—I am sure he did one,
My heart shall discern him, and cry, 'This is he!'"

"I saw a man scaling a tower of despair,

And he went up alone, and the hosts shouted loud."

"That was my son! Had he streams of fair hair?"

"Nay: it was black as the blackest night cloud."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the fortress was won,
And they said it was grand for a man to die so."

"Alas for his mother! He was not my son.

Was there no fair-haired soldier who humbled the foe?"

"I saw a man charging in front of his rank,

Thirty yards on, in a hurry to die;

Straight as an arrow hurled into the flank

Of a huge desert-beast, ere the hunter draws nigh."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but the battle was won,
And the conquest-cry carried his name through the air.

Be comforted, mother; he was not thy son;

Worn was his forehead, and grey was his hair."

"Oh! the brow of my son is as smooth as a rose;

I kissed it last night in my dream, I have heard

Two legends of fame from the land of our foes;

But you said there were three: you must tell me the third."

"I saw a man flash from the trenches and fly

In a battery's face; but it was not to slay:

A poor little drummer had dropp'd down to die,

With his ankle shot through, in the place where he lay.

"He carried the boy like a babe through the rain,

The death-pouring torrent of grape-shot and shell;

And he walk'd at a foot's-pace because of the pain,
Laid his burden down gently, smiled once, and then fell."

"Did he live?" "No; he died: but he rescued the boy.
Such a death is more noble than life (so they said).
He had streams of fair hair, and a face full of joy,
And his name—" "Speak it not! 'tis my son! he is dead!"

"Oh, dig him a grave by the red rowan-tree,
Where the spring moss grows softer than fringes of foam,
And lay his bed smoothly, and leave room for me,
For I shall be ready before he comes home.

"And carve on his tombstone a name and a wreath,
And a tale to touch hearts through the slow-spreading years—
How he died his noble and beautiful death,
And his mother, who longed for him, died of her tears.

"But what is this face shining in at the door,
With its old smile of peace, and its flow of fair hair?
Are you come, blessed ghost, from the heavenly shore?
Do not go back alone—let me follow you there!"

"Oh! clasp me, dear mother. I come to remain;
I come to your heart, and God answers your prayer.
Your son is alive from the hosts of the slain,
And the Cross of our Queen on his breast glitters fair!"

ARE THE CHILDREN HOME?

M. E. M. SANGSTER.

Each day when the glow of sunset fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing, go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband, asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway, their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead that once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter, echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together; and oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me: "It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently, "they're all home long ago";
And I sing in my quavering treble, a song so soft and low,
Till an old man drops to slumber, with his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number home in the better land:

Home, where never a sorrow shall dim their eyes with tears:
Where the smile of God is on them through all the summer years!
I know! Yet my arms are empty, that fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me, a vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers, lose the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels, passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them, I see their radiant brows:—
My boys that I gave to freedom,—the red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled southern forest, twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell: and the flag they died for, thank God! floats over their
grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted away on wings of light,
And again we two are together, all alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing, but I smile at idle fears:
He is only back with the children, in the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing, go trooping home to rest.
My husband calls from his corner, "Say, love? have the children
come?"

And I answer, with eyes uplifted, "Yes, dear! they are all at home".

THE ARCHERY OF WILLIAM TELL

BAINÉ.

"Place there the boy," the tyrant said;

"Fix me the apple on his head;

Ha! rebel—now

There is a fair mark for thy shaft,—

There, try thy boasted archer craft;"

With quivering brow

The Switzer gazed—his cheek grew pale—

His bold lips throbbed, as if would fail

Their labouring breath.

"Ha; so ye blench?" fierce Gesler cried:

"I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride"

No word to that stern taunt replied—

All still as death.

"And what the meed?" at length Tell asked.

"Bold fool; when slaves like thee are tasked,

It is my will;

But that thine eye may keener be,

And nerved to such fine archery,

If thou succeed'st, thou goest free.

What; pause ye still?

Give him a bow and arrow there—

One shaft—but one." Madness, despair,

And tortured love,

One moment swept the Switzer's face;

Then passed away each stormy trace,

And high resolve reigned like a grace

Caught from above.

"I take thy terms," he murmured low;

Grasped eagerly the proffered bow;

The quiver searched;

Chose out an arrow keen and long,

Fit for a sinewy arm and strong—

Placed it upon the sounding thong,—

The tough yew arched.

Deep stillness fell on all around;

Through that dense crowd was heard no sound

Of step or word;

All watched with fixed and shuddering eye

To see that fearful arrow fly;—

The light wind died into a sigh,

And scarcely stirred.

The gallant boy stood firm and mute,

He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,

Yet never moved!

He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned

The daring coolness of that hand;—

He knew it was the father scanned

The boy he loved.

Slow rose the shaft;—it trembled—hung;

"My only boy!" gasped on his tongue:

He could not aim.

"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?

He shakes; his haughty brow is pale!"

"Shoot," cried a low voice; "canst thou fail?
Shoot, in heaven's name!"

Again the drooping shaft he took—
Cast to the heaven one burning look,—
Of all doubts reft:

"Be firm, my boy!" was all he said:
He drew the bow—the arrow fled—
The apple left the stripling's head—
" 'Tis cleft! 'tis cleft!"

And cleft it was—and Tell was free.
Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With flushing cheek;
But ere the sire his child embraced,
The baffled Austrian cried in haste,
"An arrow in thy belt is placed,
What means it? Speak!"

"To smite thee, tyrant to the heart
Had heaven so willed it that my dart
Touched this, my boy!"

STOOD AT CLEAR.

ALEX. ANDERSON.

"Where is Adams?" that was the cry, "let us question him before he die." Nought around in the night was seen save the glimmer of lamps where the crash had been. Right across the six-foot way, one huge bulk, engine and tender, lay, while the wailing hiss of the steam took the air, by fits, like the low, dull tone of despair. But still above all, rose that one clear cry—"Speak to Adams before he die." "Here," I said, "turn your lamps on me," and I laid Jim's head upon my knee. "Jim, old mate," I said in his ear, "they will ask you a question—can you hear?" Then I saw through the grime that was on his face, a white hue coming with slow, sure pace; and upon his brow by the light of the lamp, other dew than the night's lay heavy and damp. "Speak to him—quick!" they bent and said, "Did the distant signal stand at *red*?" Broken and slow came the words with a moan, "Stood—at—clear," and poor Jim was gone. I turned my head away from the light to hide the tears that were blinding my sight, and prayed from my heart, to God, that Jim might find heaven's signals clear to him.

(By special permission of the Author.)

TWO'S COMPANY AND THREE'S NONE.

ANON.

I knew by his looks what he'd come for; I plainly had seen from the first,

It must come to this sooner or later, and I'd made up my mind for the worst.

So I hid myself under the curtains, where the loving pair couldn't see me,

In order to watch their proceedings, and hear what he said unto she.

I saw he was fearfully nervous, that in fact he was suffering pain, By the way that he fussed with his collar, and poked all the chairs with his cane;

Then he blushed;—he wouldn't look at her, but kept his eyes fixed on the floor,

And took the unusual precaution of taking his seat near the door.

He began, "It is—er—er—fine weather—remarkable weather for May."

"Do you think so?" said she; "it is raining." "Oh! so it is raining to-day.

I meant, 'twill be pleasant to-morrow," he stammered; "er—er—do you skate?"

"Oh yes!" she replied, "in the season; but isn't May rather too late?"

The silence that followed was awful; he continued, "I see a sweet dove,"

("Twas only an innocent sparrow; but blind are the eyes of true love),

"A dove of most beautiful plumage, on the top of that wide-spreading tree,

Which reminds me"—she sighed—"O, sweet maiden! which reminds me, dear angel, of thee."

Her countenance changed in a moment; there followed a terrible pause;

I felt that the crisis was coming, and hastily dropped on all fours, In order to see the thing better. His face grew white as a sheet;

He gave one spasmodic effort, and lifelessly dropt at her feet.

She said—what she said I won't tell you. She raised the poor wretch
 from the ground,
 I drew back my head for an instant. Good gracious! Oh, what was
 that sound?
 I eagerly peered through the darkness, for twilight had made the
 room dim,
 And plainly perceived it was kissing, and kissing not all done by
 him.
 I burst into loud fits of laughter; I knew it was terribly mean;
 Still I couldn't resist the temptation to appear for a while on the
 scene.
 But she viewed me with perfect composure, as she kissed him again
 with a smile,
 And remarked, 'twixt that kiss and the next one, that she'd known
 I was there all the while.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

LEIGH HUNT.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport;
 And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the Court;
 The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his
 bride;
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.
 Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams—a wind went with
 their paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
 The gory foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
 Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than
 there!"
 De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,—a beauteous lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the
 same.
 She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave can be—
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me:
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine!
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love: great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.

The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regained his place—

Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face!

"In truth," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat.

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

HARMOSAN.

DR. TRENCH.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour had the crowning victory won:
Harmosan, the last of the foemen, and the boldest to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble Satrap, "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst."
In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the victors to explore.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the Caliph: "dost thou dread a
secret blow?

Fear it not; our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealings
know,

Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely; for thou shalt not die
before

Thou hast drunk that cup of water:—this reprieve is thine—no
more."

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sunk,—for ever lost, amid the burning sand:

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained:—then bid thy servants that spilled water gather
up."

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions stirred;
Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word:
Bring forth another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian
give:—

Drink, I said before, and perish;—now, I bid thee drink and live!"

THE BURST BUBBLE.

J. B. GOUGH.

Let us look at the position of a man who is the slave of a bad habit. There he stands, and we will bring before him a vision. Here before me, stands a bright, fair-haired, beautiful boy, with the rosy cheek, and curling lock, and ruby lips, and round limb, the type, the picture of human health and beauty. That is youth, that is his past. Another figure shall stand before him. The youth grown to the man, intellect flashing from his eye, his brow speaking of intellectual strength, as he claims for himself an influence over the hearts and feelings of his fellow-men. There he stands—a glorious being. That is your ideal. Then gropes in a wretched thing, fetters on his limbs, his brow seamed, sensuality seated on his swollen lip, the image of God marred. What is that? That is his present. He shall see another vision: it is a wretched, emaciated creature; you see his heart is all on fire, the worm that never dies has begun its fearful gnawings. What is that? It is his future. The power of evil habit does not destroy his consciousness. The curse to the man, who is going down step by step, is the remembrance of the past. All the bright dreams of his imagination are before him, yonder, separated from him by a continent of grief and disappointment, pain of body, and fever of spirit. Distant, clear, but cold, is the moon that shines on his waking agony, or on his desperate repose. All the enjoyments that can be obtained in *this* world, apart from the the enjoyments God has sanctioned, lead to destruction. It is as if a man should start in a chase after a bubble, attracted by its bright and gorgeous hues. It leads him through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purpled glory; it leads him by sparkling fountains with delicious music and the singing of birds; it leads him through orchards hanging thick with golden fruit. He laughs and dances. It is a merry chase. By-and-by that excitement becomes intense; that intensity becomes a passion; that passion a disease. Now his eye is fixed upon the bubble with fretful earnestness. Now he leaps with desperation and disappointment. Now it leads him away from all that is bright and beautiful; from all the tender, clustering, hallowed associations of bygone days, up the steep, hot sides of a fearful volcano. He leaps and falls, and rises, bruised, scorched, and blistered, knee-deep in the hot ashes, he staggers up with limbs torn and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Yet there is his prize.

He will have it. With one desperate effort he makes a sudden leap. Ah! he's got it now; but he has leaped into the volcano, and, with a burst bubble in his hand, goes to his retribution.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

ROBERT C. V. MYERS.

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride
My hasty words, would all be put aside
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance
Would soften in the old familiar way:
For who would war with dumb unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow,
The way is lonely let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn,
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

MRS. HEMANS.

Alone, through gloomy forest shades, a Soldier went by night;
 No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades, no star shed guiding light;
 Yet, on his vigil's midnight round, the youth all cheerly passed,
 Unchecked by aught of boding sound, that muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?—In his far home, perchance—

His father's hall—his mother's bower, 'midst the gay vines of France.
 Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by? came not faint whispers near?

No!—The wild wind hath many a sigh, amidst the foliage sere.

Hark! yet again!—and from his hand what grasp hath wrenched the blade?

O, single, 'midst a hostile band, young Soldier, thou'rt betrayed!
 "Silence!" in undertones they cry; "no whisper—not a breath!
 The sound that warns thy comrades nigh shall sentence thee to death."

Still at the bayonet's point he stood, and strong to meet the blow;
 And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood, "Arm! arm!—Auvergne!—the foe!"

The stir—the tramp—the bugle-call—he heard their tumults grow;
 And sent his dying voice through all—"Auvergne! Auvergne! the foe!"

DOMESTIC ASIDES.

THOS. HOOD.

"I really take it very kind
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)"

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
 What heads for painters' easels!
 Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)"

"Your charming boys I see are home
 From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
 'Twas very kind to bring them both—
 (What boots for my new Brussels!)"

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well;
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come, of course, to spend the day!—
(Thank goodness there's the carriage!)

"What! must you go? Next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! Good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!)"

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND

VICTOR HUGO.

It sometimes happens that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense sand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavours to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, some-

how, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left—the sand half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten; which endures for hours, which seizes you erect, free, and in full health, and which draws you by the feet; which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of his soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave

MY NEIGHBOUR'S BABY.

ANON.

Across in my neighbour's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath his flowing ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet in crimson slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbour's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings
From his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs, so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them
From mine so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—
My neighbour's boy is dead!

I saw the little coffin
 As they carried it out to-day;—
 A mother's heart is breaking
 In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window;
 The flowers bloom at my door;
 My boy is chasing the sunbeams
 That dance on the cottage floor;
 The roses of health are blooming
 On my darling's cheek to-day,
 But the baby has gone from the window
 Of the mansion over the way.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

Atlantic Monthly.

The royal feast was done; the king
 Sought some new sport to banish care,
 And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
 Kneel down and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
 And stood the mocking court before:
 They could not see the bitter smile
 Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
 Upon the monarch's silken stool;
 His pleading voice arose, "O Lord
 Be merciful to me, a fool.

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
 From red with wrong to white as wool,
 The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
 Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
 'Tis by our follies that so long
 We hold the earth from Heaven away

"These clumsy feet still in the mire,
 Go crushing blossoms without end;

These hard well-meaning hands, we thrust
Among the heart strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung ;
The word we had not sense to say,
Who knows how grandly it had rung !

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all
But for our blunders : Oh, in shame,
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes :
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will ; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool."

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE

ANON.

Half a length, half a length, half a length onward ;
All in the valley of Thames rowed the eights onward ;
 Go ! was the starter's cry,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to win or try ;
Into the valley of Thames rowed the eights onward.

Steamers to right of them, steamers to left of them,
Steamers behind them snorted and thundered ;
 Cheered at by cad and swell,
 Boldly they rowed and well,
 Under the railway bridge,
On to the Ship Hotel rowed the eights onward.

 O, what a sight was there,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Hurtling in the rowlocks there ;
Rowing to Mortlake while all the world wondered :

Plunged in the steamer's smoke,
 Fiercely in front they broke—
 Beachmen and seamen;
 Strong was the Cambridge stroke—
 Nobody blundered:
 Then they rowed back;
 But not, not as they rowed onward.
 Steamers to right of them, steamers to left of them—
 Steamers in front of them snorted and thundered;
 Cheered at with shout and yell,
 While horse (?) and hansom fell,
 They that rowed so well,
 Came to the railway bridge,
 Back from the Ship Hotel;
 All that was left in them since they rowed onward.
 When can their glory fade?
 O, the wild spurts they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honour the spurts they made!
 Dark and light blue brigade:
 Each worth a hundred.

MEASURING THE BABY.

R. A. BROWNE.

We measured the riotous baby
 Against the cottage wall—
 A lily grew at the threshold,
 And the boy was just as tall!
 A royal tiger lily,
 With spots of purple and gold,
 And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
 The fragrant dew to hold.
 Without, the blackbirds whistled
 High up in the old roof-trees,
 And to and fro at the window
 The red rose rocked her bees;
 And the wee pink fists of the baby
 Were never a moment still,
 Snatching at the shine and shadow,
 That danced on the lattice-sill!

His eyes were wide as blue-bells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose;

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With heaven's light o'er it drawn.
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still.
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited for him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childish moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown!

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

LEIGH HUNT.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold.—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said :
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee then
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

MEANS OF ACQUIRING DISTINCTION.

SYDNEY SMITH.

It is natural in every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, is, in spite of all false philosophy, sweet to every human heart; but, as eminence can be only the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty, which we owe not more to our own happiness, than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourselves with your equals; and learn, from frequent competition, the place which nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of Truth, and follow that spectre of Excellence which beckons you on, beyond the walls of the world, to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last; but, if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature, which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or, by any exertions, multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but, in the name of Heaven, as you tremble at retributive justice; and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions; and deem it better to be for ever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

"NO, THANK YOU, TOM."

ANON.

They met, when they were boy and girl,
Going to school one day,
And, "Won't you take my pegtop, dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came :
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self same way,
When ten swift years had flown ;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone,
And won't you take my heart?" he said,
And called her by her name ;
She blushed and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy ;
She has the little pegtop still
He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,
"I've never brought you fame ;"
She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom,
You've loved me all the same."

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

GEO. P. MORRIS.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbour of Mahon ;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone ;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood !

A shudder shot through every vein;
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky.
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go—
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast—
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue;
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped,
“O God! Thy will be done!”
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
“Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire,” he said.
“That only chance your life can save;
Jump, jump, boy!” He obeyed.

He sunk—he rose—he lived—he moved,
And for the ship struck out.
On board we hailed the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.
The father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy—
Then fainted on the deck.

THE MESSAGE.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

I had a message to send her, to her whom my soul loves best.
But I had my task to finish, and she had gone home to rest:
To rest in the far bright Heaven—Oh, so far away from here!
It was vain to speak to my darling, for I knew she could not hear

I had a message to send her, so tender, and true, and sweet.
I longed for an angel to bear it, and lay it down at her feet.
I placed it one summer's evening on a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendour, and died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning, and I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary, and it fluttered to earth once
more.

I cried in my passionate longing, has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message my heart desires to send?

Then I heard a strain of music, so mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my very sorrow was silent, and my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message on music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther, in sound more perfect than
speech,

Farther than sight can follow, farther than soul can reach.

And I knew that at last my message has passed through the golden
gate;

So my heart is no longer restless, and I am content to wait.

THE RETORT.

ANON.

A supercilious nabob of the east,
Haughty and grave, and purse-proud, being rich,
A governor or general at least,
I have forgotten which,
Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went to India in his patron's suite;
An unassuming body, and in truth
A lad of decent parts and good repute.
This youth had sense and spirit,
Yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His Honour, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his Secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft, or trade
Did your good father earn his livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his line was reckoned good."
"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew;
And pray, sir, why didn't your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"
Each parasite, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round

At length, Modestus, bowing low,
Said, craving pardon if too free he made,
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade."
"My father's trade? Why, sir, that's too bad;
My father's trade! Why, blockhead, art thou mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman I'd have you know."
"Excuse the liberty," Modestus said, "I take:
Pray, sir, why did not then your father make
A *gentleman* of you?"

THE RAPIDS.

J. B. GOUGH.

I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That is Niagara river." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two." "Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Ha, ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast,

then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, on, boys; don't be alarmed—there's no danger." "Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Ha ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current." "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "Beware! beware! The rapids are below you." Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick! quick! . . . Set the mast in the socket!—hoist the sail! Ah! ah!—it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming;—over you go!

THE PILOT.

COCHRAN.

The waves are high, the night is dark! wild roar the foaming tides,
Dashing around the straining bark, as gallantly she rides:

"Pilot! take heed what course you steer: our boat is tempest-driven!"

"Stranger, be calm: there is no fear for him who trusts in Heaven!"

"O, Pilot! mark yon thundercloud—the lightning's lurid rivers!
Hark to the wind! 'tis shrieking loud! the mainmast bends and quivers!

Stay, Pilot, stay, and shorten sail—our stormy trysail's riven!"

"Stranger, what matters calm or gale to him who trusts in Heaven?"

Borne by the winds, the vessel flees to touch the thunderous cloud;
Now, tottering low, the spray-wing'd seas conceal the topmast shroud.

"Pilot, the waves break o'er us fast—vainly our bark has striven!"

"Stranger, the Lord can rule the blast—Go, put thy trust in Heaven!"

Good hope—good hope! one little star gleams o'er the waste of waters:

'Tis like the light reflected far of Beauty's loveliest daughters:

"Stranger, good hope He giveth thee, as He has often given:

Then learn this truth—Whate'er may be, to put thy trust in Heaven!"

THE TWO ARMIES.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

As Life's unending column pours, two marshalled hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores that Death flows black between.
One marches to the drum-beat's roll, or wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears, upon a crimson scroll—"Our glory is, to slay!"

One moves in silence by the stream, with sad, yet watchful eyes;
Calm as the patient planet's gleam that walks the clouded skies.
Along its front no sabres shine, no blood-red pennons wave;
Its banners bear the single line,—“Our duty is, to save!”

For those,—no death-bed's lingering shade: at Honour's trumpet-
call

With knitted brow and lifted blade in Glory's arms they fall.
For these, no clashing falchions bright, no stirring battle-cry:
The bloodless stabber calls by night,—each answers, “Here am I!”

For those, the sculptor's laurelled bust, the builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust through long cathedral aisles.
For these,—the blossom-sprinkled turf that floods the lonely graves,
When Springs rolls in her sea-green surf in flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below, and Angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow, each falling tear of Love.
While Valour's haughty champions wait till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate, to sit beside the Throne!

MAUD MÜLLER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Müller, on a summer's day, raked the meadow sweet with hay. Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth of simple beauty and rustic health. Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee the mock-bird echoed from his tree. But, when she glanced to the far-off town, white from its hill-slope looking down, the sweet song died; and a vague unrest and a nameless longing filled her breast—a wish, that she hardly dared to own, for something better than she had known!

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, smoothing his horse's chestnut mane. He drew his bridle in the shade of the apple-trees, to greet the Maid, and ask a draught, from the spring that flowed

through the meadows across the road.—She stooped where the cool spring bubbles up, and filled for him her small tin cup; and blushed as she gave it, looking down on her feet so bare, and her tattered gown. “Thanks!” said the Judge, “a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed.” He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees, of the singing birds, and the humming bees; then talked of the haying, and wondered whether the cloud in the west would bring foul weather. And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown, and her graceful ankles bare and brown; and listened, while a pleased surprise looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.—At last, like one who for delay seeks a vain excuse, he rode away!

Maud Müller looked and sighed: “Ah me! that I the Judge’s bride might be! He would dress me up in silks so fine, and praise and toast me at his wine. My father should wear a broad-cloth coat; my brother should sail a painted boat. I’d dress my mother so grand and gay! and the baby should have a new toy each day. And I’d feed the hungry, and clothe the poor, and all should bless me who left our door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, and saw Maud Müller standing still. “A form more fair, a face more sweet, ne’er hath it been my lot to meet. And her modest answer and graceful air, show her wise and good as she is fair. Would she were mine! and I to-day, like her, a harvester of hay: no doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, and weary lawyers with endless tongues; but low of cattle, and song of birds, and health of quiet and loving words.” Then he thought of his sisters, proud and cold; and his mother, vain of her rank and gold. So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on, and Maud was left in the field alone. But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, when he hummed in court an old love-tune; —and the young girl mused beside the well, till the rain on the unranked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, who lived for fashion, as he for power. Yet oft in his marble hearth’s bright glow, he watched a picture come and go: and sweet Maud Müller’s hazel eyes looked out in their innocent surprise. Oft when the wine in his glass was red, he longed for the wayside well instead; and closed his eyes on his garnished rooms, to dream of meadows and clover blooms. And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain: “Ah! that I were free again! free as when I rode that day, where the barefoot maiden raked her hay.”

She wedded a man unlearn’d and poor, and many children played round her door. But care and sorrow, and household pain, left

their traces on heart and brain. And oft, when the summer-sun shone hot on the new-mown hay in the meadow lot, in the shade of the apple-tree, again she saw a Rider draw his rein: and, gazing down with timid grace, she felt his pleased eyes read her face. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls stretched away into stately halls; the weary wheel to a spinnet turned, the tallow candle an astral burned; and, for him who sat by the chimney lug, dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug, a manly form at her side she saw, —and joy was duty, and love was law! . . . Then she took up her burden of life again, saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas for Maiden! alas for Judge! for rich repiner, and household drudge! God pity them both! and pity us all! who vainly the dreams of youth recall. For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "It might have been!" Ah, well for us all, some sweet hope lies deeply buried from human eyes; and in the hereafter, angels may roll the stone from its grave away.

THE WARRIORS OF THE SEA.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

Up goes the Lytham signal! St. Anne's has summoned hands!
Knee-deep in surf the life-boat's launched abreast of Southport sands!
Half-deafened by the screaming wind, half-blinded by the rain,
Three crews await their coxswains, and face the hurricane!
The stakes are death or duty? No man has answered "No!"
Lives must be saved out yonder on the doomed ship *Mexico*!
Did ever night look blacker? did sea so hiss before?
Did ever women's voices wail more piteous on the shore?
Out from three ports of Lancashire that night went life-boats three,
To fight a splendid battle, manned by Warriors of the Sea!

Along the sands of Southport brave women held their breath,
For they knew that those who loved them were fighting hard with
death;

A cheer went out from Lytham! the tempest tossed it back,
As the gallant lads of Lancashire bent to the waves' attack;
And girls who dwell about St. Anne's, with faces white with fright,
Prayed God would still the tempest, that dark December night.
Sons, husbands, lovers, brothers, they'd given up their all,
These noble English women heart-sick at duty's call;
But not a cheer, or tear, or prayer, from those who bent the knee,
Came out across the waves, to nerve those Warriors of the Sea!

Three boats went out from Lancashire, but one came back to tell
 The story of that hurricane, the tale of ocean's hell!
 All safely reached the *Mexico*, their trysting-place to keep;
 For one there was the rescue, the others in the deep
 Fell in the arms of victory! dropped to their lonely grave,
 Their passing-bell the tempest, their requiem the wave!
 They clung to life like sailors, they fell to death like men,—
 Where, in our roll of heroes, when in our story, when,
 Have Englishmen been braver, or fought more loyally
 With death that comes by duty to the Warriors of the Sea?

One boat came back to Lytham, its noble duty done;
 But at St. Anne's and Southport the prize of death was won!
 Won by those gallant fellows, who went men's lives to save,
 And died there crowned with glory, enthroned upon the wave!
 Within a rope's throw of the wreck the English sailors fell,
 A blessing on their faithful lips, when ocean rang their knell.
 Weep not for them, dear women! cease wringing of your hands!
 Go out to meet your heroes across the Southport sands!
 Grim death for them is stingless! the grave has victory!
 Cross oars and bear them nobly home, brave Warriors of the Sea!

When in dark nights of winter, fierce storms of wind and rain
 Howl round the cozy homestead, and lash the window-pane—
 When over hill and tree-top we hear the tempests roar,
 And hurricanes go sweeping on from valley to the shore—
 When nature seems to stand at bay, and silent terror comes,
 And those we love on earth the best are gathered in our homes—
 Think of the sailors round the coast, who, braving sleet or snow,
 Leave sweethearts, wives, and little ones, when duty bids them go!
 Think of our sea-girt island! a harbour, where alone
 No Englishman to save a life has failed to risk his own!
 Then when the storm howls loudest, pray of your charity
 That God will bless the Life-boat, and the Warriors of the Sea!

(By special permission of the Author.)

SCENE FROM ROB ROY.

Three Characters: FRANCIS, RASHLEIGH, and ROB ROY.

SCENE—The College Gardens, Glasgow.

Francis. You are well met, sir.

Rash. I am glad to hear it. *(Aside)*

I expected, but Jobson is prepared.

Francis. I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you.

Rash. You know little of him you sought, then. I'm easily found by friends, and still more easily by my foes—in which am I to class Mr. Francis Osbaldistone?

Francis. In that of your foes, sir—your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to my father, by accounting for his property.

Rash. And to whom am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give an account of my proceedings? Surely, not to a young gentleman whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible.

Francis. Your sneer, sir, is no answer; you must accompany me to a magistrate.

Rash. Be it so; yet—no—were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate—but I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man; amuse yourself in your world of poetical imagination, and leave the business of life to those who understand, and can conduct it.

Francis. This tone of calm insolence shall not avail you, sir—the name we both bear never yet submitted to insult.

Rash. Right, right! you remind me that it was dishonoured in my person—you remind me also by whom. Think you I have forgotten that blow—never to be washed out, but by blood? For the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice—for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know, nor are capable of estimating—you owe me a long account; and, fear not, there shall come an early day of reckoning.

Francis. Why not the present? Do your schemes or your safety require delay?

Rash. You may trample on the harmless worm, but pause ere you rouse the slumbering venom of the folded snake.

Francis. I will not be trifled with.

Rash. I had other views respecting you! but enough! Receive now the chastisement of your boyish insolence.

They draw, and at the moment their swords cross, Rob Roy rushes forward and beats up their guard.

Rob. Hold! stand off!

Rash. MacGregor!

Rob. By the hand of my father! the first man that strikes, I'll cleave him to the briskeet. (*To Francis*) Think you to establish

your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's throat? Or do you, sir (*to Rashleigh*), imagine men will trust their lives, their fortunes, and a great political interest with one that brawls about like a drunken gillie? Nay, nay, never look grim, or gash at me, man! If you're angry, turn the buckle of your belt behind you.

Rash. You presume, sir, on my present situation, or you would hardly dare to interfere where my honour is concerned.

Rob. Presume! And what for should it be presuming? Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Osbaldistone, as is most likely, and ye may be the more learned man, which I dispute not; but you are neither a better nor a braver man than myself; and it will be news to me, indeed, when I hear you are half so good. And *dare*, too—*dare!* Hout, tout! much daring there is about it.

Rash. (aside) What devil brought him here to mar a plan so well devised; I must lure him to the toils.

Rob. What say you?

Rash. My kinsman will acknowledge he forced this on me. I'm glad we were interrupted before I chastised his insolence too severely. The quarrel was none of my seeking.

Rob. Well, then, walk with me—I have news for you.

Francis. Pardon me, sir; I will not lose sight of him, till he has done justice to my father.

Rob. Would you bring two on your head instead of one?

Francis. Twenty—rather than again neglect my duty.

Rash. You hear him, MacGregor! Is it my fault that he rushes on his fate? The warrants are out.

Rob. Warrants! Curses on all such instruments! they have been the plague of poor old Scotland for this hundred years—but, come on't what will, I'll never consent to his being hurt that stands up for the father that begot him.

Rash. Indeed!

Rob. My conscience will not let me.

Rash. *Your conscience*, MacGregor!

Rob. Yes, *my conscience*, sir; I have such a thing about me; that, at least, is one advantage which you cannot boast of.

Rash. You forget how long you and I have known each other.

Rob. If you know what I am, you know likewise that usage made me what I am; and, whatever you may think, I would not change with the proudest of the oppressors that have driven me to take the heather bush for shelter. What *you* are, and what excuse you have for being *what* you are, lies between your own heart and the long day.

Rash. (*aside*) Can MacGregor suspect? Has MacVittie betrayed me?

Rob. Leave him, I say! you are in more danger from a magistrate than he is; and were your cause as straight as an arrow, he'd find a way to warp it. (*Francis persists in not leaving Rashleigh, but is withheld by Rob Roy*). Take your way, Rashleigh—make one pair of legs worth two pair of hands. You have done that before now.

Rash. Cousin, you may thank this gentleman, if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; but I quit you now, in the hope that we shall soon meet again, without the possibility of interruption.

Rob. (*as Francis struggles to follow*) As I live by bread, you are as mad as he. Would you follow the wolf to his den? (*pushes him back*). Come, come, be cool—'tis to me you must look for that you seek. Keep aloof from Rashleigh, and that pettifogging justice-clerk, Jobson; above all, from MacVittie. Make the best of your way to Aberfoyle, and, by the word of a MacGregor, I will not see you wronged! Remember the Clachan of Aberfoyle (*shakes his hand with great cordiality*).

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,—
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick Town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down :
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast ;
It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel-host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well :
And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honour to her!—and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace, and order, and beauty, draw
Round thy symbol of light and law :
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town!

THE WATERMILL

SARAH DOUDNEY.

Listen to the watermill, through the livelong day,
 How the clicking of its wheel wears the hours away !
 Languidly the autumn winds stir the forest leaves ;
 From the field the reapers sing, binding up their sheaves ;
 And a proverb haunts my mind as a spell is cast :
 "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past".

Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,
 And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered ;
 And the rippling stream flows on, tranquil, deep, and still,
 Never gliding back again to the watermill.
 Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast—
 "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past".

Take the lesson to thyself, true and loving heart ;
 Golden youth is fleeting by, summer hours depart ;
 Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,
 Time will never bring thee back chances swept away !
 Leave no tender word unsaid, love while love shall last ;
 "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past".

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will !
 Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill ;
 Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon thy way,
 All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy "to-day" ;
 Power, and intellect, and health may not always last ;
 "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past".

O, the wasted hours of life that have drifted by !
 O the good we might have done lost without a sigh !
 Love that we might once have saved by a single word ;
 Thoughts conceived but never penned, perishing unheard !
 Take the proverb to thine heart, take and hold it fast,
 "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past".

O love thy God and fellow man, thyself consider last ;
 For come it will, when thou must scan dark errors of the past ;
 And when the light of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,
 And Heaven in all its glory shines on the pure, the good, the true
 Ah, then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast,
 "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past".

(By special permission of Miss Doudney.)

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast, and sifting snows fall white and fast, Mark Haley drives along the street, perched high upon his waggon-seat: his sombre face the storm defies, and thus, from morn till eve, he cries,—“Charco’! charco’!” while Echo, faint and far, replies,—“Hark, O! hark, O!” “Charco’!”—“Hark, O!”—Such cheery sounds attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat; his coat is darker far than that: ’tis odd to see his sooty form all speckled with the feathery storm; yet, in his honest bosom, lies nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—“Charco’! charco’!” and many a roguish lad replies, “’Ark, ho! ’ark, ho!” “Charco’!”—“’Ark, ho!”—Such various sounds announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus, all the cold and wintry day, he labours much for little pay; yet feels no less of happiness than many a richer man, I guess; when, through the shades of eve, he spies the light of his own home, and cries,—“Charco’! charco’!” and Martha, from the door, replies, “Mark, ho!” “Mark, ho!”—“Charco’!”—“Mark, ho!”—Such joy abounds when he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright; and, while his hand, washed clean and white, holds Martha’s tender hand once more, his glowing face bends fondly o’er the crib wherein his darling lies; and, in a coaxing tone, he cries,—“Charco’! charco’!” and baby, with a laugh, replies,—“Ah, go! ah, go!” “Charco’!”—“Ah, go!”—while at the sounds the mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

Then honoured be the Charcoal man! Though dusky as an African, ’tis not for you, that chance to be a little better clad than he, his honest manhood to despise, although, from morn till eve, he cries,—“Charco’! charco’!” while mocking Echo still replies,—“Hark, O! hark, O!” “Charco’!”—“Hark, O!”—Long may the sounds proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds!

NOTTMAN.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

That was Nottman waving at me,
But the steam fell down, so you could not see;
He is out to-day with the fast express,
And running a mile in a minute, I guess.

Danger? none in the least, for the way
Is good, though the curves *are* sharp, as you say,
But, bless you, when trains are a little behind
They thunder around them—a match for the wind

Nottman himself is a demon to drive,
But cool and steady, and ever alive
To whatever danger is looming in front
When a train has run hard to gain time for a shunt.

But he once got a fear, though, that shook him with pain
Like sleepers beneath the weight of a train.
I remember the story well, for you see
His stoker, Jack Martin, told it to me.

“Nottman had sent down the wife for a change
To the old folks living at Riverly Grange:
A quiet, sleepy sort of a town,
Save when the engines went up or down.

“For close behind it the railway ran
In a mile of a straight if a single span;
Three bridges were over the straight, and between
Two the distant signal was seen.

“She had with her her boy—a nice little chit,
Full of romp, and mischief, and childish wit;
And every time that we thundered by
Both were out on the watch for Nottman and I.

“Well, one day,” said Jack, “on our journey down,
Coming round on the straight at the back of the town,
I saw right ahead, in front of our track,
In the haze on the rail something dim-like and black.

“I looked over at Nottman, but ere I could speak
He shut off the steam, and with one wild shriek
A whistle took to the air with a bound;
But the object in front never stirred at the sound.

“In a moment he flung himself down on his knee,
Leant over the side of the engine to see,
Took one look, then sprang up, crying, breathless and pale,
‘Brake, Jack; it is someone asleep on the rail!’

- "The rear brakes were whistled on in a trice,
While I screwed on the tender-brake firm as a vice;
But still we tore on with this terrible thought
Sending fear to our hearts—Can we stop her or not?
- "I took one look again, then sung out to my mate,
'We can never draw up, we have seen it too late!'
When sudden and swift, like the change in a dream,
Nottman drew back the lever and flung on the steam.
- "The great wheels staggered and span with the strain,
While the spray from the steam fell around us like rain;
But we slackened our pace, till we saw with a wild
Throb at heart, right before us—a child!
- "It was lying asleep on the rail, with no fear
Of the terrible death that was looming so near.
The sweat on us both broke as cold as the dew
Of death, as we questioned,—'What can we do?'
- "It was done—swift as acts that take place in a dream,
Nottman rushed to the front and knelt down on a beam,
Put one foot in the couplings; the other he kept
Right in front of the wheel for the child that still slept.
- "'Saved!' I burst forth, my heart leaping with pride;
For one touch of his foot sent the child to the side.
But Nottman looked up, his lips white as with foam;
'My God, Jack,' he cried, 'it's my own little 'Tom!'
- "He shrunk, would have slipped, but one grasp of my hand
Held him firm till the engine was brought to a stand;
Then I heard from behind a shriek take to the air,
And I knew that the voice of a mother was there.
- "The boy was all right, had got off with a scratch;
He had crept through the fence in his frolic to watch
For his father; but, wearied with mischief and play,
Had fallen asleep on the rail where he lay.
- "For days after that, on our journey down,
Ere he came to the straight at the back of the town,
As if the signal was up, with its gleam of red,
Nottman always shut off the steam."

(From "*Songs of the Rail*", by special permission of the Author.)

THURLOW'S REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

My lords, I am amazed, yes, my lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honourable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me, as a *man*, I am at this moment as respectable, I beg leave to add, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, like a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted".

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured like a fiery flood
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood;
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy;
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted".

Brave Cameron shot, like a shaft from a bow,
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foaming current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shore its way;
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men are wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother, with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo;
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory bellowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men;
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept, the iron man,
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home
When the war was done across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood around
As they laid him to rest in his native ground.
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed
When a Cameron man was wanted.

(By special permission of the Author.)

ORA PRO NOBIS.

A. HORSPOOL.

Out of the dark and dreary street;
 Out of the cold and driving sleet;
 Into the church the folk had gone,
 Leaving the orphan child alone.
 Tattered, and so forlorn was she,
 They cross'd themselves as they pass'd, to see
 So frail a child in that grievous plight,
 On such a relentless and stormy night!
 Ora pro nobis.

Banned by hoot of churlish owl,
 Into the lone churchyard she stole;
 Over the grave where her mother lay,
 Claspings her hands she knelt to pray:
 "Mother! if thou in Heaven can'st hear
 Thine orphan breathing her mournful prayer,
 Oh, take thy child to thyself again!"
 The worshippers answered in sweet refrain:
 Ora pro nobis.

Into the cold and driving sleet;
 Into the dark and dreary street;
 Out of the church the people came,
 Starting, aghast! as the sombre flame
 Fell on the frail and slender form
 Which knelt, unmoved by the moaning storm;
 For while they prayed, the angels had come,
 And taken the soul of the orphan home.
 Ora pro nobis.

*(By special permission of Messrs. Orsborn & Co., 61 Berners Street, London, W
 from whom musical accompaniment may be had.)*

THE LAST HYMN.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
 The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly;
 And they rose to face the sunset, in the glowing lighted west,
 And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there ;
A fierce spirit moved above them, the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned
and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people, on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales :
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast up on the shore
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done oft before.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained
her eyes,
And she saw along the billows, a large vessel fall and rise,
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes, and thronged
the beach—

Oh! for power to cross the waters, and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with
dread,

And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! is His heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging victim on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the
wave;

And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could
save.

Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet—"Shout
away!"

'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus; can you hear?"
And—"Ay, ay, sir," rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing—"Jesus, Lover of my soul";
And the wind brought back the echo—"While the nearer waters
roll".

Strange indeed it was to hear him—"Till the storm of life is past",
Singing bravely from the waters—"Oh, receive my soul at last".

He could have no other refuge—"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not"—. The singer dropped at last into the
sea;

And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes by tears
made dim,

Said, "He passed to be with Jesus, in the singing of that hymn."

THE BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR.

From "The Boys' Own Paper".

The Bishop sat in the Schoolmaster's chair:
The Rector, and curates two, were there,
The Doctor, the Squire, the heads of the choir,
And the gentry around of high degree,
A highly distinguished company;
For the Bishop was greatly beloved in his See!

And there, below,

A goodly show,

Their faces with soap and with pleasure aglow,
Sat the dear little school children, row upon row;
For the Bishop had said ('twas the death-blow to schism,
He would hear those dear children their Catechism.

I think I have read,

Or at least heard it said:

"Boys are always in mischief, unless they're in bed."

I put it to you,

I don't say it's true;

But if you should ask for my own private view,
I should answer at once, without further ado,
"I don't think a boy can be trusted to keep
From mischief in bed—unless he's asleep!"

But the Schoolmaster's eye hath a magic spell,
And the boys were behaving remarkably well—
For boys; and the girls—but 'tis needless to say
Their conduct was perfect in every way;
For I'm sure 'tis well known in all ranks of society,
That girls always behave with the utmost propriety

Now the Bishop arises, and waves his hand ;
And the children prepared for his questions stand :
With dignified mien and solemn look
He slowly opened his ponderous book,
And proceeded at once the knowledge to try
Of those nice little children standing by.

Each child knew its name

And who gave it the same,

And all the rest of the questions profound
Which his Lordship was pleased to the school to propound.
They knew the date when our Queen was crowned,
And the number of pence which make up a pound ;
And the oceans and seas which our island bound ;
That the earth is nearly, but not quite, round ;
Their orthography, also, was equally sound,
And the Bishop at last, completely astound—ed,—cried :
“ You bright little dears, no question can trouble you,
You’ve spelled knife with a ‘k’, and wrong with a ‘w’.

“ And now that my pleasing task’s at an end,

I trust you will make of me a friend :

You’ve answered my questions, and ’tis but fair

That I in replying should take a share ;

So if there is aught you would like to know,

Pray ask me about it before I go.

“ I’m sure it would give me the greatest pleasure

To add to your knowledge, for learning’s a treasure

Which you never can lose and which no one can steal ;

It grows by imparting, so do not feel

Afraid or shy,

But boldly try,

Which is the cleverer, you or I ! ”

Thus amusement with learning judiciously blending,

His Lordship made of his speech an ending,

And a murmur went round, “ How condescending ! ”

But one bright little boy didn’t care a jot

If his Lordship were condescending or not ;

For, with scarce a pause

For the sounds of applause,

He raised his head,

And abruptly said :

“ How many legs has a caterpillar got ? ”

Now the Bishop was a learned man—
Bishops always were since the race began—
But his knowledge in that particular line
Was less than yours, and no greater than mine;
And, except that he knew the creature could crawl,
He knew nothing about its legs at all—
Whether the number were great or small,
One hundred, or five, or sixty, or six—
So he felt in a pretty consid'able fix!

But, resolving his ignorance to hide,
In measured tones he thus replied:
"The caterpillar, my dear little boy,
Is an emblem of life and a vision of joy!
It bursts from its shell on a bright green leaf,
It knows no care, and it feels no grief."
Then he turned to the Rector and whispered low,
"Mr. Rector, how many? You surely know."

But the Rector gravely shook his head,
He hadn't the faintest idea, he said.
So the Bishop turned to the class again,
And in tones paternal took up the strain:
"The caterpillar, dear children, see,
On its bright green leaf from care lives free,
And it eats and eats, and it grows and grows,
(Just ask the Schoolmaster if he knows)."
But the Schoolmaster said that that kind of knowledge
Was not the sort he had learned at college.

"And when it has eaten enough, then soon
It spins for itself a soft cocoon,
And then it becomes a chrysalis—
I wonder which child can spell me this.
'Tis rather a difficult word to spell—
(Just ask the Schoolmistress if she can tell)."
But the Schoolmistress said, as she shook her grey curls.
"She considered such things were not proper for girls."

The word was spelled, and spelled quite right,
Those nice little boys were so awfully bright!
And the Bishop began to get into a fright,
His face grew red—it was formerly white—
And the hair on his head stood nearly upright;

So he said to the Beadle, "Go down in the street,
And stop all the people you chance to meet,
I don't care who,
Any one will do;
The little boys playing with marbles and tops,
Or respectable people who deal at the shops;
The crossing sweeper, the organ-grinder,
Or the fortune-teller if you can find her.
Ask any or all,
Short or tall,
Great or small, it matters not—
How many legs has a caterpillar got?"
The Beadle bowed and was off like a shot.

"The caterpillar is doomed to sleep
For months—a slumber long and deep,
Brown and dead
It looks, 'tis said,
It never even requires to be fed;
And except that sometimes it waggles its head,
Your utmost efforts would surely fail
To distinguish the creature's head from its tail!

"But one morning in spring,
When birds loudly sing,
And the earth is gay with blossoming;
When the violets blue
Are wet with dew,
And the sky wears the sweetest cerulean hue!

"When on all is seen
The brightest sheen—
When the daisies are white, and the grass is green;
Then the chrysalis breaks,
The insect awakes,—
To the realms of air its way it takes;
It did not die,
It soars on high,
A bright and a beauteous butterfly!"
Here he paused and wiped a tear from his eye;
The Beadle was quietly standing by,
And perceiving the lecture had reached its close,
Whispered, softly and sadly, "Nobody knows!"

The Bishop saw his last hope was vain,
But to make the best of it he was fain :
So he added, " Dear children, we ever should be
Prepared to learn from all we see,
And the beautiful thoughts of home and joy
Fill the heart, I know, of each girl and boy
Oh, ponder on these, and you will not care
To know the exact allotted share
Of legs the creature possessed at its birth,
When it crawled a mean worm on this lowly earth.
Yet, if you know it, you now may tell,
Your answers so far have pleased me well."
Then he looked around with benignant eye,
Nor long did he wait for the reply,
For the bright little boy, with a countenance gay,
Said, " Six, for I counted 'em yesterday !"

MORAL.

" To all who have children under their care,"
Of two things, nay, three things, I pray you beware -
Don't let them go in for examination,
Unless you have given them due preparation,
Or the questions, asked with the kindest intention,
May be rather a strain on their powers of invention.
Don't pretend you know everything under the sun,
Though your school-days are ended, and theirs but begun,
But honestly say, when the case is so,
" This thing, my dear children, I do not know";
For they really must learn, either slower or speedier,
That you're not a walking Encyclopedia !

(By special permission of the Proprietors.)

THE SISTERS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,
The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.
Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night,
" Hush, and hearken !" she cried in fear,
" Hearest thou nothing, sister dear ?"

"I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane
Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.
What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow
No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbour lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!
Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head,
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.
"In the tautest schooner that ever swam,
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.
And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And, wringing her small white hands, she cried:
"O, Sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.
'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name;
If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him for ever from thee and me!"
Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—
The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest," she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.
The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day
My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven, and I on earth !”

She came and stood by her sister's bed :
“Hall of the Heron is dead !” she said,
“The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.
Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.
I for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broider thy bridal gear,
Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.
But now my soul with his soul I wed ;
Thine the living, and mine the dead.”

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

ANON.

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward !
Into an awful ditch
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh ! that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered ;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high ;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them
 Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yeli,
Not wise they sang nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
 While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
 Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
 Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
 Bellowed and thundered.
Oh! the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
 Not the Old Hundred.

THE BOBOLINK.

THE ALDINE.

Once on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers, in dreamy mood,
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright, and the sky was blue
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along.
The air was fragrant with woodland scents
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;
And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink.

Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;
While the oxeye danced on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strewn
Wilting winrows of grass new mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
Swinging low on a slender limb
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And balancing on a blackberry briar,
The bobolink sung with his heart on fire—
“Chink; if you wish to kiss her, do;
Do it! do it! you coward, you;
Kiss her; kiss her. Who will see?
Only we three—we three, we three.”

Tender garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadow fields, lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country-road.
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And, loitering slowly as lovers will,
Entered a grey-roofed bridge that lay
Dusk and cool in the pleasant way.
Fluttering brightly from brink to brink
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly, with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within.

And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside her the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument—
“Kiss her, kiss her—chink-a-chee-chee;
I’ll not mention it; don’t mind me;
I’ll be sentinel—I can see
All around from the tall birch tree.”

But ah! they noted nor deemed it strange,
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change:
“Do it!—do it!” with might and main
Warbled the tell-tale—“Do it again!”

THE THREE BELLS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Beneath the low-hung night cloud that raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly, the cruel leak gained fast.
Over the awful ocean her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer from the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind, "Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry,
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow shall stand till daylight by!"
Hour after hour crept slowly, yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the shiplights, the lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals, man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten, the Three Bells nearer ran;
And the captain from her taffrail sent down his hopeful cry,
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted, "The Three Bells shall stand
by!"

All night across the waters the tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail the Three Bells sent her cheer.
And when the dreary watches of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under, all souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever, in grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue, above the wave and gale!
As thine in night and tempest, I hear the Master's cry,
And, tossing through the darkness, the lights of God draw nigh!

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

R. T. S. LOWELL.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men, and we all worked on:
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,

Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee.
"When my father comes hame frae the plough," she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke, and roar, and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
Of an English village-lane,
And wall, and garden—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"Thae Highlanders; oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa—
The MacGregors? Ah! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a';

God bless thae bonnie Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth, like a full flood tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started, for they were there to die;
Was life so near them then?

They listened for life: but the rattling fire
Far off and the far-off roar
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said : "That slogan's dune ;
But can ye no hear them, noo?—
The Campbells are coming! It's no a dream;
Our succours hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they play'd "Auld Langsyne";
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd;
And everyone knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes played "Auld Langsyne".

CURRAN ON FREEDOM.

I put it to your oaths:—do you think that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the Church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it?—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "Universal Emancipation"! I

speaking in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery;—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of the chains that burst from around him; and he stands—redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of “Universal Emancipation”.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

W. A. H. SIGOURNEY.

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—
A poisonous Upas, or innocent thyme—
A spirit of evil flashing *down*
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding *up* with a shining track,
Like the morning star that ne'er looks back.
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers,
Pure as the sparkling crystalline stream,
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam.
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of hope through mists of tears—
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile,
With its halo of glory, beams the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene—not of earth, but of heaven;
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Would thou could'st ever thus be young,
Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird,
From stair to hall thy voice is heard;
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found,
With flowers thy curly head around,
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint!

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be,
Perchance is wisely hidden from me;
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side,
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—
Shivering, quivering, through the cold street,
With a curse behind and before thy feet,
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die;
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky.
Merciful Father—my brain grows wild—
Oh! keep from evil my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, may'st thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love;
A drop on eternity's mighty sea,
A blossom on life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore,
In the blessed light of the golden shore.
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom;
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,
And his love protect my beautiful child.

MABEL MARTIN.

J. G. WHITTIER.

It was the pleasant harvest time, when cellar-bins are closely stowed, and garrets bend beneath their load, and the old swallow-haunted barns, brown gabled, long, and full of seams through which the moted sunlight streams, are filled with summer's ripened stores; its odorous grass and barley sheaves, from their low scaffolds to their eaves. On Esek Harden's oaken floor—with many an autumn threshing worn—lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn; and thither

came young men and maids, beneath a moon that, large and low, lit that sweet eve of long ago. They took their places; some by chance, and others by a merry voice or sweet smile guided to their choice. But still the sweetest voice was mute that river valley ever heard from lip of maid or throat of bird; for Mabel Martin sat apart and let the hay-moon's shadow fall upon the loveliest face of all. She sat apart, as one forbid, who knew that none would condescend to own the witch-wife's child a friend. Few questioned of the sorrowing child, or, when they saw the mother die, dreamed of the daughter's agony; sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept her faith, and trusted that her way, so dark, would somewhere meet the day. So in the shadow Mabel sits, untouched by mirth she sees and hears, her smile is sadder than her tears; but cruel eyes have found her out, and cruel lips repeat her name, and taunt her with her mother's shame. She answered not with railing words, but drew her apron o'er her face, and, sobbing, glided from the place, and only pausing at the door, her sad eyes met the troubled gaze of one who, in her better days, had been her warm and steady friend, ere yet her mother's doom had made even Esek Harden half afraid. He felt that mute appeal of tears, and, starting, with an angry frown hushed all the wicked murmurs down—"Good neighbours mine," he sternly said, "this passes harmless mirth or jest; I brook no insult to my guest. She is indeed her mother's child; but God's sweet pity ministers unto no whiter soul than hers. Let Goody Martin rest in peace; I never knew her harm a fly, and witch or not, God knows, not I. I know who swore her life away; and as God lives, I'd not condemn an Indian dog on word of them." The broadest lands on all the town, the skill to guide, the power to awe, were Harden's; and his word was law. None dared withstand him to his face, but one sly maiden spoke aside: "The little witch is evil-eyed! Her mother only killed a cow, or witched a churn or dairy pan; but she forsooth must charm a man!" Poor Mabel, in her lonely home, sat by the window's narrow pane, while in the moonlight's silver rain she strove to drown her sense of wrong, and, in her old and simple way, to teach her bitter heart to pray. Poor child! the prayer begun in faith, grew to a low despairing cry of utter misery, "Let me die! O, take me from the scornful eyes, and hide me where the cruel speech, and mocking finger may not reach! I dare not breathe my mother's name; a daughter's right I dare not crave to weep above her unblest grave! Let me not live until my heart, with few to pity and with none to love me, hardens into stone. O God! have mercy on 'Thy child, whose faith in Thee

grows weak and small, and take me ere I lose it all." A shadow on the moonlight fell, and murmuring wind and wave became a voice whose burden was her name. Had then God heard her? Had He sent His angel down? In flesh and blood before her Esek Harden stood! He laid his hand upon her arm, "Dear Mabel, this no more shall be; who scoffs at you, must scoff at me; you know rough Esek Harden well; and if he seems no suitor gay, and if his hair is touched with grey, the maiden grown shall never find a stauncher heart than he."

JACK'S LITTLE SISTER, KATE.

MARY FORRESTER.

She was a child with a bright fair face,
And eyes so big and blue;
A sweet ripe mouth, like a summer flower,
And a heart so kind and true—
I brought her home one lonely day,
When my heart was full of pain;
When the joys of hope were lying dead,
And the dreams of love were slain.

She filled my home with a golden light;
She filled my life with song—
And the days grew bright with new sweet joy,
As they swiftly flew along—
"Who is she?" the gossips would often ask,
As she played at my garden gate—
And I'd always answer with tearful voice,
"Jack's little sister, Kate".

Jack was my sweetheart—as brave and bold,
As a sailor needs must be!
And he often talked of his big strong ship,
And the bonny sparkling sea,
As we idly roamed on the yellow sand,
When the sun was in the West,
He would tell me tales of the far-off lands,
And of friends he loved the best.

And when he spoke of that tiny child,
His voice grew soft and low—
The dying gift from a mother's hand,
Three little years ago.

Ah! my bonnie sweetheart, you spoke so well,
As the summer eve waxed late,
That I grew to love with a great strong love,
"Jack's little sister, Kate".

One morning there came to our quiet town,
A sailor, with tearful eyes;
He looked at the sea, and then at me,
And then at the stormy skies—
He touched my cheek with his rough, brown hand,
He smoothed my crumpled gown;
And then—he told me a ship was wrecked,
And that every soul went down!

I know no more—I cannot tell
The words the sailor said;
But I know that every sound I heard,
Told me that Jack was dead!
I knelt me down in my sorrow deep,
Down by my garden gate,
And I prayed a prayer for that lonely child—
"Jack's little sister, Kate!"

So I brought her home—my little girl,
With the eyes so big and blue,
With the sweet ripe mouth, like a summer flower,
And the heart so kind and true!—
I brought her home to my dreary house,
By the weeping, sobbing deep;
Where above the heart that loved us well,
The waves for ever sweep!

She cried for her brother, big and strong,
For she could not understand
How he'd gone for ever from out our lives,
For ever from off the land—
"He will come again!" she would often cry,
And down by the sea would wait;
While the passing sailors would smile and say
"Jack's little sister, Kate!"

One morning, my darling had wandered far,
So far from our cottage door,
And I sought her down in the little town,
And I sought her on the shore,

Where a group of men, with faces white,
Were kneeling upon the ground—
“What is it?” I asked, and some one said,
“A little child found drowned!”
My heart stood still with an awful fear!
And I uttered a feeble cry;
But they heeded not, those white-faced men,
The woman standing by.
“Poor little girl!” I heard them say,
“Do you know her?” “Who is she, mate?”
And some one answered in husky tones,
“Jack’s little sister, Kate!”
Oh, God! Thy hand was very strong,
As it struck me down that day!
Down by the sea, the fair bright sea,
Where my bonnie sweetheart lay.
They carried her home, while bitter sobs
To their pallid lips would rise,
As they gently wrung her dripping frock,
And closed her sweet blue eyes.
They brought her shells from the sea she loved,
To deck her bosom fair,
And I placed in her tiny dimpled hand
A lock of Jack’s dark hair.
We buried her close to the lapping waves,
One day when the spring was late,
And wrote on the stone above her head,
“Jack’s little sister, Kate!”

A RAILWAY CHASE

DAVID MACRAE.

The runaway engine and train had got the start of them by nearly two miles. If the express was true to her time, there was no hope. In five or six minutes there would be a collision. But if the express was in the least behind, there was still a desperate chance. Away, then, and away!

On they went with thundering crank and grinding steel. The tender quivered and rocked; the ground, lit by the glare of the engine lamps, swept like lightning under them. There was a terrible voice in the quick, clanking wheels—“Life or death!—life or death!

—life or death!" Away and away, like a fiery meteor through the driving storm and darkness! The telegraph poles flew past like frightened spirits. "There!—there she is!—thank God!" burst from the lips of both men, as they caught sight at last of two red lights shining far ahead upon the line.

They dashed with a shattering roar between the rocks at Elmslie's farm, burst forth again, and away on the wild and terrible pursuit. They were gaining rapidly on the train ahead. There was hope. They dashed with another roar under the beetling bridge beyond the junction, and still away and away. "Life or death!—life or death!—life or death!" clanked the wheels.

Just as the long train was thundering along the iron bridge near Blackford, they dashed alongside. The Parliamentary train was bowling along the parallel rails at the velocity of nearly thirty miles an hour; and as Sinclair and Blacklock passed carriage after carriage, they could see, in the dusky light of the lamps within, the dim rows of passengers, many of them asleep, and all unconscious that they were on the wrong line, bowling, quick and fast, into the jaws of death.

On they thundered till they came abreast of the engine. Campbell was there, but apparently stupefied with drink, sitting on the seat under the storm-board, with head hanging down nearly to his knees. Blacklock shouted and yelled at the pitch of his voice, Sinclair blew the whistle, but Campbell could not be roused.

"Let's dash ahead and signal the Express to stop," cried Sinclair excitedly. He pulled out his watch and stooped to see the time. Eight minutes to eleven! The Express was two minutes behind her time already. There was not a moment to lose.

"God ha' mercy!" gasped Blacklock, clutching Sinclair's arm convulsively; "here she comes!"

He was right. Far ahead along the line, two points of light, like the eyes of a basilisk, had glided into view, and were fast dilating and growing brighter and fiercer as the iron monster from the South came on through the darkness at the rate of a mile a minute. Already the thunder of its approach was distinctly perceptible. Scarcely a mile separated the two trains—in thirty seconds they would be together!

"Signal!—signal the Express!" shrieked Blacklock. But Campbell's engine! how was it to be checked? Blacklock looked at the narrow space that separated the two engines. A few feet—only a few feet!—and a hundred human lives at stake!

"I'll jump!" he cried. In a moment, before Sinclair could hold

him back, he had crouched, and made the desperate spring. He alighted upon the footboard of the other tender. He staggered for a moment; but, recovering his balance, sprang forward to the engine, shut off the steam, and put on the brake. It was all the brave fellow could do. Now for life—for life! He seized the drunken man. He dragged him to the side of the engine, to leap off, when in an instant the Express, with its flying plume and its glaring irids, magnifying into two great orbs of flame, flashed through the darkness, and like a thunderbolt shot full upon them! The earth shook with the terrific shock. The engines were smashed, the furnace fires flared up, the huge carriages of both trains came on like successive explosions, leaping madly over one another, while a thousand shrieks rang wildly up into the shuddering air of night.

(By special permission of the Author.)

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

JOHN F. WALLER.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
 Close by the window young Aileen is spinning;
 Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting,—
 "Aileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 "Aileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
 Sprightly and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.
 "What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
 "'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong that ould song of 'The Coolun'?"—
 There's a form at the casement—the form of her true-love—
 And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;
 Get up on the stool! through the lattice step lightly!
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the reel, spins the wheel, while the foot's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
 Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy Grandmother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
 Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover!
 Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving—
 Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

AN IRISHMAN'S LOVE FOR HIS CHILDREN.

ANON.

Some years ago, on our passage to New York, we had on board a number of emigrants, among whom was an Irishman with his wife and three children, the eldest, a girl, about seven years of age.

They were very poor, but the beauty and intelligence of the children quite won the heart of a lady passenger, and, now and again, she would have them brought into the cabin and their hunger appeased.

Gleesome, bright-eyed little creatures, they were all life and happiness, and in blissful ignorance of the poverty by which they were surrounded.

One day they were in the cabin, when this lady said to me, "I wonder if those poor people would part with one of these darlings. I should much like to adopt one."

"I don't know," I said; "suppose we make the inquiry."

The father was sent for. "My good friend," said the lady, "you are very poor, are you not?" His answer was peculiarly Irish.

"Is it poor, mi lady? If there's a poorer man than misilf troublin' the world, Hiven pity both of uz, for we'd be about aqual!"

"Then," said I, "you must find it no easy matter to support your children."

"Is it to support thim, sir? I never supported thim; they get supported somehow or other; they've never been hungry yit. Whin they are, it'll be toime enough to complain."

"Well, then," I continued, "would it not be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

He started, turned pale, and with a wild glare in his eye passionately said, "A relaif! what d'ye mean, sir? Wud it be a relaif, d'ye think, to have mi hand chopped from mi body, or my heart torn out of mi breast?"

"Oh, you don't understand us," said my lady friend. "Suppose you were enabled to place one of your children in ease and comfort, would you interfere with its well-doing?"

The tact of women! She had touched the chord of paternal affection. The poor fellow was silent and all bewildered. At last he said, "God bliss ye, mi lady; Hiven knows I'd be right glad to better the child—it isn't in regard to misilf; but hadn't I better go an' spake to Mary—she's the mother of thim—an' 'twould be onraisonable to be givin' away her children behind her back."

"Very well," I said, "off you go to Mary, and hear what she says."

In about an hour he came back, his eyes red and swollen.

"Well," said I, "what success?"

"'Twas no aisy matter, sir, but it's for the child's good, and Hiven give us strength to bear it!"

"Well, and which are we to have?"

"Well, sir, I've been spakin' to Mary, an' she thinks as Nora there is the ouldest—she's siven past—she wouldn't miss the mother so much; an' if ye'll jist let her take a partin' kiss, she'd give her to ye wid a blessing."

So he took away his three children, to look at one of them for the last time.

When he returned he was leading the second eldest, a little girl about five.

"How is this? have you changed your mind?"

"Well, no; I haven't exactly changed mi moind, sir, but I've changed the child. Ye see, sir, I've been spakin' to Mary, an' when it came to the ind, sir, she couldn't part wid Nora at all, at all! But here's little Biddy—an' if she'll do as well?"

"Yes, yes; we'll take Biddy."

"Hiven be her guardian! God be kind to thim that's kind to you!" Then he went away, and all that night little Biddy remained with us. But early next morning he reappeared, and this time he had his youngest child—a mere baby—in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" I said.

"Well, sir, ye see, I've been spakin' to Mary, an' when I begude to think of Biddy's eyes—look at them, sir; they're the image of her mother's—I couldn't let her go. But here's little Paudeen; he

won't be much bother to any one, for if he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eyes an' the softest heart in creation; an' if he takes after his father, he'll have a purty hard fist an' a broad pair of shoulders to push his way in the world. Take *him*, sir, an' gi' me back, Biddy."

He left the baby and took away his pet Biddy. I wasn't at all surprised when, in a few minutes afterwards, he rushed into the cabin and caught up little Paudeen in his arms.

"Look at him, sir! look at him! It's the youngest—only two years ould. You wouldn't have the heart to keep him from uz. The long and the short of it is, sir, I've been spakin' to Mary—*she* couldn't part wid Nora an' *I* couldn't part wid Biddy, but naither of uz could live half a day without little Paudeen! No, sir, no! we can bear the bitterness of poverty, but we can't part wid our children—unless it be the will of Hiven to take them from uz."

GEMINI AND VIRGO.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

Some vast amount of years ago,
 Ere all my youth had vanished from me,
 A boy it was my lot to know,
 Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child;
 A young bud bursting into blossom;
 Artless, as Eve yet unbeguild,
 And agile as a young opossum;
 And such was he—a calm-browed lad,
 Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter:
 (Why hatters as a race are mad
 I never knew, nor does it matter).

He was what nurses call a "limb"—
 One of these small misguided creatures,
 Who, though their intellects are dim,
 Are one too many for their teachers:
 And, if you asked of him to say
 What twice ten was, or three times seven,
 He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
 From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And not so much esteemed was he
Of the Authorities; and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for,
And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather:
And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes and inked our collars;
And looked unique and picturesque
But not, it may be, model scholars.

We did much as we chose to do;
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy;
All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday;
And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many.
And seeing ignorance is bliss,
And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came:
Real love, at that time, was the fashion;
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was to us both, a passion.
Old Poser snorted like a horse:
His feet were large, his hands were pimply.
His manner, when excited, coarse:—
But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing, gushing thing;
All—more than all—my fancy painted;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
Of goose, I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue :
But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two ;
And I was then eleven, nearly.
I did not love as others do ;
(None ever did that I've heard tell of ;)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of.

Oh sweet—as to the toil-worn man
The far-off sound of rippling river ;
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—
To me was Anna ; dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers ;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offered.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit ;
I'd written lines to her as Venus ;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us :
And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

Once I *saw* him squeeze her hand,
There was no doubt about the matter ;
I said he must resign or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.
We met, we “planted” blows on blows ;
We fought as long as we were able :
My rival had a bottle nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable,
When the school-bell cut short our strife.
Miss P. gave both of us a plaister ;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing master.

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
Only one must not love another's ;
But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
 Peace only: that the blood is brisker
 In boy's veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
 Are partially obscured by whisker;
 Or that the growing ages steal
 The memories of past wrongs from us.
 But this is certain—that I feel
 Most friendly unto thee, O Thomas!

And wheresoe'er we meet again,
 On this or that side the equator,
 If I've not turned teetotal then,
 And have wherewith to pay the waiter,
 To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
 Ignite with thee the mild Havana,
 And we will waft, while liquoring up,
 Forgiveness to the heartless Anna.

(By special permission of Mrs. Calverley.)

THE LEVEL CROSSING.

ROBERT WALKER.

Joe Smith? Yes, mates, I knew him well,
 As rough as rough could be;
 Yet, spite of all that parsons say,
 There's worse on earth than he!

There wasn't much of the saint in him,
 Only he never lied,
 And few who've lived a better life
 A nobler death have died.

His death? Ay, lads, I mind it well,
 And how the sun did shine
 On the level crossing that April morn,
 Athwart the railway line!

The gates were shut and fastened,
 That no one might pass through;
 A distant rumbling plainly told
 The Scotch express was due.

On the hillside I was working,
 While Joe sat on the grass,

Waiting alongside the rails below,
Until the train should pass.

The morn was cool, and bright, and still,
The lark sang shrill and clear;
I always think of Joe, poor lad,
Whene'er that song I hear.

He sat by the railway smoking,
Thinking of—who can say?
Mayhap of last night's fun, mayhap
Of some one far away!

Still sang the lark, when suddenly
There came a cry from Joe;
I turned; oh, heav'n! how faint I felt
At what I saw below!

The gates, I said, were bolted fast;
But clamb'ring through the fence,
On to the line, had strayed a child.
Heav'n help its innocence!

There came the engine tearing on,
With its exulting scream,
Ruthless it seemed and fiercely sped,
Like a monster in a dream.

Right on the track the infant stood,
A primrose in its hand,
And on the coming death it smiled,
Too young to understand.

One moment more had been too late:
Joe bounded to his feet,
And on with some fierce word he dashed
As any racehorse fleet.

I, on the hillside, saw him rush
Straight to the jaws of death,
And up the hillside seemed to come
The engine's fiery breath.

His strong hand seized and threw the child
Right there, beside the brook;
A few sharp stings from the nettles
Was all the harm it took!

But Joe, poor lad, 'twas worse for him—
 The engine left him lying
 Beside the rails, a ghastly heap—
 Torn, bleeding, stunned, and dying!

We raised him up. I held him,
 His head on my arm was laid.
 He spake but once again, brave lad,
 And this was all he said:

“The chick’s pulled through, I hope,” and then
 Lay closer to my breast.
 I need not tell you more, my mates,
 You all must know the rest.

A rough-shaped cross marks where he lies,
 There on the lone hillside,
 And Tom, the Methody, said 'twas right,
 'Cos Joe for man had died.

And wild flowers oft-times you will see
 Laid lightly on the grave,
 Put there by her, now woman grown,
 Whom Joe Smith died to save.

(By special permission of the Author.)

PAPA'S LETTER

ANON.

I was sitting in my study, writing letters; when I heard,
 “Please, dear mama,—Mary told me mama mustn’t be ’isturbed.
 But I’s e tired of the kitty, want some ozzet fing to do:
 Witing letters, is ’ou, mama? tan’t I wite a letter too?”
 ‘Not now, darling, mama’s busy; run and play with kitty, now.
 “No, no, mama; me wite letter; tan, if ’ou will show me how.”

I would paint my darling’s portrait as his sweet eyes searched my
 face—

Hair of gold, and eyes of azure, form of childish, witching grace.
 But the eager face was clouded, as I slowly shook my head,
 Till I said, “I’ll make a letter of yoo, darling boy, instead.”
 So I parted back the tresses from his forehead high and white,
 And a stamp in sport I pasted, ’mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter, go away and bear good news."
 And I smiled as down the staircase clattered loud the little shoes.
 Leaving me, the darling hurried down to Mary in his glee;
 "Mama's witing lots of letters; I'se a letter, Mary—see!" . . .
 No one heard the front-door open; no one saw the golden hair,
 As it floated o'er his shoulders in the crisp October air.

Down the street the prattler hastened, till he reached the office-door:
 "I'se a letter, Mr. Postman; is there room for any more?
 'Cause dis letter's gōin' to papa, papa lives with God, 'ou know,
 Mama 'tamped me—I'm a letter; does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"
 But the Clerk in wonder answered, "Not to-day, my little man."
 "Den I'll find anozzer office, 'cause I must gō, if I tan."

Fain the Clerk would have detained him, but the pleading face was
 gone,
 And the little feet were hastening—by the busy crowd swept on.
 Suddenly the crowd was parted, people fled to left and right,
 As a pair of maddened horses at that moment dashed in sight!
 No one saw the baby figure—no one saw the golden hair,
 Till a shriek of childish terror rang out on the autumn air!

'Twas too late!—a moment only stood the beauteous vision there;
 Then . . . the little face lay lifeless, covered o'er with golden hair!
 Reverently they raised my darling, brushed away the curls of gold;
 Saw the stamp, upon the forehead growing now so icy cold.
 Not a mark the face disfigured, showing where a hoof had trod;
 But the little life was ended—"Papa's letter" was with God.

WHERE?

R. H. STODDARD.

She went away, at the break of day,
 And a child in her arms she bore.
 I asked the roads which way she went,
 I hunted for her till day was spent,
 But she returned no more.

"Have you seen a woman and a child to-day?"
 I say to the people I meet on the way.
 But no one seems to see;
 They pass me by, without reply,
 Too busy to answer me.

Sullen and slow, I go
 To the river, and, watching the flow
 Of its waves that seaward roll,
 I say to the river, "What sings in thee?"
 It answers me,
 "Only a baby's soul."

I fly to the poplars—why
 I know not! for all I see,
 Ghostly and ominous, troubles me.
 The long limbs tremble, and every leaf
 (They are numberless) is a tongue of grief,
 And every sound a sigh.
 Tell me, before we part,
 Poplars that peak and pine,
 If you have aught that is mine.
 "Naught that is thine;
 Only a woman's heart."

They passed away, at the break of day,
 They are not on land or sea.
 They have flown afar, where the angels are,
 And both have forgotten me!

EXCELSIOR.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As, through an Alpine village, passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 "Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 "Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as, heavenward,
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found;
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
The banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
"Excelsior!"

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

LEE O. HARRIS.

He sat at his desk at the close of day, for he felt the weight of his many years.—
His form was bent and his hair was grey, and his eyes were dim with the falling tears.
The school was out and his task was done, and the house seemed now so strangely still,
As the red beam of the setting sun stole silently over the window-sill.

Stole silently into the twilight gloom, and the deepening shadows
fell athwart
The vacant seats and the vacant room, and the vacant place in the
old man's heart—
For his school had been all in all to him, who had no wife, child,
land, nor gold;
But his frame was weak, and his eyes were dim, and the fiat was
issued at last—"Too old".

He bowed his head on his trembling hands a moment, as one might
bend to pray;
"Too old!" they say, and the school demands a wiser and younger
head to-day.
"Too old! too old!" these men forget it was I who guided their
tender years;
Their hearts were hard, and they pitied not my trembling lips and
my falling tears.

"Too old! too old!" it was all they said; I looked in their faces one
by one,
But they turned away, and my heart was lead: "Dear Lord, it is
hard, but Thy will be done."

The night stole on and a blacker gloom was over the vacant benches
cast;
The master sat in the silent room, but his mind was back in the
days long past.

And he smiled as his kindly glances fell on the well beloved faces
there—
John, Rob, and Will, and laughing Nell, and blue-eyed Bess, with
golden hair,
And Tom, and Charley, and Ben, and Paul, who stood at the head
of the spelling class—
All in their places—and yet they all were lying under the graveyard
grass.

Thus all night long, till the morning came, and the darkness folded
her robe of gloom,
And the sun looked in with his eye of flame, on the vacant seats of
the silent room,
And the wind stole over the window-sill, and swept through the
aisles in a merry rout;
But the face of the master was white and still—his work was finished,
his school was out.

THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

Bring, novelists, your note-book; bring, dramatists, your pen;
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.
It's only a tale of a lifeboat, the dying and the dead,
Of a terrible storm and shipwreck, that happened off Mumbles Head
Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and know it north and south;
Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oystermouth.
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual
way,
And have sailed your yacht in the summer, in the blue of Swansea
Bay.

Well, it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands
alone,
In the teeth of Atlantic breakers, that foam on its face of stone;
It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, and the storm bell
tolled, or when
There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launch'd, and a desperate
cry for men.
When in the world did the coxswain shirk? A brave old salt was he;
Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,
Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who, about the coast 'twas
said,
Had saved some hundred lives a-piece—at a shilling or so a head!
So the father launched the lifeboat, in the teeth of the tempest's
roar,
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at
the oar.
Out to the wreck went the father; out to the wreck went the sons;
Leaving the weeping of women, and the booming of signal guns,
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors
love,
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!
Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cosy and safe in bed,
For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles
Head?

It didn't go well with the lifeboat; 'twas a terrible storm that blew,
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning
crew;

And then the anchor parted—twas a tussel to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old
boat.

Then at last on the poor doom'd lifeboat a wave broke mountains
high!

"God help us now!" said the father. "It's over, lads! Good-bye!"
Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry
waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure—a fighting form:
It might be a gray-haired father, then the women held their breath,
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with
death;

It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men, going down to the sea
in ships.

They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had seen the worst
and more;

Then, kissing each other, these women went down, from the light-
house, straight to the shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the
land.

'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?
What are a couple of women? well, more than three craven men
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir—
and then

Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and
rent,

Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea they
went.

"Come back!" cried the lighthouse keeper; "for God's sake, girls,
come back!"

As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce
attack.

"Come back!" moaned the gray-haired mother, as she stood by the
angry sea;

"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me."

"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint
 and pale;
 "You will drown if you face the breakers; you will fall if you brave
 the gale!"
 "Come back," said the girls, "we will not! go, tell it to all the
 town;
 We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"
 "Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess; give one strong clutch
 of your hand;
 Just follow me brave to the shingle, and we'll drag him safe to land.
 Wait for the next wave, darling; only a minute more,
 And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him safe to
 shore."
 Up to the arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
 They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless us! you know
 the rest—
 Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
 And many a glass was tossed right off to "The Women of Mumbles
 Head!"

(By special permission of the Author.)

HAMLET AND THE QUEEN.

TWO CHARACTERS.

HAMLET, ...Prince of Denmark.

GERTRUDE, ...the Queen, his Mother.

SCENE—*The Queen's Chamber.*

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Qu. Come, come! you answer with an *idle* tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a *wicked* tongue.

Qu. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Qu. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so! you are the Queen! your husband's
 brother's wife; and—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Qu. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge; you
 go not till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part
 of you!

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not *murder* me?

Ham. Leave *wringing* of your hands: Peace! sit you down, and let me wring your heart; for so I shall, if it be made of penetrable stuff; if wicked custom have not brazed it so, that it is *proof* and *bulwark* against sense.

Qu. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act that *blurs* the grace and blush of *modesty*; calls Virtue Hypocrite; takes off the *rose* from the *fair forehead* of an innocent love, and sets a *blister* there; makes marriage vows as *false* as dicers' oaths; Oh, such a deed as from the body of contraction plucks the very soul; and *sweet Religion* makes a *rhapsody of words*! Ah me! that act!

Qu. Ah me, what act, that roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture;—and on this. The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a *grace* was seated on this brow!—*Hyperion's* curls; the *front of Jove himself*; an *eye* like Mars, to *threaten* and *command*; a station like the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; a combination, and a form, indeed, where *every* god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a MAN. This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:—Here is your husband,—like a *mildew'd* ear, *blasting* his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this *fair Mountain* leave to feed, and batten on this *Moor*? Ha! have you eyes? you cannot call it *Love*; for, at your age, the heyday in the blood is *tame*! it's *humble*! and waits upon the judgment! And what judgment would step from this to this? O *shame*! where is thy blush?

Qu. O Hamlet, speak no more! thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; and there I see such *black* and *grained* spots, as will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live stewed in corruption, honeying and making love over the nasty sty,—

Qu. O, speak to me no more! These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears; no more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A *murderer* and a *villain*; a *slave*, that is not twentieth part the tithe of your precedent lord: a *Vice* of kings; a *cutpurse* of the empire and the rule, that from a shelf the precious diadem *stole*, and put it in his pocket—

Qu. No more!

Ham. A king of *shreds* and *patches*!—

[Enter Ghost

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, you heavenly guards!
—What would your gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide, that, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by the important acting of your dread command? O, say!

Ght. Do not forget: this visitation is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. But, look! amazement on thy mother sits; O, step between her and her fighting soul; conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;—speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you, that you do bend your eye on *vacancy*, and with the *incorporal air* do hold discourse? O, gentle son! upon the heat and flame of thy distemper, sprinkle cool *patience*. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! Look you, how *pale* he glares! His form and cause conjoined, preaching to *stones*, would make them capable.—Do not look upon me: lest, with this piteous action, you convert my stern effects: then what I have to do will want true colour; *tears*, perchance for blood.

Qu. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Qu. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away! *My FATHER*, in his habit, as he lived! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! *[Exit Ghost.]*

Qu. This is the very coinage of your brain: this bodiless creation ecstasy is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy! My pulse, as yours, doth *temperately* keep time, and makes as healthful music: It is not madness that I have uttered: bring me to the test, and I the matter will re-word; which madness would gambol from. Mother! for *love of grace*, lay not that flattering unction to your soul, that not your trespass, but my madness speaks: it will but *skin* and *film* the ulcerous place; whilst *rank corruption*, mining all within, infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven: *repent* what's past; avoid what is to come.

Qu. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it, and live the purer with the other half. Good night! And, when you are desirous to be blessed, I'll blessing beg of you. So, again, good night!

PITTS'S REPLY TO WALPOLE.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail, when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them, is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor

fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

THE IRISHWOMAN'S LETTER.

ANON.

"Ah, shure! I was tould to come in till yer honour,
To see, would ye write a few lines to my Pat?
He's gone for a soger, is Misther O'Connor,
Wid a sthripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

"And what 'ill ye tell him? shure, it must be aisy
For the likes of yer honour to spake with the pen;
Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy
(The baby, yer honour), is better again.

"For whin he wint off so sick was the crayther,
She niver hilt up her blue eyes till his face;
And when I'd be cryin', he'd look at me wild-like,
And ax, 'Would I wish for the counthry's disgrace?

"Tell him to sind us a bit of his money,
For the rint and the docthor's bill, due in a week;
An', shure there's a tear on yer eyelashes, honey!—
I' faith, I've no right with such freedom to speak.

'I'm over-much thrifling: ah! I'll not give ye trouble,
I'll find some one willin'—Oh, what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer honour, don't hide it, but read it to me!

"Dead! Patrick O'Connor! No! no! it's some other!
Shot dead? Shure, 'tis a week scarce gone by,
An' the kiss on the cheek of his sorrowin' mother,
It hasn't had time yet, yer honour, to dhry.

"Dead! dead! Wirristru! O, am I crazy?
Shure it's brakin' my heart ye are, telling me so;
An' what in the world will I do wid poor Daisy?
O what can I do? Oo! where can I go?

"This room is so dark—I'm not seein' yer honour,
I think I'll go home." . . . And a sob, hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Connor,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

EDITHA'S BURGLAR.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton lived in a suburb of London. Their only child Edith was a bright little girl about eight years of age. One morning she said—"Papa, what do you think of burglars as a class?"

"As a class, Edie?"

"Yes, papa, as a class."

"I think they are a bad lot, Edie, a very bad lot."

"Are there no good burglars, papa?"

"Well, no, Edie, I think not; as a rule they are a class of gentlemen, not distinguished for moral rectitude and blameless character."

"Whatever has possessed the child? why do you talk of burglars, Edie?"

"Well, mama, I'm rather sorry for them; they must be often up all night."

"Sorry for them, the scoundrels! If I should waken and find a burglar in my room I think I should die."

One afternoon Mr. Hamilton said—"I must go down to Glasgow by the 9.15 Pullman to-night."

"Oh, Frank, whatever shall I do? You know the servants sleep in the attics. I shall be so frightened!"

"Nonsense, Polly, I'll leave Edie in charge of you."

That night Edith couldn't go to sleep. She thought of her father rushing thro' the dark night on his way to Scotland. At last she did doze off. About midnight something wakened her. Listening she heard a sound like a stealthy filing as of iron. "It's a burglar—he'll frighten mama." She slipped out of bed, out of the room, and down the stairs. The filing had stopped, but she heard a footstep in the kitchen as she quietly opened the door. Imagine the astonishment of that burglar when he saw a little girl in white, on whom the light of his lantern shone—a little girl whose large lustrous eyes looked at him in a by no means unfriendly way.

"Oh Lor, wot a start!"

"Hush! don't be frightened, Mr. Burglar—I don't want to hurt you!"

"She don't want to hurt me, oh my eye!"

"Hush, I've come to ask a favour from you; are you really a burglar?"

"Not at all, my dear, I'm a friend of yer par's, and not a-wishin' to disturb the servants by a-ringin' the bell, I stepped in through the winder. D'ye twig, little un?"

"Well, my papa is from home, and my mama is so easily frightened, and if you are going to burgle—would you please to burgle as quiet as you can?"

"Well, I'm blowed."

"Why don't you say blown? It isn't correct to say blowed, you know."

"Now, look 'ere, little un, I ain't got no time to waste, yer know."

"No, I don't suppose you have. Well, what are you going to burgle first? I'll show you some things you might burgle."

"Wot things?"

"Well, you can burgle my things."

"Wot kind o' things?"

"Well, there's my gold watch, my gold locket, my pearl necklace and earrings; they're worth a great deal of money; and then there is my books."

"I don't want no books."

"Don't you? thank you very much. Shall I go upstairs for my jewel-box?"

"No, not yet, come into the pantry—I wants to have a squint o' the knives and forks fust."

"It's very curious, Mr. Burglar, that you should know exactly where to look for things, and that your keys should just fit our locks!"

"Well—yes, it is kin' o' singular—o' course there's a great deal in bein' edercated, yer know."

"And were you educated, Mr. Burglar?"

"Did yer think as 'ow I weren't?"

"Well, you pronounce words so strangely."

"Oh, hit's all a matter o' taste; Hoxford and Cambridge, Hedinburgh and Glasgow 'as different vocabilleries, don't cher know."

"And did you go to college?"

"Did yer think as 'ow I didn't? well, I'm blowed—blown."

"Would you be so kind as leave a few silver knives and forks? we won't have any to use at breakfast."

"Ain't yer got no steel uns?"

"Oh yes, but we don't use steel ones to fish, you know. You can burgle my knife and fork, but please do leave one for my dear mama?"

"Oh, wery well; it's agin the rules o' the perfession, but there's a knife and fork for yer precious mar."

"Thank you very much, you are very kind and considerate. Talkin' of professions—would you rather be a burglar than anything else?"

"Well, no, can't say I would, now I comes to think on't. I'd rayther be the Lord Mayor—hor a member o' the 'ouse o' Lords—hor hev'n 'is Royal 'Ighness Halbert Hedard, Prince o' Wales."

"Oh, you couldn't be the Prince of Wales, you know!"

"Well, no, there har a few hobstacles in the way."

"I meant some other profession. My papa is an editor—how would you like that?"

"Fust rate—now I comes to think on't, I'm a born heditor."

"I'm afraid my papa wouldn't change professions with you."

"Oh, d'ye think not?"

"No, but, if you were to give me your name and address, he might speak to his friends about you."

"Well, now, only to think. If I ain't went and forgot my card-case; I left it on the pianner. I'm sich a bloomin' forgetful cove, I'm allays a-leavin' my card-case."

"If you were to tell me your name and address, I think I could remember them."

"No, I'm afeard yer couldn't."

"I think I could."

"Oh, yer thinks so? Well, 'ere goes—my name is Lord Halbert Hedard Halgernou Depentonville, 'Ide Park, London."

"Are you really a lord? How very strange!"

"Well, yes, it is kin' o' singular; I've often thought so myself—and now show's the libery—I wants to inspect yer pars things."

"Very well, come this way. This is my papa's room. Will you please to do me another favour, Mr. Burglar? I'll make you a present of all my jewels, if you won't burgle any of papa's things. He is very fond of them, and he is very good!"

"Oh, wery well, go and fetch yer jewels as yer calls them. She's the rummiest little cove I ever seed."

She came back in a few moments.

"My papa gave me this gold watch, my mama gave me this gold locket, my grandmama left me these earrings and the necklace, and my dear grandmama is in Heaven."

"Oh! yer grandmar's in 'Eaven, is she?—then she's all right, little un—and now I thinks I'll be movin'."

She followed him back to the kitchen.

"Are you going out by the window, my lord?"

"Well, yes, yer see it's a kin' o' a sort o' a 'abit o' mine. I prefers 'em to doors, 'cause why? My medical hadwiser says the hexercise is good for my constitutoon."

"Well, good-bye, my lord, and thank you very much for burgling so quietly."

She said nothing to her mother about the night's singular experience. Nothing till her father came home. "I can't understand how the only thing stolen from upstairs is poor Edie's box of jewels."

"I gave it to the burglar myself, papa!"

"You what, Edie—you gave it to the burglar?"

"Yes, papa, I heard him in the kitchen, and I slipped downstairs, and stayed with him all the time."

"You stayed with that bad man, Edie?"

"Yes, mama, but he wasn't a bad burglar; he told me he was a lord, and he only burgles because his medical adviser says the exercise is good for his constitution."

One day an officer from Newgate called at Mr. Hamilton's house. "We have a prisoner, sir, who wants to see your little girl."

Mr. Hamilton took her to the gaol. The moment she entered the cell she recognised her old friend the burglar. "How do you do, my lord?"

"Not up to the mark at all, my little dear. This 'ere confinement don't agree wi' my constitutoon. Them's yer jewels, little un. I kept 'em for you, 'cause why? I took a reg'lar fancy to yer."—"I've seed many a curos sight, sir, but never nothing so curos as that little kid o' yourn a-standin' at the kitchen door, and sayin' she didn't want to 'urt me, and please would I burgle quiet so's not to frighten her mar. I tell yer, sir, I did get a start when I furst seed her a-standin' there like a little hangel. There's yer gimcracks, little un, an' may yer live long to wear 'em."

"I am very much obliged to you, my lord. My papa would have helped you if he could, but he is afraid that you would not do for an editor. He says it requires a different sort of education from your profession."

A few weeks after this, a parcel was left at Mr. Hamilton's house by a very shabby-looking man. It contained a very large old-fashioned silver watch, on the lid of which were scratched these words—"To the little un, from her friend and well-wisher, Lord Halbert Hedard Halgernon Depentonville, 'Ide Park, London."

(By special permission of Mrs. Burnett.)

BECALMED.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

It was as calm as calm could be; a death-still night in June: a silver sail, on a silver sea, under a silver moon. No least low air the still sea stirred: but all on the dreaming deep the white ship lay, like a white sea-bird, with folded wings, asleep. For a long, long month not a breath of air: for a month not a drop of rain: and the gaunt crew watched in wild despair, with a fever in throat and brain. And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud, stand on the far horizon-sea: it was only a day's short sail to the land, and the haven where they would be. Too faint to row—no signal brought an answer, far or nigh: Father, have mercy: leave them not alone, on the deep, to die. And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above, and the women prayed below: "One drop of rain, for Heaven's great love! O Father, for a breeze to blow!" But never a shower from the skies would burst, and never a breeze would come: O Fate! to think that man can thirst, and starve, in sight of home! But out to sea with the drifting tide the vessel drifted away: till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died: and the wild crew ceased to pray! Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow; like beasts with hunger wild: but a mother prayed in the cabin below, by the bed of her little child. It slept, and lo! in its sleep, it smiled: a babe of summers three: "O Father, save my little child, whatever comes to me!" Calm gleamed the sea: calm gleamed the sky, no cloud—no sail—in view: and they cast them lots, for who should die to feed the starving crew! Like beasts they glared, with hunger wild, and their red glazed eyes aglow, and the death-lot fell on the little child that slept in the cabin below! And the mother shrieked in wild despair: "O Heav'n, my child—my son! They will take his life: it is hard to bear: yet, Father, Thy will be done." And she waked the child from its happy sleep, and she knelt by the cradle bed: "We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep: we are dying, my child, for bread. On the lone, lone sea no sail—no breeze: not a drop of rain in the sky: we thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas; and thou, my child, must die!" She wept: what tears her wild soul shed not I, but Heaven knows best. And the child rose up from its cradle bed, and crossed its hands on its breast: "Father," he lisped, "so good—so kind, have pity on mother's pain: for mother's sake, a little wind: Father, a little rain!" And she heard them shout for the child from the deck, and she knelt on the cabin stairs: "The child!" they cry, "the child

—stand back—and a curse on your idiot prayers!" And the mother rose in her wild despair, and she bared her throat to the knife: "Strike—strike me—me: but spare, O spare my child, my dear son's life!" O Death! it was a ghastly sight: red eyes, like flaming brands, and a hundred belt-knives flashing bright in the clutch of skeleton hands! "Me—me—strike—strike, ye fiends of Death!" But soft—thro' the ghastly air whose falling tear was that? whose breath waves thro' the mother's hair? A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas: a speck on the cabin pane: O Heav'n, it is a breeze—a breeze—and a drop of blessed rain! And the mother rushed to the cabin below, and she wept on the babe's bright hair: "The sweet rain falls: the sweet winds blow: Father has heard thy prayer!" But the child had fallen asleep again, and again in its sleep it smiled. And the gaunt crew fell on their bended knees, and they cried with rapture wild—"Thank God, thank God, for His rain and His breeze! Thank God, for her little child!"

(By special permission of the Author.)

THE LAST OF THE PROUD MONARCH.

CARLYLE.

Frightful to all men is Death, from of old named King of Terrors. Our little compact home of an existence, where we dwelt complaining, yet as in a home, is passing in dark agonies into an unknown of separation, foreignness, unconditioned possibility. The Heathen Emperor asks of his souls: Into what places art thou now departing? The Catholic King must answer: To the judgment bar of the Most High God! Yes, it is a summing up of life: a final settling and giving in the "account of the deeds done in the body"; they are done now and lie there unalterable, and do bear their fruits, long as eternity shall last.

Yes, poor Louis, death has found thee. No palace walls, or life guards, gorgeous tapestries, or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial could keep him out, but he is here, here at the very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality; sumptuous Versailles bursts asunder, like a dream, into void immensity. Time is done, and all the scaffolding of time falls wrecked, with hideous clangour, round thy soul; the pale kingdoms yawn open; there must thou enter, naked, all unking'd, and await what is appointed thee! Unhappy man, there, as thou turnest in dull agony on thy bed of weariness, what a thought is thine! Purgatory and hell fire

now all too possible in the prospect: in the retrospect—alas, what thing didst thou do that were not better undone; what mortal didst thou generously help; what sorrow hadst thou mercy on? Do the “five hundred thousand” ghosts, who sank shamefully on so many battlefields from Rossbach to Quebec, that thy harlot might take revenge for an epigram, crowd round thee in this hour? Thy foul harem; the curses of mothers—the tears and infamy of daughters? Miserable man! thou “hast done evil as thou couldst”; thy whole existence seems one hideous abortion and mistake of nature; the use and meaning of thee not yet known. Wert thou a fabulous griffin, devouring the works of men; daily dragging virgins to thy cave; clad also in scales that no spear would pierce—no spear but death’s? A griffin, not fabulous but real! Frightful, oh Louis, seem these moments for thee. We will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner’s death-bed.

HENRY V.

TWO CHARACTERS.

KING HENRY. PRINCESS KATHERINE OF FRANCE.

Henry. Fair Katharine, wilt thou vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms that will enter at a lady’s ear, and plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majestee sall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

Henry. If you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it, brokenly, with your English tongue! Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell vat is “like me”.

Henry. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Ah, de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits.

Henry. P’faith, Kate, I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crowu. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back (under the correction of bragging be it spoken), I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, I could lay on like a butcher. I speak to thee plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, Kate, take me; if not to say that I shall die, is true; but for thy love—by Saint Denis! no; yet I love thee too; and while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of

plain and uncoined constancy. What; a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is like the sun, for it shines bright, and never changes. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a King. What sayest thou, then, fair Kate, to my love?

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

Henry. No; it is not possible that you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

Henry. No, Kate? Then I will tell thee in French—*Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi* (let me see—what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) *donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.*

I tell thee, Kate, it is as easy to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. Dost thou understand *thus* much English—CANST THOU LOVE ME?

Kath. I cannot tell.

Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask *them*. Put off your maiden blushes; take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine". With that word bless mine ear, and I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine", who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, break thy mind to me in broken English—Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please *de roi mon père.*

Henry. Nay it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Then it sall also content me.

Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Non, non;* it is not de fashion for *les demoiselles* in France to—vat is de England for *baïser*?

Henry. To kiss.

Kath. *Oui,* to kiss *devant leur noces.*

Henry. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would you say?

Kath. Oui, vraiment.

Henry. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows stops the mouths of all find-faults;—as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss. You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. May God, the best maker of all marriages, combine our hearts in one, our realms in one, that the contending kingdoms of France and England, whose very shores look pale with envy of each other's happiness, may cease their hatred; that never war advance his bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Only last year, at Christmas-time, while pacing down the city street, I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—one of the many that we meet—as ragged as a boy could be, with half a cap, with one good shoe, just patches to keep out the wind—I know the wind blew keenly too—a newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs, a square Scotch face, an honest brow, and eyes that liked to smile so well, they had not yet forgotten how; a newsboy, hawking his last sheets with loud persistence. Now and then stopping to beat his stiffened hands, and trudging bravely on again. At last he stopped—six papers left, tucked hopelessly beneath his arm—to eye a fruiterer's outspread store; here products from some country farm; and there confections, all adorned with wreathed and clustered leaves and flowers, while little founts, like frosted spires, tossed up and down their mimic showers. He stood and gazed with wistful face, all a child's longing in his eyes; then started as I touched his arm, and turned in quick, mechanic wise, raised his torn cap with purple hands, said "Papers, sir? *The Evening News!*" He brushed away a freezing tear, and shivered, "Oh, sir, don't refuse."

"How many have you? Never mind—don't stop to count—I'll take them all; and when you pass my office here, with stock on hand, give me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile, a look half wondering and half glad.

I fumbled for the proper "change", and said, "You seem a little lad to rough it in the streets like this."

"I'm ten years old on Christmas-day!"

"Your name?"

"Jim Hanley."

"Here's a crown, you'll get change there across the way. Five shillings. When you get it changed come to my office—that's the place. Now wait a bit, there's time enough: you need not run a headlong race. Where do you live?"

"Most anywhere. We hired a stable-loft to-day. Me and two others."

"And you thought the fruiterer's window pretty, hey? Or were you hungry?"

"Just a bit," he answered bravely as he might. "I couldn't buy a breakfast, sir, and had no money left last night."

"And are you cold?"

"Ay, just a bit. I don't mind cold."

"Why, that is strange." He smiled and pulled his ragged cap, and darted off to get the "change".

So with a half-unconscious sigh, I sought my office desk again. An hour or more my busy wits found work enough with book and pen. But when the mantel clock struck five I started with a sudden thought, for there, beside my hat and cloak, lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy? and where's the 'change' he should have brought an hour ago? Ah, well; ah, well; they're all alike; I was a fool to tempt him so. Dishonest! Well, I might have known; and yet his face seemed candid, too. He would have earned the difference if he had brought me what was due.

"But caution often comes too late." And so I took my homeward way, deeming distrust of human kind the only lesson of the day.

Just two days later, as I sat, half dozing, in my office chair, I heard a timid knock, and called, in my brusque fashion, "Who is there?"

An urchin entered, barely seven—the same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—and stood, half doubtful, at the door, abashed at my forbidding guise.

"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—the one you gave the crown, you know—he couldn't bring the money, sir, because his back was hurt so. He didn't mean to keep the 'change'. He got runned over, up the street; one wheel went right across his back, and t'other fore-wheel mashed his feet. They took him to the hospital

—one of the newsboys knew as 'twas Jim—and I went too, because, you see, we two is brothers, I and him. He had that money in his hand, and never saw it any more. Indeed, he didn't mean to steal! He never stole a pin before! He was afraid that you might think he meant to keep it any way; this morning when they brought him to, he cried because he couldn't pay. He made me fetch his jacket here; it's torn and dirtied pretty bad. It's only fit to sell for rags, but then, you know, it's all he had. When he gets well—it won't be long—if you will call the money lent, he says he'll work his fingers off but what he'll pay you every cent." And then he cast a rueful glance at the soiled jacket where it lay.

"No, no, my boy; take back the coat. Your brother's badly hurt you say? Where did they take him? Just run out and hail a cab, then wait for me. Why, I would give a thousand coats, and pounds, for such a boy as he!"

A half-hour after this we stood together in the crowded wards, and the nurse checked the hasty steps that fell too loudly on the boards. I thought him smiling in his sleep, and scarce believed her when she said, smoothing away the tangled hair from brow and cheek,—

"The boy is dead."

Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked; one streak of sunshine on his hair. Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven; no need of "change" or jackets there; and something rising in my throat made it so hard for me to speak, I turned away, and left a tear lying upon his sunburned cheek.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

C. MARSTON HADDOCK.

'Twas in a Cathedral city,
She pass'd through the crowded street,
A stranger to love and pity,
With nowhere to stay her feet;
Her life had been one great shadow,
And darkness had reign'd within,
Nor pleading, nor weeping in sorrow,
Had lighten'd her weight of sin;
From kindred and dear ones parted,
And shunn'd by the rich and poor,
She, weary and broken-hearted,
Sank down at the Minster door.

There, kneeling in meek submission,
 She peer'd thro' the open door,
 And saw, as it seem'd, the vision
 Of love that is evermore.
 The Minster was fill'd with glory,
 A speaker was heard within,
 Repeating the simple story
 That told of a ransom'd sin.
 The choristers sang of gladness,
 Which lifted her weight of cares,
 And, casting aside her sadness,
 She mingled her voice with theirs:

"Thou art indeed my Saviour,
 Thou art my God above,
 Thou art my Lord and Master,
 Thou art my soul's great love;
 Thus hath Thy Word been spoken,
 Strong with its love divine,
 Lord, tho' my heart be broken,
 Take me, my soul is Thine."

*By special permission of Messrs. Boosey & Co., 295 Regent Street, London, from
 whom musical accompaniment may be had.*

DEATH OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

CARLYLE.

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow, wasting ignominy; of thy birth, soft cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar were but the merciful end! Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping; the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the queen of the world. The death hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop, a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell. The living-dead

must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is *no* heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these! think of Him whom thou worshippest, the Crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper, and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a “sanctuary of sorrow” for thee and all the wretched. Thy path of thorns is nigh ended; one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, with all its madness, is behind thee.

PUBLIC SPEECH.

DR. H. W. BELLOWS.

Bacon says, “Reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, speaking a ready man”, and if there is anyone who says that extempore utterance is the careless, unthinking utterance of a mind not filled with reading, and not exact by writing, he discounts the argument. He who would speak well from the moment, from the utterance of the lip, unaided either by the memory or by the manuscript, must be a man who has acquired the art of putting his thoughts by skilled writing into that process and exact shape which shall ultimately become so much the habit of his mind, so much, I may say, the spontaneous gift of his lips, that when he comes to speak, even in the most hasty manner, he will have something of the exactness, elegance, and finish of the written word.

The pen is the great educator. There is nothing in the world so magical in its power to discriminate, to shape into form, to define, and ultimately to give forth what is in one's heart to say, as the pen. Therefore, be diligent in its use, but do not carry your manuscripts either to the bar, the pulpit, or the forum if you wish to move your fellow-creatures. And first, of speech considered only as an element of delivery by the voice, I have noticed that professional men who are not trained to the platform, or who have not had experience in addressing crowds, have very little conception of the carrying power of human tones, and, therefore, some who have a great deal to say do not know how to get their voices out of their throats, do not know how to load the air and saturate the atmosphere so that it comes to every ear. Voice should be propelled from the lungs and carried by the power of the muscles of the throat through the deepest recesses

of the hearer's ear, for who can listen with any pleasure to a speaker, no matter what he has to say or how rich his illustrations may be, except he can listen with an unstrained ear and forget he is listening, and so drink in the delights of eloquence and the moving powers of thought without effort on his part, all the effort being concentrated in the powers of the throat, in the lungs, in the skill of the orator?

And I would say of the propelling power of public speakers that it is the most exquisite, most difficult, and most effective of all arts, the emitting of human tones, the articulating of syllables, with such an elegant precision that they drop like new coins from the mint; drop from the lips each perfect, and yet without effort. For if you hear the click of the machinery and suspect your speaker is making great effort to be heard and to make each syllable articulate, then the pleasure disappears, you have the feeling of artifice and no longer the full power. Art has become artifice, but art is only art when it conceals and hides this artifice.

There is much truth in the oft-repeated statement that art destroys nature, but it is because the art is false.

True art can muster no principles out of nature that nature has lost, and those who think nature has not left something for art to do have misapprehended the design of the Creator, who chose not to make a finished world, but rather to allow His creatures to supply the art-needs, thus carrying out His plans in their own education and development. Art is not a perversion, but a developing and perfecting of nature, and when thus perfected, it gives you something better than nature. When nature is thus enriched by art; when passion and power and feeling and thought have been culled and trimmed and aimed; when the arrow is selected and feathered and guided as no log of wood thrown by a giant's hand could go, then art has learned to throw the shafts of speech in a way that nature never taught, except, perhaps, in those desperate ways when life is at stake, and when, with a concentration of passionate power, the dumbest become eloquent, and the weakest mighty in speech.

MARIT AND I.

ANON.

Marit at the brookside sitting, rosy, dimpled, merry-eyed,
Saw her lovely visage trembling in the mirror of the tide,
While between her pretty teeth a golden coil of hair she held;
Like a shining snake it quivered in the tide, and shrunk and swelled.

And she dipped her dainty fingers deftly in the chilly brook ;
Scarce she minded how her image with the ripples curved and shook ;
Stooping with a tiny shudder, dashed the water in her face ;
O'er her brow and cheeks the dew-drops glistening rolled and fell
apace.

Breathless sat I, safely hidden in the tree-top dense and green ;
For a maid is ne'er so sweet as when she thinks herself unseen ;
And I saw her with a scarlet ribbon tie her braid of hair,
And it seemed to me that moment I had ne'er seen aught so fair.

Now, if you will never breathe it, I will tell you something queer —
Only step a little nearer ; let me whisper in your ear ;
If you think it was the first time that in this sequestered dell
I beheld the little Marit—well, 'tis scarcely fair to tell.

There within my leafy bower sat I, happy as a king,
And two anxious wrens were flitting round about me twittering,
While I gazed at Marit's image framed in heaven's eternal blue,
While the clouds were drifting past it, and the birds across it flew.

But anon the smile that hovered in the water stole away,
Though the sunshine through the birch leaves flung of light its shimmering spray,
And a breath came floating upward as if some one gently sighed,
And at just the self-same moment sighed the image in the tide.

Then I heard a mournful whisper : "O thou poor, thou pretty face !
Without gold what will avail thee, bloom of beauty, youth, and
grace ?

For a maid who has no dower—" and her curly head she shook :
It was little Marit speaking to her image in the brook.

More I heard not, for the whisper in a shivering sigh expired,
And the image in the water looked so sad and sweet and tired.
Full of love and full of pity, down I stooped her plaint to hear :
I could almost touch the ringlets curling archly round her ear.

Nearer, still a little nearer, forth I crept along the bough.
Tremblingly her lips were moving, and a cloud rose on her brow.
"Precious darling," thought I, "grieve not that thou hast no lover
found—"

Crash the branch went, and, bewildered, down I tumbled on the
ground.

Up then sprang the little Marit with a cry of wild alarm,
And she gazed as if she dreaded I had come to do her harm.
Swift she darted through the bushes, and with stupid wonder mute
Stood I staring blankly after ere I started in pursuit.

And a merry chase I gave her through the underbush and copse;
Over fallen trunks and boulders on she fled with skips and hops,
Glancing sharply o'er her shoulder when she heard my footsteps
sound,

Dashing on with reckless terror like a deer before the hound.

Hot with zeal I broke my pathway where the clustered boughs were
dense,

For I wanted to assure her I intended no offence;
And at last, exhausted, fell she on the green-sward quivering,
Sobbing, panting, pleading, weeping, like a wild, unreasoning thing.

"Marit," said I, stooping down, "I hardly see why you should cry:
There is scarce in all the parish such a harmless lad as I;
And you know I always liked you"—here my voice was soft and
low.

"No, indeed," she sobbed, in answer—"no, indeed, I do not know."

But methought that in her voice there was a touch of petulance;
Through the glistening tears I caught a little shy and furtive glance.
Growing bolder then, I clasped her dainty hand full tenderly,
Though it made a mock exertion, struggling faintly to be free.

"Little Marit," said I, gently, "tell me what has grieved you so,
For I heard you sighing sorely at the brook a while ago."

"O," she said, her sobs subduing, with an air demure and meek—

"O, it was that naughty kitten; he had scratched me on the cheek."

"Nothing worse?" I answered, gayly, while I strove her glance to
catch.

"Let me look; my kiss is healing. May I cure the kitten's
scratch?"

And I kissed the burning blushes on her cheeks in heedless glee,
Though the marks of Pussy's scratches were invisible to me.

"O thou poor, thou pretty darling!" cried I, frantic with delight,
While she gazed upon me smiling, yet with eyes that tears made
bright,

"Let thy beauty be thy dower, and be mine to have and hold;
For a face as sweet as thou hast needs, in sooth, no frame of gold."

THE FASHIONABLE CHOIR.

T. C. HARBOUGH.

'Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown, and its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town, and the chorus—all the papers favourably commented on it, for 'twas said each female member wore a forty-dollar bonnet. Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer, who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir; he was poor, but genteel-looking, and his hair as snow was white, and his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might. His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords, and nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words of the hymns: and 'twas no wonder; he was old and nearly blind, and the choir rattling onward always left him far behind. The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow, and then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago; at last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, in fine, that the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day seven influential members who subscribe more than they pray, and having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two, they put their heads together to determine what to do. They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York", who last year made a million on a sudden rise in pork, rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer, and proceed to rate him lively "for disturbin' of the choir". Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile, and we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style. Our Philadelphia tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing. We've got the biggest organ, the best dressed choir in town, we pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown; but if we must humour ignorance because it's blind and old—if the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach-and-four, with the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door; and the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb, as they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb. They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair, and the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair; he was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low, but the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation, to discuss a little matter that affects the congregation." "And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge. "And the choir, too!" he echoed, with the graveness of a judge. "It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus, that it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us; if we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother, it will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another. We don't want any singing except that what we've bought! The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught; and so we have decided—are you listening, Brother Eyer?—that you'll have to stop your singin', for it flurries the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear, and on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear; his feeble hands pushed back the locks, white as the silky snow, as he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low.

"I've sung the Psalms of David for nearly eighty years; they've been my staff and comfort, and calmed life's many tears. I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong; but when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song. I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet, in the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet—yes, I wonder, when I try to sing the songs of God up higher, if the angel band will chide me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head; the carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead! Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us, and the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

THE BIVOUAC FIRE

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

Round the bivouac fire, at midnight, lay the weary soldier-band; bloody were their spears with slaughter, gory was each hero's hand, for the ghastly strife was ended: From each soul a whisper came—"God of battles, we have triumphed; hallowèd be Thy holy name!" It was beautiful, at midnight, when the bloody war was done, when the battle clashed no longer, and no longer blazed the sun, calmly, in the balmy starlight, to repose out-wearied limbs; not a sound to stir the stillness, save the sound of holy hymns: "Thou hast given us the glory: Thou hast bade our troubles cease: Thou art great as God of battles: Thou art best as God of peace!"

Pensive, by the gleaming firelight, mute one lonely Soldier stood ; in his hand he grasped a paper, scrawled in letters large and crude—in his gory hands he grasped it ; and the tender childlike tear, from his manful bosom welling, bathed the blood upon his spear ! Then the gory paper opened he, scrawled in letters crude and wild—" Little news from England, comrades ; 'tis a letter from my child."

"O my father ! what hath kept you ? You are nigh three years away ; it was snowtime when you left us—this is morn of new year's day. 'Good-bye, baby, until summer, or till Christmas-time,' you said : O my father ! what hath kept you ? summer, Christmas, twice have fled. Mother says your war is holy—that you bear a noble name—that you fight for God and honour, and to shield our home from shame ; yet I often hear her praying : 'Make all war, O God, to cease : Thou art great as God of battles : Thou art best as God of peace'. Night and morn I pray for father ; in the sunny morning hours I am often in the garden ; I have sown your name in flowers—like your coat, in flowers of scarlet, all in tulips soldier-red. Come, before the flowers are faded—come, before your name is dead ! Little brother died at Christmas—mother told me not to tell—but I think it better, father, for you said, 'The dead are well'. He was buried side o' Mary : mother since has never smiled. Till we meet, good-bye, dear father . . . from your LOVING LITTLE CHILD."

Silent wore the night to morning—silent, at their soul's desire, lay the soldiers, lost in dreaming, round the dying bivouac fire : home were they again in England ! miles were they from war's alarms ! . . . Hark ! the sudden bugle sounding ! hark ! the cry, "To arms ! to arms !" Out from ambush, out from thicket, charged the foemen through the plain ; "Up, my warriors ! arm, my heroes ! strike for God and home again !—for our homes, our babes, our country !" and the ruddy morning light flared on brandished falchions, bloody still with gore of yesternight.

Purple grew the plain with slaughter, steed and rider side by side ; and the crimson day of carnage in a crimson sunset died : shuddering on the field of battle glimpsed the starlight overhead ; and the moonlight, ghostlike, glimmered on the dying and the dead. Faint and few around the firelight were the laid out-wearied limbs—faint and few the hero-voices that uprose in holy hymns ; few the warriors left to whisper, "Thou hast cast our foes to shame : God of battles, we have triumphed ; hallowèd be Thy mighty name !"

On the purple plain of slaughter, who is this that smiles in rest, with a shred of gory paper lying on his mangled breast ? nought re-

maining save a fragment, scrawled in letters crude and wild—"Till we meet, good-bye, dear father, from your loving little child!" Raise him softly, lift him gently; staunch his life-blood ebbing slow; he is breathing! he is whispering? What is this he mutters low? "Saved! my child—my home—my country! FATHER, give my pangs release: Thou art great as God of battles: Thou art best as God of peace."

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THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

THEYRE SMITH.

Some time ago I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P——shire. Great numbers of people were there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting—everything, in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus.

You should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"Don't be a fool! Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on."

"Oh, Fanny! don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—"

"I tell you what it is now—if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."

Gentlemen, I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honour, with a sudden shove, she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter. I swam up and climbed into the boat. "Jenkyns!" said I to myself, "Revenge! revenge!" I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my

clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbour, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. "Jenkyns!" said I, "Revenge!" The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon; and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

"Am I to lose my air expedition? Someone understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom! you understand it, don't you?"

"Perfectly!"

"Come along, then! Be quick; before papa comes back."

The company in general endeavoured to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said:

"How jolly!"

We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"I understand the going up part," I answered; "to come down is not so easy," and whistled.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard."

"Don't be foolish, Tom."

"Foolish! Oh dear, no! but whether I go along the ground, or up in the air, I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know," and over went another sand-bag.

"Why, you're mad, surely."

"Only with love, my dear; only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife."

"I gave you an answer the other day. One which I should have thought you would have remembered," she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"I remember it perfectly, but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns."

"I won't! I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus."

"You acted in a very unladylike way the other day, did you not, when you knocked me out of the boat? However, it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?"

"Never! I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience."

She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the "Dead March in Saul".

"Come, Mr. Jenkyns—come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this."

I continued the execution of the "Dead March".

"But if you do not begin the descent at once, I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."

I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"Will you promise to give me your hand?"

"I've answered you already."

Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the "Dead March" resounded through the car.

"I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why, a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said.

"I command you to begin the descent this instant!"

The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?"

She sat in sulky silence at the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife?"

"I can't! I can't!"

Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not care, ours will be solemnized there."

I took up the fifth bag.

"Come, Fanny, my wife in life, or my companion in death! which is it to be?" and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby."

"Come, Fanny, give me your promise!"

I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: "Dearest Fanny; forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command." I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart?" I asked quickly.

"With all my heart," she answered, with the same strange look.

I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get was bestowed on my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

TWO CHARACTERS.

SIR PETER TEAZLE.

LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Peter's House.

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir P. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men, and I have been the most miserable dog ever since. We tiffed a little going to church, and came to a quarrel before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort of life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution; a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race-ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grassy plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady T. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything; and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the

country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. Very well, ma'am, very well! so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough! ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat an humbler style: the daughter of a plain country 'squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I first saw you sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady T. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so, indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Juan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir P. I am glad you have got so good a memory. Yes, madam,

these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach, *vis-a-vis*, and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

Lady T. No; I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then, and there is but one thing you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. 'Slife! madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay, there again; taste, zounds, madam, you had no taste when you married me.

Lady T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow.

Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria! It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

Sir P. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What, a'n't I to be in a good-humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith! there's nothing I could refuse. You shall have it; (*gives notes*) but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady T. Oh! no: there, my note of hand will do as well.

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: but shall we always live thus? eh!

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well, then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you; you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir P. Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive—

Lady T. Ay, so I was: and would always take your part, when my acquaintances used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed.

Lady T. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish, old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple—

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never; though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always give the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my angel! take care: contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir P. There, now; you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know, if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir P. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't: but you will be so peevish—

Sir P. There now, who begins first?

Lady T. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing: but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now, may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you: a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you: an old, dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one that would have him.

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who, everybody said, would have been a better match! for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broken his neck since we have been married.

Sir P. I have done with you, madam. You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are—not without grounds—

Lady T. Take care, Sir Peter; you had better not insinuate any such thing. I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir P. Very well, madam; very well. A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce. I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed, agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple and never differ again, you know. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye, bye! [*Exit.*]

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either? Oh! I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no; she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper.

CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES,
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

Take away that star and garter—hide them from my aching sight!
Neither king nor prince shall tempt me from my lonely room this
night.

Let the shadows gather round me while I sit in silence here,
Broken-hearted, as an orphan watching by his father's bier.
Let me hold my still communion far from every earthly sound—
Day of penance—day of passion—ever, as the year comes round:
Fatal day! wherein the latest die was cast for me and mine—
Cruel day! that quelled the fortunes of the hapless Stuart line!

Phantom-like, as in a mirror, rise the grisly scenes of Death—
There, before me, in its wildness, stretches bare Culloden's heath!
There the broken clans are scattered, gaunt as wolves, and famine-
eyed,

Hunger gnawing at their vitals, hope abandoned, all but pride.

There they stand, the battered columns, underneath the murky sky.
In the hush of desperation, not to conquer, but to die.

Hark, the bagpipe's fitful wailing; not the pibroch loud and shrill,
That, with hope of bloody banquet, lured the ravens from the hill,—
But a dirge both low and solemn, fit for ears of dying men,
Marshall'd for their latest battle, never more to fight again.

Madness—madness! why this shrinking? were we less inured
to war

When our reapers swept the harvest from the field of red Dunbar?
Bring my horse, and blow the trumpet! Call the riders of Fitz-
James:

Let Lord Lewis head the column! valiant chiefs of mighty names—
Trusty Keppoch! stout Glengarry! gallant Gordon! wise Lochiel!
Bid the clansmen hold together, fast and fell, and firm as steel.
Elcho! never look so gloomy—what avails a saddened brow?
Heart, man! heart!—we need it sorely, never half so much as now.
Had we but a thousand troopers, had we but a thousand more!
Noble Perth, I hear them coming!—Hark! the English cannons roar.
Ah! how awful sounds that volley, bellowing through the mist and
rain!

Was not that the Highland slogan? let me hear that shout again!
Oh, for prophet eyes to witness how the desperate battle goes!
Cumberland! I would not fear thee, could my Camerons see their
foes.

Sound, I say, the charge at venture—'tis not naked steel we fear:
Better perish in the *melée* than be shot like driven deer!

Hold! the mist begins to scatter! there in front 'tis rent asunder,
And the cloudy bastion crumbles underneath the deafening thunder.
Chief and vassal, lord and yeoman, there they lie in heaps together,
Smitten by the deadly volley, rolled in blood upon the heather;
And the Hanoverian horsemen, fiercely riding to and fro,
Deal their murderous strokes at random—Woe is me! where am
I now?

Will that baleful vision never vanish from my aching sight?
Must those scenes and sounds of terror haunt me still by day and
night?

Yes, the earth hath no oblivion for the noblest chance it gave,
None, save in its latest refuge—seek it only in the grave!
Love may die, and hatred slumber, and their memory will decay,
As the watered garden recks not of the drought of yesterday!
But the dream of power once broken, what shall give repose again?
What shall chain the serpent-furies coiled around the maddening
brain?

What kind draught can Nature offer strong enough to lull their
sting?

Better to be born a peasant than to live an exiled King!

Oh! my heart is sick and heavy—Southern gales are not for me:
Though the glens are white in Scotland, place me there and set
me free!

Give me back my trusty comrades—give me back my Highland
maid—

Nowhere beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid!
Flora! when thou wert beside me, in the wilds of far Kintail—
When the cavern gave us shelter from the blinding sleet and hail—
When we lurk'd within the thicket, and, beneath the waning moon,
Saw the sentry's bayonet glimmer, heard him chant his listless
tune—

When the howling storm o'ertook us, drifting down the island's lee,
And our crazy bark was whirling like a nut-shell on the sea—
When the nights were dark and dreary, and amidst the fern we lay,
Faint and foodless, sore with travel, waiting for the streaks of day;
When thou wert an angel to me, watching my exhausted sleep—
Never didst thou hear me murmur—couldst thou see how now I
weep!

—Bitter tears and sobs of anguish, unavailing though they be—
Oh! the brave—the brave and noble—that have died in vain for me!

THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Justinian, Emperor and Augustus, bent
On the imperial city's due embellishment,
Whilst musing, sudden started up and cried:
"There is no worthy minster edified
Under the Ruler of earth, sea, and skies,
The One eternal, and the only wise.
Great Solomon a temple built of old
To the Omnipotent, at cost untold.
Great was his power, but mine must his surpass
As ruddy gold excels the yellow brass.
I too a costly church will dedicate,
To preach God's Majesty and tell my state."

Then called the Emperor an artist skilled,
With sense of beauty and proportions filled,
And said, "In Wisdom's name I bid thee build,
Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare,
The cost entire my privy purse shall bear.
Solomon took gifts of gold, and wood, and stone,
But I, Justinian, build the Church alone.
Then go, ye heralds! forth to square and street,
With trumpet blare, and everywhere repeat,
That a great minster shall erected be
By our august, pacific Majesty;
And bid none reckon in the work to share,
For we ourselves the entire expense will bear."
And as Justinian lay that night awake,
Weary, and waiting for white day to break,
The thought rose up, "Now when this flesh is dead,
My soul, by its attendant spirit led,
Shall hear the angel at the great gate call,
What ho! Justinian comes, magnificent,
Who to the Eternal Wisdom Uncreate,
A church did build, endow, and consecrate,
The like of which by man was never trod:
Then rise, Justinian! to the realm of God."

Now day and night the workmen build; apace
The church arises, full of form and grace;

The walls upstart, the porch and portals wide
Are traced, the marble benches down each side,
The sweeping apse, the basement of the piers,
The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.
Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn,
The roof with gilded scales begins to burn.
Next, white as mountain snow the mighty dome
Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.
Within, mosaic seraphs spread their wings,
And cherubs circle round the King of kings,
On whirling wheels, besprent with myriad eyes;
And golden, with gold hair, against blue skies,
Their names beside them, twelve Apostles stand,
Six on the left, and six on the right hand.
And from an aureole of jewelled rays,
The Saviour's countenance doth calmly gaze.
Fixed is the silver altar, raised the screen,
A golden network prinked red, blue, and green,
With icons studded, hung with lamps of fire;
And ruby curtained round the sacred choir.
Then, on a slab above the western door,
Through which, next day, the multitude shall pour,
That all may see and read, the sculptors grave:—
"This House to God, Justinian Emperor gave".

And now, with trumpet blast and booming gong
Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng
The imperial procession sweeps along.
The saffron flags and crimson banners flare
Against the fair blue sky above the square.
In front the walls of Hagia Sophia glow,
A frost of jewels set in banks of snow.

Begemmed, and purple-wreathed, the sacred sign,
Labarum, moves, the cross of Constantine,
Then back the people start on either side,
As ripples past a molten silver tide
Of Asian troops in polished mail; next pass
Byzantine guards, a wave of Corinth brass.
And then, with thunder tramp, the Varanger bands
Of champions gathered from gray northern lands,
Above whom Odin's raven flaps its wing:
And, in their midst, in a gold-harnessed ring

Of chosen heroes, on a cream-white steed
 In gilded trappings, of pure Arab breed,
 To dedicate his church doth Cæsar ride
 In all his splendour, majesty, and pride.
 With fuming frankincense and flickering lights,
 The vested choir come forth as he alights.
 Now shrill the silver clarions loud and long,
 And clash the cymbals, bellows hoarse the gong,
 A wild barbaric crash. Then on the ear
 Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear:
 "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and open swing,
 Ye everlasting doors, before the King!"
 Back start the silver valves—in sweeps the train,
 Next throng the multitude the sacred fane.

Justinian enters, halts a little space,
 With haughty exultation on his face,
 And, at a glance, the stately church surveys,
 Then reads above the portal of the nave—
"This House to God, Euphrasia, widow, gave".
 "What ho!" he thunders, with a burst of ire,
 As to his face flashes a scarlet fire;
 "Where is the sculptor? Silence, all you choir!
 Where is the sculptor?"

Fails the choral song,

A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.
 "Bring forth the sculptor who yon sentence wrought;
 His merry jest he'll find full dearly bought."

Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,
 The graver. "Cæsar, God preserved!" he said,
 "I carved not that! exchanged has been the name
 From that I chiselled. I am not to blame.
 This is a miracle,—no mortal hand
 Could banish one and make another stand,
 And on the marble leave nor scar nor trace,
 Where was the name deep cut, it did efface.
 Beside the letters, sire! the stone is whole."
 "Ha!" scoffed the Emperor, "now by my soul,
 I deemed the age of marvels passed away!"

Forth stepped the Patriarch with, "Sire, I pray,
 Harken! I saw him carve, nor I alone,
 Thy name and title which have fled the stone;

And I believe the finger was Divine
Which set another name and cancelled thine—
The finger that, which wrote upon the wall
Belshazzar's doom in Babel's sculptured hall;
The finger that, which cut in years before
On Sinai's top, on tables twain, the Law."

Justinian's brow grew dark with wrath and fear:
"Who is Euphrasia, widow, I would hear,
This lady who my orders sets at nought,
And robs me of the recompense I sought.
Who is Euphrasia?"

But none spake a word
"What! of this wealthy lady have none heard?"
Again upon the concourse silence fell,
For none could answer make, and tidings tell.
"What! no man know! Go some the city round,
And ask if such be in Byzantium found."

Then said a priest, and faltered: "Of that name
Is one, but old, and very poor, and lame,
Who has a cottage close upon the quay;
But she, most surely, sire, it cannot be."

"Let her be brought." Then some the widow seek
And lead the aged woman, tottering, weak,
With tattered dress, and thin white straying hair,
Bending upon a stick, and with feet bare.

"Euphrasia," said the monarch sternly, "speak!
Wherefore didst thou my strict commandment break
And give, against my orders, to this pile?"
The widow answered simply, with faint smile,
"Sire! it was nothing, for I only threw
A little straw before the beasts which drew
The marble from the ships, before I knew
Thou wouldst be angry. Sire! I had been ill
Three weary months, and on my window-sill
A little linnet perched, and sang each day
So sweet, it cheered me as in bed I lay,
And filled my heart with love to Him who sent
The linnet to me; then, with full intent
To render thanks, when God did health restore,

I from my mattress pulled a little straw
And cast it to the oxen that did draw
The marble burdens—I did nothing more.”

“Look!” said the Cæsar, “read above that door!
Small though thy gift, it was the gift of love,
And is accepted of our King above;
And mine rejected as the gift of pride
By Him who humble lived and humble died.
Widow, God grant hereafter, when we meet,
I may attain a footstool at thy feet!”

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GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

W. M. THACKERAY.

(Adapted for Recital.)

On the 1st of January, 1838, I was the master of a lovely shop in the neighbourhood of Oxford Market; of a wife, Mrs. Cox; of a business, both in the shaving and cutting line, established three-and-thirty-years; of a girl and boy respectively of the ages of eighteen and thirteen; of a three-windowed front, both to my first and second pair; of a young foreman, my present partner, Mr. Orlando Crump; and of that celebrated mixture for the human hair, invented by my late uncle, and called Cox's Bohemian Balsam of Tokay, sold in pots at two-and-three and three-and-nine.

One day—one famous day last January—whirr comes a hackney-coach to the door, from which springs a gentleman in a black coat with a bag.

“Your name is Cox, sir?” My name, sir, is Sharpus—Blunt, Hone, and Sharpus, Middle Temple Lane—and I am proud to salute you, sir; happy,—that is to say, sorry to say, that Mr. Tuggeridge, of Portland Place, is dead, and your lady is heiress, in consequence, to one of the handsomest properties in the kingdom.”

I handed over the business to Mr. Crump without a single farthing of premium, though Jemmy—my wife—would have made me take four hundred pounds for it; but this I was above: Crump had served me faithfully, and have the shop he should.

We were speedily installed in our fine house; but what's a house without friends? Jemmy made me *cut* all my old acquaintances in the Market, and I was a solitary being; when, luckily, an old

lodger of ours, Captain Tagrag, was so kind as to promise to introduce us into distinguished society—aye, and what's more, did.

First he made my wife get an opera-box, and give suppers on Tuesdays and Saturdays. As for me, he made me ride in the Park—me and Jemimarann, with two grooms behind us, who used to laugh all the way, and whose very beards I had shaved.

Well, the horses, the suppers, the opera-box, the paragraphs in the papers about Mr. Coxe Coxe (that's the way; double your name and stick an 'e' to the end of it, and you are a gentleman at once), had an effect in a wonderfully short space of time, and we began to get a very pretty society about us. Some of old Tug's friends brought their wives and daughters to see dear Mrs. Coxe and her charming girl; and when, about the first week in February, we announced a grand dinner and ball for the evening of the 28th, I assure you there was no want of company—no, nor of titles neither; and it always does my heart good even to hear one mentioned.

Let me see. There was, first, my Lord Dunboozle, an Irish peer, and his seven sons, the Honourable Messieurs Trumper (two only to dinner); there was Count Mace, the celebrated French nobleman, and his Excellency Baron von Punter from Baden; there was Lady Blanche Bluenose, the eminent literati, author of "The Distrusted", "The Distorted", "The Digusted", "The Disreputable One", and other poems; there was the Dowager Lady Max and her daughter, the Honourable Miss Adelaide Blueroiu; Sir Charles Codshead from the City; and Field-Marshal Sir Gorman O'Gallagher, K.A., K.B., K.C., K.W., K.X., in the service of the Republic of Guatemala: my friend Tagrag and his fashionable acquaintance, little Tom Tufthunt, made up the party. And when the doors were flung open, and Mr. Hock, in black, with a white napkin, three footmen, coachmen, and a lad whom Mrs. C. had dressed in sugar-loaf buttons and called a page, were seen round the dinner-table, all in white gloves, I promise you I felt a thrill of elation, and thought to myself—Sam Cox, Sam Cox, who ever would have expected to see you here?

After dinner, there was to be, as I said, an evening party; and to this Messieurs Tagrag and Tufthunt had invited many of the principal nobility that our metropolis had produced. When I mention, among the company to tea, her Grace the Duchess of Zero, her son the Marquis of Fitzurse, and the Ladies North Pole her daughters; when I say that there were yet *others*, whose names may be found in the Blue Book, but sha'n't, out of modesty, be

mentioned here, I think I've said enough to show that, in our time, No. 96 Portland-Place was the resort of the best of company.

It was our first dinner, and dressed by our new cook, Munseer Cordongblew. I bore it very well; eating, for my share, a filly dysol allameter dotell, a cutlet soubeast, a pully bashymall, and other French dishes: and, for the frisky sweet wine, with tin tops to the bottles, called Champang, I must say that me and Mrs. Coxe-Tuggeridge Coxe drank a very good share of it (but the Claret and Jonnysberger, being sour, we did not much relish), However, the feed, as I say, went off very well; Lady Blanche Bluenose sitting next to me, and being so good as to put me down for six copies of all her poems; the Count and Baron von Punter engaging Jemimarann for several waltzes, and the Field-Marshal plying my dear Jemmy with Champang, until, bless her! her dear nose became as red as her new crimson satin gown, which, with a blue turban and bird-of-paradise feathers, made her look like an empress, I warrant.

Well, dinner past, Mrs. C. and the ladies went off:—thunder-under-under came the knocks at the door; squeedle-eedle-eedle, Mr. Wippert's fiddlers began to strike up, and, about half-past eleven, me and the gents thought it high time to make our appearance. I felt a *little* squeamish at the thought of meeting a couple of hundred great people; but Count Mace and Sir Gorman O'Gallagher taking each an arm, we reached, at last, the drawing-room.

The young ones in company were dancing, and the Duchess and the great ladies were all seated, talking to themselves very stately, and working away at the ices and macaroons. I looked out for my pretty Jemimarann amongst the dancers, and saw her tearing round the room along with Baron Punter, in what they call a gallypard; then I peeped into the circle of the Duchesses, where, in course, I expected to find Mrs. C.; but she wasn't there! She was seated at the further end of the room, looking very sulky; and I went up and took her arm, and brought her down to the place where the Duchesses were. "Oh, not there!" said Jemmy, trying to break away. "Nonsense, my dear," says I: "you are missus, and this is your place." Then going up to her ladyship the Duchess, says I, "Me and my missis are most proud of the honour of seeing of you."

The Duchess (a tall red-haired grenadier of a woman) did not speak.

I went on: "The young ones are all at it, ma'am, you see; and we thought we would come and sit down among the old ones. You and I, ma'am, I think, are too stiff to dance."

"Sir!" says her Grace.

"Ma'am," says I, "don't you know me? My name's Cox. Nobody's introduced me; but, it's my own house, and I may present myself—so give us your hand, ma'am."

And I shook her's in the kindest way in the world; but—would you believe it?—the old cat screamed as if my hand had been a hot 'tater. "Fitzurse! Fitzurse!" shouted she, "help! help!" Up scuffled all the other dowagers—in rushed the dancers. "Mamma! mamma!" squeaked Lady Julia North Pole. "Lead me to my mother," howled Lady Aurorer: and both came and flung themselves into her arms. "Wawt's the raw?" said Lord Fitzurse, sauntering up quite stately.

"Protect me from the insults of this man," says her Grace. "Where's Tufthunt? he promised that not a soul in this house should speak to me."

"My dear Duchess," said Tufthunt, very meek.

"Don't Duchess *me*, sir. Did you not promise they should not speak, and hasn't that horrid tipsy wretch offered to embrace me? Didn't his monstrous wife sicken me with her odious familiarities? Call my people, Tufthunt! Follow me, my children!"

"And my carriage," "And mine," "And mine!" shouted twenty more voices. And down they all trooped to the hall, Lady Blanche Bluenose and Lady Max among the very first; leaving only the Field-Marshal and one or two men, who roared with laughter ready to split.

"Oh, Sam," said my wife, sobbing, "why would you take me back to them? they had sent me away before! I only asked the Duchess whether she didn't like rum-shrub better than all your Maxarinos and Curasosos: and—would you believe it?—all the company burst out laughing; and the Duchess told me just to keep off, and not to speak till I was spoken to. Imperence! I'd like to tear her eyes out."

And so I do believe my dearest Jemmy would.

THE DEACON'S STORY.

N. S. EMERSON.

The solemn old bells in the steeple

Are ringin'. I guess you know why!

No? Well then, I'll tell you, though mostly

It's whispered about on the sly.

Some six weeks ago, a church meetin'
 Was called—for—nobody knew what;
 But we went, and the parson was present,
 And I don't know who or who not.

Some twenty odd members, I calc'late,
 Which mostly was women, of course;
 Though I don't mean to say aught agin' 'em.
 I've seen many gatherin's worse.
 There, in the front row, sat the deacons,
 The eldest was old Deacon Pryor—
 A man countin' four-score-and-seven,
 And generally full of his ire.

Beside him, his wife, countin' four-score,
 A kind-hearted, motherly soul;
 And next to her, young Deacon Hartley,
 A good Christian man on the whole.
 Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,
 And long ago laid on the shelf,
 Had wedged herself next, and, beside her,
 Was Deacon Munro—that's myself.

The meetin' was soon called to order,
 The parson looked glum as a text;
 We gazed at each other in silence,
 And silently wondered—"What next?"
 Then slowly uprose Deacon Hartley,
 His voice seemed to tremble with fear,
 As he said, "Man and boy you have known ^{us},
 My good friends, for nigh forty year.

And you scarce may expect a confession
 Of error from me; but—you know,
 My dearly loved wife died last Christmas,
 It's now nearly ten months ago.
 The winter went by long and lonely,
 The spring hurried forward apace;
 The farm-work came on and I needed
 A woman about the old place.

The children were wilder than rabbits,
 And still growing worse every day;

No help to be found in the village,
Although I was willing to pay.
In fact, I was well-nigh discouraged,
For everything looked so forlorn ;
When good little Patience M'Alpin
Slipped into our kitchen one morn.

She had only run in of an errand,
But she laughed at our miserable plight,
And set to work, just like a woman,
A-putting the whole place to right.
And though her own folks was so busy,
And badly her helpin' could spare,
She flit in and out like a sparrow,
And 'most every day she was there.

So the summer went by sort of cheerful,
And one night my baby, my Joe,
Seemed peevish and fretful, and woke me
By crying, at midnight, you know.
I was tired with my day's work, and sleepy ;
And couldn't, no way, keep him still ;
So, at last, I got angry and spanked him,
And then he screamed out with a will.

Just then, I heard a soft rapping
Away at the half-open door,
And then little Patience M'Alpin
Walked shyly across the white floor.
Says she :—' I thought Josey was cryin',
I guess I'd best take him away ;
I knew you'd be gettin' up early,
To go to the marshes for hay ;

So I stayed here to-night to get breakfast ;
I guess he'll be quiet with me.
Come, Josey, kiss papa and tell him
What a nice little man you will be !'
She was stooping low over the pillow,
And saw the big tears on his cheek ;
Her face was so close to my whiskers,
I daren't move, scarcely, or speak ;

Her hands were both holdin' the baby,
Her eye by his shoulder was hid ;
But her mouth was so near and so rosy,
I—kissed her. That's just what I did."
Then down sat the tremblin' sinner,
The sisters they murmured of "Shame!"
And "She shouldn't oughter a let him ;
No doubt she was mostly to blame."

When straightway uprose Deacon Pryor,
"Now, brethren *and* sisters," he said,
(We knowed then that somethin' was comin',
And all sat as still as the dead,)
"You've heard Brother Hartley's confession,
And I speak for myself when I say
That if my wife was dead, and my children
Were all growin' worse every day ;

And if my house needed attention,
And Patience M'Alpin had come,
And tidied and fixed up the kitchen,
And made the place seem more like at home ;
And if I was worn-out and sleepy,
And my baby would not lie still,
But fretted and woke me at midnight,
As babies, we know, sometimes will ;

And if Patience had come in to hush him,
And 'twas all as our good brother sez—
I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,
And 'bide by the consequences."

Then sat down the elderly deacon,
The younger one lifted his face,
And a smile rippled over the meetin',
Like light in a shadowy place.

Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters
Remembered their far-away youth,
Or the daughters at home by their firesides,
Shrined each in her shy, modest truth ;
For their judgments grew gentle and kindly,
And—well, as I started to say,
The solemn old bells in the steeple
Are ringing a bridal to-day.

SCENE FROM "RICHELIEU".

LORD LYTTON.

SIX CHARACTERS.

RICHELIEU, JOSEPH, JULIE, CLERMONT, BARADAS, AND
DE BERINGHEN.*Present*—RICHELIEU and JOSEPH.*Rich.* Joseph, Did you hear the King?*Joseph.* I did—there's danger!*Rich.* I will accuse these traitors!

Francois shall witness that de Baradas

Gave him the secret missive for De Bouillon,

And told him life and death were in the scroll.

I will—I will——

Joseph. Tush! Francois is your creature;So they will say, and laugh at you!—*your witness**Must be that same despatch.**Rich.* Away to Marion!*Joseph.* I have been there—she is seized—removed—inprison'd!—
By the Count's orders.*Enter JULIE.**Julie.* Heaven! I thank thee!

I cannot be, or this all-powerful man

Would not stand idly thus.

Rich. What dost *thou* here?

Home!

Julie. Home!—is *Adrien there?*—you're dumb—yet **strive**

For words; I see them trembling on your lip!

But choked by pity. It *was* truth—all truth!

Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence too!

Cardinal, where is Adrien? Think—he saved

Your life:—your name is infamy, if wrong

Should come to his!

Rich. Be sooth'd, child!*Julie.* Child no more;

I love, and I am woman!

Answer me but one word—I am a wife—

I ask thee for my *home*—my FATE—my ALL!Where is my *husband*?*Rich.* You ask me for your husband?

There—where the clouds of heaven look darkest o'er
The domes of the Bastile!

Julie. O, mercy! mercy!
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King?—the lord of life and death—
Art thou not Richelieu?

Rich. Yesterday I was!—
To-day, a very weak old man!—To-morrow,
I know not what!

Julie. (*To Joseph.*) Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas! I cannot.

Joseph. The King is chafed
Against his servant. Lady, while we speak,
The lackey of the ante-room is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

Enter CLERMONT.

Cler. Pardon, your Eminence—even now I seek
This lady's home—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

Julie (*Clinging to Richelieu.*) Think of my dead father!—
Think, how, an infant, clinging to your knees,
And looking to your eyes, the wrinkled care
Fled from your brow before the smile of childhood,
Fresh from the dews of heaven! Think of this,
And take me to your breast.

Rich. To those who sent you!—
And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here—couch upon this heart, as at an altar,
And shelter'd by the wings of sacred Rome!
Begone!

Cler. My lord, I am your friend and servant—
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you:—shall I take this answer?—
It were to be your foe.

Rich. All time my foe,
If I, a Priest, could cast this holy sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!

Cler. He is lost! [Exit Clermont.]

Rich. God help thee, child!—she hears not! Look upon her!
(*Joseph receives her in his arms from the Cardinal.*)
The storm, that rends the oak, uproots the flower

Her father loved me so! and in that age
 When friends are brothers! She has been to me
 Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears!
 Oh! shame, shame!—dotage!

Joseph. Tears are not for eyes
 That rather need the lightning, which can pierce
 Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
 Crime, where it cowers in secret!—The despatch!
 Set every spy to work;—the morrow's sun
 Must see that written treason in your hands,
 Or rise upon your ruin.

Rich. Ay—and close
 Upon my corpse!—I am not made to live—
 Friends, glory, France, all reft from me! my star
 Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
 Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down
 Rayless and blacken'd, to the dust—a thing
 For all men's feet to trample; Yea!—to-morrow
 Triumph or death! Look up, child!—Lead us, Joseph.

As they are going out, enter BARADAS and DE BERINGHEN

Baradas. My lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
 So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,
 As to resist his mandate! Pray you, Madam,
 Obey the King—no cause for fear!

Julie. My father!

Rich. She shall not stir!

Baradas. You are not of her kindred—
 An orphan—

Rich. And her country is her mother!

Baradas. The country is the King!

Rich. Ay, is it so;—

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
 Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low,
 Mark, where she stands?—around her form I draw
 The awful circle of our solemn church!
 Set but a foot within that holy ground,
 And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
 I launch the curse of Rome!

Baradas. I dare not brave you!
 I do but speak the orders of my King.
 The church, your rank, power, very word, my lord,

Suffice you for resistance;—blame yourself,
 'f it should cost you power!

Rich. That *my* stake.—Ah!

Dark Gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it, well!—
 Lose not a trick.—By this same hour to-morrow
 Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

Baradas. (*Aside to De Beringhen.*) He cannot
 Have the despatch?

De Ber. No; were it so, your stake
 Were lost already.

Joseph. (*Aside.*) Patience is your game:
 Reflect you have not the despatch!

Rich. Monk! Monk!

Leave patience to the saints—for *I* am human!

Baradas. (*Aside.*) He wanders!

Rich. So cling close unto my breast,
 Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan? I am very feeble—
 Of little use it seems to any now.

Baradas. In sooth, my lord,
 You do need rest—the burthen of the State
 O'ertask your health!

Rich. (*To Joseph.*) See, I'm patient.

Baradas. (*Aside.*) His mind
 And life are breaking fast!

Rich. (*Overhearing him.*) Irreverent ribald!
 If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!
 I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
 When this snow melteth there shall come a flood.
 Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!
 Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman.
 Ha! ha!—how pale he is!

(*Falls back in Joseph's arms.*)

MY UNCLE ROLAND'S TALE.

LORD LYTTON.

(*Adapted for Recital.*)

It was in Spain, no matter where or how, that it was my fortune
 to take prisoner a French officer of the same rank that I then held
 —a lieutenant; and there was so much similarity in our sentiments,
 that we become intimate friends. He was a rough soldier, whom

the world had not well treated; but he never railed at the world. Honour was his idol, and the sense of honour paid him for the loss of all else.

He had a son—a boy—who was all in life to him, next to his country and his duty. We were accustomed to talk of him—to picture his future. My prisoner was sent to head-quarters, and soon afterwards exchanged.

We met no more till last year. Being then at Paris, I inquired for my old friend, and learned that he was living at a place a few miles from the capital. I went to visit him. I found his house empty and deserted. That very day he had been led to prison, charged with a terrible crime. I saw him in that prison, and from his own lips learned his story. His son had been brought up, as he fondly believed, in the habits and principles of honourable men; and, having finished his education, came to reside with him. The young man was accustomed to go frequently to Paris. A young Frenchman loves pleasure; and pleasure is found at Paris. The father thought it natural, and stripped his age of some comforts to supply luxuries for the son's youth.

Shortly after the young man's arrival, my friend perceived that he was robbed. Moneys kept in his bureau were abstracted he knew not how, nor could guess by whom. It must be done in the night. He concealed himself, and watched. He saw a stealthy figure glide in, he saw a false key applied to the lock—he started forward, seized the felon, and recognized his son.

Instead of expelling him the house, the father kept the youth; he remonstrated with him: he did more—he gave him the key of the bureau. "Take what I have to give," said he: "I would rather be a beggar than know my son a thief."

The youth promised amendment, and seemed penitent. He spoke of the temptations of Paris, the gaming-table, and what not. He gave up his daily visits to the capital. He seemed to apply to study. Shortly after this, the neighbourhood was alarmed by reports of night robberies on the road.

The police were on the alert. One night an old brother officer knocked at my friend's door. It was late: the veteran (he was a cripple, by the way) was in bed. He came down in haste, when his servant woke and told him that his old friend, wounded and bleeding, sought an asylum under his roof. The wound, however, was slight. The guest had been attacked and robbed on the road. The next morning the proper authority of the town was sent for. The plundered man described his loss—some *billets* of five hundred

francs in a pocket-book, on which was embroidered his name and coronet. The guest stayed to dinner. Late in the forenoon, the son looked in. The guest started to see him: my friend noticed his paleness. Shortly after, on pretence of faintness, the guest retired to his room, and sent for his host. "My friend," said he, "can you do me a favour?—go to the magistrate and recall the evidence I have given."

"Impossible," said the host. "What crotchet is this?"

The guest shuddered. "*Peste!*" said he. "I do not wish in my old age to be hard on others. Who knows how the robber may have been tempted, and who knows what relations he may have—honest men, whom his crime would degrade for ever! Good heavens! if detected, it is the galleys! the galleys!"

"And what then?—the robber knew what he braved."

"But did his father know it?"

A light broke upon my unhappy comrade in arms: he caught his friend by the hand—"You turned pale at my son's sight—where did you ever see him before? Speak!"

"Last night on the road to Paris. The mask slipped aside. Call back my evidence!"

"You are mistaken. I saw my son in his bed, and blessed him, before I went to my own."

"I will believe you," said the guest; "and never shall my hasty suspicion pass my lips—but call back the evidence."

The guest returned to Paris before dusk. The father conversed with his son on the subject of his studies; he followed him to his room, waited till he was in bed, and was then about to retire, when the youth said, "Father, you have forgotten your blessing."

The father went back, laid his hand on the boy's head and prayed. He was credulous—fathers are so! He was persuaded that his friend had been deceived. He retired to rest, and fell asleep. He woke suddenly in the middle of the night, and felt (I here quote his words)—"I felt," said he, "as if a voice had awakened me—a voice that said, 'Rise and search'. I rose at once, struck a light, and went to my son's room. The door was locked. I knocked once, twice, thrice—no answer. I dared not call aloud, lest I should rouse the servants. I went down the stairs—I opened the back-door—I passed to the stables. My own horse was there, *not* my son's. My horse neighed; it was old, like myself—my old charger at Mont St. Jean. I stole back, I crept into the shadow of the wall by my son's door, and extinguished my light. I felt as if I were a thief myself."

Before daybreak my friend heard the back-door open gently; a foot ascended the stair—a key grated in the door of the room close at hand—the father glided through the dark into that chamber behind his unseen son.

He heard the click of the tinder-box; a light was struck; and the figure before him stood a moment or so motionless, and seemed to listen. Slowly the mask was removed; could that be his son's face? the son of a brave man?—it was pale and ghastly with scoundrel fears; the base drops stood on the brow; the eye was haggard and bloodshot. He looked as a coward looks when death stands before him.

The youth walked, or rather skulked, to the secretaire, unlocked it, opened a secret drawer; placed within it the contents of his pockets and his frightful mask. The father approached softly, looked over his shoulder, and saw in the drawer the pocket-book embroidered with his friend's name. Meanwhile, the son took out his pistols, uncocked them cautiously, and was about also to secrete them, when his father arrested his arm. "Robber, the use of these is yet to come!"

The son's knees knocked together; an exclamation for mercy burst from his lips; but when he perceived it was not the gripe of some hireling of the law, but a father's hand that had clutched his arm, the vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause, none from the awe of shame, returned to him.

"Tush, sir!" he said, "waste not time in reproaches, for, I fear, the *gens-d'armes* are on my track. It is well that you are here; you can swear I have spent the night at home. Unhand me, old man—I have these witnesses still to secrete," and he pointed to the garments wet and bedabbled with the mud of the roads. He had scarcely spoken when the walls shook; there was the heavy clatter of hoofs on the ringing pavement without.

"They come!" cried the son. "Off, dotard! save your son from the galleys."

"The galleys, the galleys!" said the father, staggering back; "it is true, the galleys!"

There was a loud knocking at the gate. The *gens-d'armes* surrounded the house. "Open, in the name of the law!" No answer came, no door was opened. From the window of the son's room the father saw the sudden blaze of torches, the shadowy forms of the men-hunters. He heard a voice cry, "Yes, this is the robber's grey horse—see, it still reeks with sweat!" And behind and in front, at either door, again came the knocking, and again the shout, "Open, in the name of the law!"

Suddenly, within, there was heard the report of a firearm, and a minute or so afterwards the front door was opened, and the soldier appeared.

"Enter," he said to the *gens-d'armes*. "What would you?"

"We seek a robber who is within your walls."

"I know it. Mount and find him: I will lead the way."

He ascended the stairs; he threw open his son's room; the officers of justice poured in, and on the floor lay the robber's corpse.

They looked at each other in amazement. "Take what is left you," said the father. "Take the dead man rescued from the galleys; take the living man on whose hands rests the dead man's blood!"

I was present at my friend's trial. He stood there with his grey hair, and his mutilated limbs, and the deep scar on his visage, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast; and when he had told his tale, he ended with these words—"I have saved the son whom I reared for France from a doom that would have spared the life to brand it with disgrace. Is this a crime? I give you my life in exchange for my son's disgrace. Does my country need a victim? I have lived for my country's glory, and I can die contented to satisfy its laws; sure that, if you blame me, you will not despise: sure that the hands that give me to the headsman will scatter flowers over my grave. Thus I confess all. I, a soldier, look round amongst a nation of soldiers; and in the name of the star which glitters on my breast, I dare the Fathers of France to condemn me!"

They acquitted the soldier—at least, they gave a verdict answering to what in our courts is called "justifiable homicide". A shout rose in the court which no ceremonial voice could still; the crowd would have borne him in triumph to his house, but his look repelled such vanities. To his house he returned indeed, and the day afterwards they found him dead, beside the cradle in which his first prayer had been breathed over his sinless child.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

Yes! I have served that noble chief throughout his proud career;
And heard the bullets whistle past in lands both far and near.
Amidst Italian flowers, below the dark pines of the north,
Where'er the Emperor willed to pour his clouds of battle forth.

"Twas *then* a splendid sight to see, though terrible, I ween,
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the machine,
Wide-sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fires that lived to kill,
Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will.

But *now* my heart is darkened with shadows that rise and fall,
Between the sunlight and the ground to sadden and appal;
The woeful things both seen and done we heeded little then,
But they returned like ghosts to shake the sleep of aged men.

The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,
And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow;
Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires unquenched, remain
The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the brooding soul of Spain.

I saw a village in the hills as silent as a dream,
Nought stirring but the merry sound of a merry mountain stream;
The evening star just smiled from heaven, with its quiet silver eye,
And the chestnut woods were calm and still beneath the deepening sky.

But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we found,
Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the ground;
Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each trailing vine,
Each path was foul with mangled meat, and floods of wasted wine:

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning way,
And when such welcoming we met after that toilsome day,
The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no more,
But, like the spirit of a wolf, hot on the scent of gore.

We lighted on one dying man, they slew him where he lay,
His wife, close clinging, from the corpse they tore and wrenched away;
They thundered in her widowed ears, with frowns and curses grim,
"Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear thee limb from limb."

The woman, shaking off his blood, rose raven-haired and tall,
And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all.
"Both food and wine," she said, "I have; I meant them for the dead,
But ye are living still, and so, let them be yours instead."

The food was brought, the wine was brought, out of a secret place,
But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbour's face;
Her haughty step and settled brow, and chill, indifferent mien,
Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the scene:

She glided here, she glided there, before our wandering eyes,
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor surprise,
At every step from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,
And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered man.

She sat, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber sweet;
Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around our feet;
On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wine,
And we like marble statues glared—a chill unmoving line,

All white, all cold; and moments thus flew by without a breath,
A company of living things where all was still—but death.
My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there, unnerved, I stood
And watched the only thing that stirred—the ripple of the blood.

That woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the solemn spell,
And human fear—displacing awe, upon our spirits fell—
“Ho! slayers of the sinewless; ho! trampers of the weak!
What! shrink ye from the ghastly meats and life-bought wine ye
seek?

Feed and begone, I wish to weep—I bring you out my store:
Devour it—waste it all—and then pass and be seen no more.
Poison! is that your craven fear?”—she snatched a goblet up,
And raised it to her queen-like head, as if to drain the cup.

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist—“No! woman, no!” he
said,

“A mother's heart of love is deep—give it your child instead.”
She only smiled a bitter smile: “Frenchman, I do not shrink,
As pledge of my fidelity—behold the infant drink.”

He fixed on hers his broad black eye, scanning her inmost soul,
But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl.
And we, with lightsome hardihood, dismissing idle care,
Sat down to eat, and drink, and laugh over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, and jesting wild and light—
But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that night;
I just had filled a single cup, when through my very brain
Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of pain—

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous cheer.
 To every heart its feeble moan pierced like a broken spear.
 "Ay," shrieked the woman, darting up, "I pray you, trust again
 A widow's hospitality in our unyielding Spain.

Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God Himself I swore
 To treat you as you treated *him*—that body on the floor.
 Yon secret place I filled, to feel that if ye did not spare,
 The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

A mother's love is deep, no doubt, ye did not phrase it ill,
 But in your hunger ye forgot that hate is deeper still.
 The Spanish woman speaks for Spain, for her butchered love the
 wife,
 To tell you that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life."

I cannot paint the many forms by wild despair put on,
 Nor count the crowded brave who sleep under a single stone;
 I can but tell you how, before that horrid hour went by,
 I saw the murderess beneath the self avengers die—

But though upon her wrenched limbs they leapt like beasts of prey,
 And with fierce hands as madmen tore the quivering life away,
 Triumphant hate and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain,
 Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of Spain.

And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and wild,
 Drifting, like storm-tossed clouds, around the mother and her child—
 While she, distinct in raiment white, stands silently the while,
 And sheds through torn and bleeding hair the same unchanging
 smile.

(By special permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

HOW UNCLE PODGER HUNG A PICTURE.

JEROME K. JEROME.

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's, and be standing in the dining-room waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say—

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat, and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and, Jim, you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom!—where's Tom?—Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat: while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life—upon my word, I didn't. Six of you!—and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the——"

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out—

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semi-circle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, but by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Good gracious! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on the chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and remeasure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when the old fool was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole

was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up—very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched—except Uncle Podger.

“There you are,” he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman’s corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. “Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!”

(From “Three Men in a Boat”, by special permission of the Author.)

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder’d weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wish’d the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill’d me—fill’d me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
“Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you:”—here I open’d wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
 This I whisper'd, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice,
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door—
 Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
 Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore:
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure
 no craven;
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore.
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
 Quoth the raven, "Never more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore:
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door
 With such name as "Never more".

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
 Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
 Till I scarcely more than muttered—"Other friends have flown
 before,
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Never more."

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
 Till the dirges of his hope this melancholy burden bore—
 Of 'Never, never more'."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and
 door;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking, "Never more".

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining,
 On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
 But whose violet velvet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er.
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
 censer

Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He
 hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from my memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me truly, I implore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
 adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"
 Quoth the raven, "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, up-starting,

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Never more."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more.

HORATIO SPARKINS.

DICKENS.

(Adapted for Recital.)

"Indeed, my love, he paid Teresa very great attention on the last assembly night," said Mrs. Malderton, addressing her spouse, who, after the fatigues of the day in the City, was sitting with a silk handkerchief over his head, and his feet on the fender, drinking his port;—"very great attention; and I say again, every possible encouragement ought to be given him. He positively must be asked down here to dine."

"Who must?" inquired Mr. Malderton.

"Why, you know whom I mean, my dear—the young man with the black whiskers and the white cravat, who has just come out at our assembly, and whom all the girls are talking about. Young—dear me, what's his name?—Marianne, what is his name?"

"Mr. Horatio Sparkins, ma."

Miss Teresa Malderton was a very little girl, rather fat, with vermillion cheeks; but good-humoured, and still disengaged, although, to do her justice, the misfortune arose from no lack of perseverance on her part. In vain had she flirted for ten years; in vain had Mr. and Mrs. Malderton assiduously kept up an extensive acquaintance among the young eligible bachelors of Camberwell, and even of Wandsworth, and Brixton on Sunday, to say nothing of those who

"dropped in" from town. Miss Malderton was as well known as the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and had about as much chance of "going off".

Mr. Malderton was a man whose whole scope of ideas was limited to Lloyd's, the Exchange, the India House, and the Bank. A few successful speculations had raised him from a situation of obscurity and comparative poverty, to a state of affluence. The family were ambitious of forming acquaintances and connections in some sphere of society superior to that in which they themselves moved; and one of the necessary consequences of this desire, added to their utter ignorance of the world beyond their own small circle, was, that any one who could plausibly lay claim to an acquaintance with people of rank and title, had a sure passport to the table at Oak Lodge, Camberwell.

The appearance of Mr. Horatio Sparkins at the assembly had excited no small degree of surprise and curiosity among its regular frequenters. Who could he be? He was evidently reserved, and apparently melancholy. Was he a clergyman?—He danced too well. A barrister?—He was not called. He used very fine words, and said a great deal.

The night succeeding the conversation we have just recorded was "assembly night". The double-fly was ordered to be at the door of Oak Lodge at nine o'clock precisely. The Miss Maldertons were dressed in sky-blue satin, trimmed with artificial flowers; and Mrs. M. (who was a little fat woman), in ditto ditto, looked like her eldest daughter multiplied by two. Mr. Frederick Malderton, the eldest son, in full-dress costume, was the very *beau idéal* of a smart waiter; and Mr. Thomas Malderton, the youngest, with his white dress-stock, blue coat, bright buttons, and red watch-ribbon, strongly resembled the portrait of that interesting, though somewhat rash young gentleman, George Barnwell. Every member of the party had made up his or her mind to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Horatio Sparkins. Miss Teresa, of course, was to be as amiable and interesting as ladies of eight-and-twenty on the look-out for a husband usually are; Mrs. Malderton would be all smiles and graces; Miss Marianne would request the favour of some verses for her album; Mr. Malderton would patronize the great unknown by asking him to dinner; and Tom intended to ascertain the extent of his information on the interesting topics of snuff and cigars. Even Mr. Frederick Malderton himself, the family authority on all points of taste, dress, and fashionable arrangement—who had lodgings of his own at "the west end", who had a free admission to Covent Garden theatre, who

always dressed according to the fashions of the month, who went up the water twice a week in the season, and who actually had an intimate friend who once knew a gentleman who formerly lived in the Albany—even he had determined that Mr. Horatio Sparkins must be a deuced good fellow, and that he would do him the honour of challenging him to a game of billiards.

The first object that met the anxious eyes of the expectant family on their entrance into the ball-room, was the interesting Horatio, with his hair brushed off his forehead, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling, reclining in a contemplative attitude on one of the seats.

"There he is, my dear," anxiously whispered Mrs. Malderton to Mr. Malderton.

"How like Lord Byron!" murmured Miss Teresa.

"Or Montgomery!" whispered Miss Marianne.

"Or the portraits of Captain Ross!" suggested Tom.

"Tom—don't be an ass," said his father, who checked him upon all occasions, probably with a view to prevent his becoming "sharp"—which, by the by, was very unnecessary.

The elegant Sparkins attitudinized with admirable effect until the family had crossed the room. He then started up with the most natural appearance of surprise and delight: accosted Mrs. Malderton with the utmost cordiality, saluted the young ladies in the most enchanting manner; bowed to, and shook hands with Mr. Malderton, with a degree of respect amounting almost to veneration, and returned the greetings of the two young men in a half-gratified, half-patronizing manner, which fully convinced them that he must be an important, and, at the same time, condescending personage.

"Miss Malderton," said Horatio, after the ordinary salutations, and bowing very low, "may I be permitted to presume to hope that you will allow me to have the pleasure——"

"I don't think I am engaged," said Miss Teresa, with a dreadful affectation of indifference—"but, really—so many——"

Horatio looked as handsomely miserable as a Hamlet sliding upon a bit of orange-peel.

"I shall be most happy," simpered the interesting Teresa, at last; and Horatio's countenance brightened up like an old hat in a shower of rain.

"How delightful!" said the interesting Horatio to his partner, as they promenaded the room at the conclusion of the set—"how delightful, how refreshing it is, to retire from the cloudy storms, the vicissitudes, and the troubles of life, even if it be but for a few short fleeting moments; and to spend those moments, fading and evanes

cent though they be, in the delightful, the blessed society of one individual—of her whose frowns would be death, whose coldness would be madness, whose falsehood would be ruin, whose constancy would be bliss; the possession of whose affection would be the brightest and best reward that heaven could bestow on man.”

“What feeling! what sentiment!” thought Miss Teresa, as she leaned more heavily upon her companion’s arm.

“But enough—enough,” resumed the elegant Sparkins, with a theatrical air. “What have I said? what have I—I—to do with sentiments like these? Miss Malderton”—here he stopped short—“may I hope to be permitted to offer the humble tribute of——”

“Really, Mr. Sparkins,” returned the enraptured Teresa, blushing in the sweetest confusion, “I must refer you to papa. I never can without his consent, venture to—to——”

“Surely he cannot object——”

“Oh, yes. Indeed, indeed, you know him not,” interrupted Miss Teresa, well knowing there was nothing to fear, but wishing to make the interview resemble a scene in some romantic novel.

“He cannot object to my offering you a glass of negus,” returned the adorable Sparkins, with some surprise.

“Is that all?” said the disappointed Teresa to herself. “What a fuss about nothing!”

“It will give me the greatest pleasure, sir, to see you at dinner at Oak Lodge, Camberwell, on Sunday next, at five o’clock, if you have no better engagement,” said Mr. Malderton at the conclusion of the evening, as he and his sons were standing in conversation with Mr. Horatio Sparkins.

Horatio bowed his acknowledgments, and accepted the flattering invitation.

“I must confess,” continued the manœuvring father, offering his snuff-box to his new acquaintance, “that I don’t enjoy these assemblies half so much as the comfort—I had almost said the luxury—of Oak Lodge: they have no great charms for an elderly man.”

“And after all, sir, what is man?” said the metaphysical Sparkins—“I say, what is man?”

“Very true,” said Mr. Malderton—“very true.”

“We know that we live and breathe,” continued Horatio; “that we have wants and wishes, desires and appetites——”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Frederick Malderton, looking very profound.

“I say, we know that we exist,” repeated Horatio, raising his voice, “but there we stop; there is an end to our knowledge; there

is the summit of our attainments; there is the termination of ~~our~~ ends. What more do we know?"

Various surmises were hazarded on the Sunday morning, as to the mode of conveyance which the anxiously-expected Horatio would adopt. Did he keep a gig—was it possible he would come on horseback—or would he patronize the stage? These, and various other conjectures of equal importance, engrossed the attention of Mrs. Malderton and her daughters during the whole morning.

"Upon my word, my dear, it's a most annoying thing that that vulgar brother of yours should have invited himself to dine here to-day," said Mr. Malderton to his wife. "On account of Mr. Sparkins' coming down, I purposely abstained from asking anyone but Flamwell. And then to think of your brother—a tradesman—it's insufferable. I declare I wouldn't have him mention his shop before our new guest—no, not for a thousand pounds. I wouldn't care if he had the good sense to conceal the disgrace he is to the family; but he's so cursedly fond of his horrid business, that he will let people know what he is."

Mr. Jacob Barton, the individual alluded to, was a large grocer; so vulgar, and so lost to all sense of feeling, that he actually never scrupled to avow that he wasn't above his business; "he'd made his money by it, and he didn't care who know'd it".

"Ah! Flamwell, my dear fellow, how d'y'e do?" said Mr. Malderton, as a little spofish man, with green spectacles, entered the room. "You got my note?"

"Yes, I did; and here I am in consequence."

"You don't happen to know this Mr. Sparkins by name? You know everybody."

Mr. Flamwell was one of those gentlemen of remarkably extensive information that one occasionally meets with in society, who pretend to know everybody, but who, of course, know nobody. At Malderton's, where any stories about great people were received with a greedy ear, he was an especial favourite; and, knowing the kind of people he had to deal with, he carried his passion of claiming acquaintance with everybody to the most immoderate length. He had rather a singular way of telling his greatest lies in a parenthesis, and with an air of self-denial, as if he feared being thought egotistical.

"Why, no, I don't know him by that name," returned Flamwell, in a low tone, and with an air of immense importance. "I have no doubt I know him, though. Is he tall?"

"Middle-sized," said Miss Teresa.

"With black hair?" inquired Flamwell, hazarding a bold guess.

"Yes," returned Miss Teresa, eagerly.

"Rather a snub nose?"

"No," said the disappointed Teresa, "he has a Roman nose."

"I said a Roman nose, didn't I?" inquired Flamwell. "He's an elegant young man?"

"Oh, certainly."

"With remarkably prepossessing manners?"

"Oh, yes!" said all the family together. "You must know him."

"Yes, I thought you knew him, if he was anybody," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Malderton. "Who d'ye think he is?"

"Why, from your description," said Flamwell ruminating, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "he bears a strong resemblance to the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne. He's a very talented young man and rather eccentric. It's extremely probable he may have changed his name for some temporary purpose."

Teresa's heart beat high. Could he be the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne! What a name to be elegantly engraved upon two glazed cards, tied together with a piece of white satin ribbon! "The Honourable Mrs. Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne!" The thought was transport.

"It's five minutes to five," said Mr. Malderton, looking at his watch: "I hope he's not going to disappoint us."

"There he is!" exclaimed Miss Teresa, as a loud double-knock was heard at the door. Everybody endeavoured to look—as people when they particularly expect a visitor always do—as if they were perfectly unsuspecting of the approach of anyone.

The room door opened—"Mr. Barton!" said the servant.

"Confound the man!" murmured Malderton. "Ah! my dear sir, how d'ye do? Any news?"

"Why, no," returned the grocer, in his usual honest, bluff manner. "No, none partickler. None that I am much aware of. How d'ye do, gals and boys?—Mr. Flamwell, sir,—glad to see you."

"Here's Mr. Sparkins," said Tom, who had been looking out at the window, "on *such* a black horse!" There was Horatio, sure enough, on a large black horse, curvetting and prancing along like an Astley's supernumerary. After a great deal of reining in and pulling up, with the usual accompaniments of snorting, rearing, and kicking, the animal consented to stop at about a hundred yards from the gate, where Mr. Sparkins dismounted, and confided him to the care of Mr. Malderton's groom. The ceremony of introduction was

gone through in all due form. Mr. Flamwell looked from behind his green spectacles at Horatio with an air of mysterious importance; and the gallant Horatio looked unutterable things at Teresa, who tried in her turn to appear uncommonly lackadaisical.

"Is he the Honourable Mr. Augustus—what's his name?" whispered Mrs. Malderton to Flamwell, as he was escorting her to the dining-room.

"Why, no—at least not exactly," returned that great authority—"not exactly."

"Who *is* he then?"

"Hush!" said Flamwell, nodding his head.

The dinner was excellent; Horatio was most attentive to Miss Teresa, and everyone felt in high spirits, except Mr. Malderton, who, knowing the propensity of his brother-in-law, Mr. Barton, endured that sort of agony which the newspapers inform us is experienced by the surrounding neighbourhood when a pot-boy hangs himself in a hay-loft, and which is "much easier to be imagined than described".

"Have you seen your friend, Sir Thomas Noland, lately, Flamwell?" inquired Mr. Malderton, casting a sidelong look at Horatio, to see what effect the mention of so great a man had upon him.

"Why, no—not very lately; I saw Lord Gubbleton the day before yesterday."

"I hope his lordship is very well," said Malderton, in a tone of the greatest interest. It is scarcely necessary to say that until that moment he was quite innocent of the existence of such a person.

"Why, yes; he was very well—very well indeed. He's a deuced good fellow; I met him in the City, and had a long chat with him. Indeed I'm rather intimate with him. I couldn't stop to talk to him as long as I could wish, though, because I was on my way to a banker's, a very rich man, and a member of Parliament, with whom I am also rather, indeed I may say very, intimate."

"I know whom you mean," returned the host, consequentially, in reality knowing as much about the matter as Flamwell himself.

"He has a capital business."

This was touching on a dangerous topic.

"Talking of business," interposed Mr. Barton, from the centre of the table. "A gentleman that you knew very well, Malderton, before you made that first lucky spec of yours, called at our shop the other day, and——"

"Barton, may I trouble you for a potato," inquired the wretched master of the house, hoping to nip the story in the bud.

"Certainly," returned the grocer, quite insensible of his brother-in-law's object—"and he said in a very plain manner——"

"*Flowery*, if you please," interrupted Malderton again; dreading the termination of the anecdote, and fearing repetition of the word "shop".

"He said, says he," continued the culprit, after despatching the potato—"says he, 'how goes on your business?' So I said, jokingly—you know my way—says I, 'I'm never above my business, and I hope my business will never be above me.' Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mr. Sparkins," said the host, vainly endeavouring to conceal his dismay, "a glass of wine?"

"With the utmost pleasure, sir."

"Happy to see you."

"Thank you."

"We were talking the other evening, resumed the host, addressing Horatio, partly with the view of displaying the conversational powers of his new acquaintance, and partly in the hope of drowning the grocer's stories—"we were talking the other day about the nature of man. Your argument struck me very forcibly."

"And me," said Mr. Frederick. Horatio made a graceful inclination of the head.

"Pray what is your opinion of woman, Mr. Sparkins?" inquired Mrs. Malderton. The young ladies simpered.

"Man," replied Horatio, "man, whether he ranged the bright, gay, flowery plains of a second Eden, or the more sterile, barren, and, I may say, commonplace regions, to which we are compelled to accustom ourselves in times such as these; man, I say, under any circumstances, or in any place—whether he were bending beneath the withering blasts of the frigid zone, or scorching under the rays of a vertical sun—man, without woman, would be—alone."

"I'm very happy to find you entertain such honourable opinions. Mr. Sparkins," said Mrs. Malderton.

At twelve o'clock on the following morning, the "fly" was at the door of Oak Lodge, to convey Mrs. Malderton and her daughters on their expedition for the day. The young ladies beguiled the tediousness of the ride by eulogizing Mr. Horatio Sparkins, scolding their mamma for taking them so far to save a shilling, and wondering whether they should ever reach their destination. At length the vehicle stopped before a dirty-looking ticketed linen-draper's shop, with goods of all kinds, and labels of all sorts and sizes in the window. There were dropsical figures of a seven with a little three-farthings in the corner, something like the aquatic animalculæ disclosed by the

gas microscope "perfectly invisible to the naked eye"; three hundred and fifty thousand ladies' boas, *from* one shilling and a penny half-penny; real French kid shoes, at two and ninepence per pair; green parasols, with handles like carving-forks, at an equally cheap rate; and "every description of goods", as the proprietors said—and they must know best—"fifty per cent under cost price".

"La! ma, what a place you have brought us to!" said Miss Teresa; "what *would* Mr. Sparkins say if he could see us!"

"Ah! what, indeed!" said Miss Marianne, horrified at the idea.

"Pray be seated, ladies. What is the first article?" inquired the obsequious master of the ceremonies of the establishment, who, in his large white neckcloth and formal tie, looked like a bad "portrait of a gentleman" in the Somerset House exhibition.

"I want to see some silks," answered Mrs. Malderton.

"Directly, ma'am.—Mr. Smith. Where is Mr. Smith?"

"Here, sir," cried a voice at the back of the shop.

"Pray make haste, Mr. Smith," said the M. C. "You never are to be found when you're wanted, sir."

Mr. Smith, thus enjoined to use all possible despatch, leaped over the counter with great agility, and placed himself before the newly-arrived customers. Mrs. Malderton uttered a faint scream; Miss Teresa, who had been stooping down to talk to her sister, raised her head, and beheld—Horatio Sparkins!

THE MASTERPIECE OF BROTHER FELIX.

R. E. WHITE.

Two monks were in a cell at close of day—

A cell, too, that the artist's craft portrayed.

Dying upon a bed the younger lay,

The older one beside him knelt and prayed.

The older spoke: "Your end is very near,

To see another day you cannot live;

So banish thought of earth, my brother dear,

And to your soul alone all thought now give."

"Nay, Francis," said the other, "speak not so;

I cannot die, my life-work incomplete.

Were that but finished, I would willing go—

Then death would be a messenger most sweet."

Then Francis spoke: "The world counts the success,

But God will judge by what you have essayed;

And though you fail, He will not deem the less
The efforts and the struggles you have made.

"The painter's earthly triumph is but brief,
A passion-flower is fame, that soon decays;
There is a poison in the laurel leaf,
While green the wreath of heaven keeps always."

And Felix answered: "Brother Francis, so
You dream I hanker after earthly fame.
I sought for it one time—'twas long ago—
But now a holier, better meed I claim:

"And if grim death were standing by the gate,
A messenger who brought the final call,
I tell you, brother, that he still should wait
Till I had done yon picture on the wall.

"Nay, more: were I beside the golden throne,
I would bend down at the Almighty's feet,
And beg with tears: 'My life-work is not done—
Let me return until it be complete.'

"Of praying, therefore, speak not now to me;
Or if you pray, pray that I still may live
Until my painting all completed be,
That I to coming time the work may give."

"God give you grace, my brother," Francis said,
"Your heart submissive to His will to keep."
And then he turned away, and silent prayed;
But soon, o'ercome with watching, fell asleep.

Then from his bed to rise up Felix tried,
But with the effort, faint and weak, fell back;
Then, clasping hands imploringly, he cried:
"O God of heaven, one little hour I lack

"To work again upon my masterpiece,
Till I the face divine have painted there;
I care not then how soon my life may cease,
Kind God, one hour unto thy servant spare!

"But death creeps fast; too weak is now my hand
To picture true the thought that fills my brain.
Send down an angel from the spirit land,
That I may not have dreamed such dream in vain!"

The cell door opened as he ceased to speak;
A young man entered—tall he was, and fair;
The glow of youth was mantled on his cheek,
His eyes were blue, and golden was his hair.

“Why come you?” Felix questioned, “and your name?”
The youth made answer: “I am Angelo,
Who, hearing of the Brother Felix’s fame,
Have come that I his wondrous art might know.”

Then Felix spoke: “I am the man you seek;
But I am dying, and have not the power
To teach you aught. My heart and hand are weak,
But you may aid me in this final hour.

“Take yonder painting—set it on the stand
Here at my bedside, full within my view—
Palette and pencils all are here at hand;
Then paint, good youth, as I desire you to.

“’Tis all complete except the Saviour’s face,
And that upon the canvas faintly lined,
But still so clear that you may plainly trace
The features fair and God-like; you will find

“The face is somewhat of a Jewish cast—
I sketched it from a beggar in the street.
Ah, little dreamed I then, a few weeks past,
Another hand my painting would complete!”

Then spake the youth: “A spirit sure has brought
Me to your cell to be, as ’twere, a hand
Acting responsive to your every thought—
Your faintest wish shall be as a command.

“Speak, and I paint!” The dying Felix spoke
A few words now and then—no need of much;
The canvas into life and beauty woke
Beneath the magic of the artist’s touch.

The youth at last his pencil laid aside,
And spoke: “O master mine, your work is done;
Can I assist you more?” The monk replied:
“Go on your way and leave me here alone.”

The youth departed, and then Felix prayed:
“I thank thee, God, and death is now most sweet,

Since Thou its shaft a little while hast staid
Until my masterpiece is all complete."

Francis was wakened by the matin bell;
He rose, and lo! the light of early day
Upon the painting of the Saviour fell
That on the easel all completed lay.

In silence Francis by the painting stood:
The features gleamed as with a love divine,
From hands and feet transpierced gushed forth the blood,
'Twas perfect and complete in every line.

"In truth," then Francis spoke, "no mortal hand
Has limned the rapturous beauty of that face.
Heaven surely heard his supplication, and
An angel must have visited the place."

To Felix turning; "Yes, the laurel crown
Is yours, for you have reached art's proudest goal."
Then, bursting into tears, he knelt him down:
"May God have mercy on the passing soul!"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKESPEARE.

TWO CHARACTERS. ROMEO and JULIET.

Enter ROMEO.

Capulet's Garden.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

(Juliet appears above, at a window.)

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love.

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks;
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
 As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

(Aside.)

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? is it nor hand nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that, which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life was better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot! yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay:
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion; therefore pardon me;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove like variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night:
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden:
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
 And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.— (*Nurse calls within.*)
 I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!—
 Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay, but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night, indeed.
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. (*Within.*) Madam!

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. (*Within.*) Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
 Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

(*Retiring slowly*)

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist, Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other house but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good night! parting in such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [Exit

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

PROF. AYTOUN.

News of battle!—news of battle!—Hark! 'tis ringing down the
street;

And the archways and the pavements bear the clang of hurrying
feet.

News of battle! who hath brought it? News of triumph!—Who
should bring

Tidings from our noble army, greetings from our gallant King?

All last night we watched the beacons blazing on the hills afar,

Each one bearing, as it kindled, message of the opened war.

All night long the northern streamers shot across the trembling
sky—

Fearful lights, that never beckon save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! who hath brought it?—All are thronging to the gate;

“Warder—warder! open quickly! Man—is this a time to wait?”
And the heavy gates are opened:—then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder bursts from out the bending crowd;
For they see, in battered harness, only one hard-stricken man,
And his weary steed is wounded, and his cheek is pale and wan;
Spearless hangs a bloody banner in his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray, Captain of the city band!

Round him crush the people, crying, “Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle, Randolph Murray, sworn to
you?

Where are they, our brothers—children? Have they met the English
foe?

Why art thou alone, unfollowed? Is it weal, or is it woe?”

Like a corpse the grisly warrior looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward up the city street they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children, shrieking, praying by his side.
“By the God that made thee, Randolph!—tell us what mischance
hath come.”—

Then he lifts his riven banner, and the asker’s voice is dumb.

The elders of the city have met within their hall—

The men whom good King James had charged to watch the tower
and wall:—

When in came Randolph Murray:—his step was slow and weak;
And, as he doffed his dinted helm, the tears ran down his cheek;
They fell upon his corslet, and on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully, leaning sorely on his brand;
And none who then beheld him but straight were smote with
fear—

For a bolder and a sterner man had never couched a spear.—
They knew so sad a messenger some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers, and their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost:—a brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame, and chivalrous degree.
Oh! woeful now was the old man’s look, and he spake right heavily—
“Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings, however sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage, death is looking from thy face:—
Speak! though it be of overthrow—it cannot be disgrace!”

Right bitter was the agony that wrung that soldier proud ;
Thrice did he strive to answer, and thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner to the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—"That is all I bring ye from the bravest of the land !
Ay ! ye may look upon—it was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children, by the valiant and the strong :
One by one they fell around it, as the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered, with their faces to the foe.
Ay ! ye may well look upon it—there is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it from the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner steeped in such a costly dye ;
It hath lain upon a bosom where no other shroud shall lie :—
Sirs ! I charge you, keep it holy : keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it was the life-blood of your King !"

Woe, and woe, and lamentation ! What a piteous cry was there !—
Widows, maidens, mothers, children—shrieking, sobbing in despair !
Through the street the death-word rushes, spreading terror, sweep-
ing on—

"Jesu Christ ! our King has fallen—O Great God, King James is
gone !

Woe to us, and woe to Scotland ! O our sons, our sons and men !—
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron, surely some will come
again !"—

Till the oak that fell last winter shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—ye may look in vain for them !

Like a knell of death and judgment wrung from heaven by angel
hand,

Fell the words of desolation on the elders of the land.

Hoary heads were bowed and trembling, withered hands were
clasped and wrung :—

God had left the old and feeble, He had ta'en away the young.

Then the Provost he uprose, and his lip was ashen white ;
But a flush was on his brow, and his eye was full of light.

"Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray, like a soldier stout and true ;
Thou hast done a deed of daring had been perilled but by few :
For thou hast not shamed to face us, nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou, a knight and captain—here, alive within thy mail !
Now, as my God shall judge me, I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place, and died above my son !—

Thou needst not tell it,—he is dead. God help us all this day!
 But speak—how fought the citizens within the furious fray?
 For, by the might of Mary! 'twere something still to tell
 That no Scottish foot went backward when the Royal Lion fell!"

"No one failed him! He is keeping Royal state and semblance
 still;

Knight and noble lie around him, cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
 Of the brave and gallant-hearted, whom ye sent with prayers away,
 Not a single man departed from his monarch yesterday.
 Had you seen them, O my masters! when the night began to fall,
 And the English spearmen gathered round a grim and ghastly wall!
 As the wolves, in winter, circle round the leaguer on the heath,
 So the greedy foe glared upward, panting still for blood and death:
 But a rampart rose before them, which the boldest dared not scale—
 Every stone a Scottish body, every step a corpse in mail!
 And behind it lay our monarch, clenching still his shivered sword;
 By his side Montrose and Athole, at his feet a Southron lord.
 All so thick they lay together, when the stars lit up the sky,
 That I knew not who were stricken, or who yet remained to die.
 Few there were when Surrey halted, and his wearied host with-
 drew—

None but dying men around me, when the English trumpet blew.
 Then I stooped and took the banner (as you see it) from his breast;
 And I closed our hero's eyelids, and I left him to his rest.—
 In the mountains growled the thunder, as I leaped the woeful wall,
 And the heavy clouds were settling over Flodden like a pall."

HOW THE FLAG WAS SAVED.

J. B. O'REILLY.

'Twas when we were young and fearless, for 'twas in our first cam-
 paign,
 When we galloped through the orange groves and fields of sunny
 Spain,
 Our wary old commander was retiring from the foe,
 Who came pressing close upon us, with a proud, exulting show.
 We could hear their taunting laughter, and within our very sight
 Did they ride defiant round us,—ay, and dared us to the fight.
 But brave old Picton heeded not, but held his backward track,
 And, smiling, said the day would come to pay the Frenchmen back.

And come it did! One morning, long before the break of day,
We were standing to our arms, all ready for the coming fray.—
Yes, there we stood all ready, and the foe was ready, too;
Soon the fight was raging fiercely,—thick and fast the bullets flew,
With a bitter hiss of malice, as if hungry for the life
To be torn from manly bosoms in the maddening heat of strife.
Distant batteries were thundering, pouring grape and shell like
rain,

And the cruel missiles hurtled with their load of death and pain,
Which they carried, like fell demons, to the heart of some brigade,
Where the sudden, awful stillness told the havoc they had made.
Thus the struggle reached till noon, and neither side could vantage
show;

Then the tide of battle turned and swept in favour of the foe!
Fiercer still the cannon thundered,—wilder screamed the grape and
shell,—

Onward pressed the French battalions,—back the British masses fell!
Then, as on its prey devoted, fierce the hungered vulture swoops,
Swung the foeman's charging squadrons down upon our broken
troops.

Victory hovered o'er their standard,—on they swept with maddening
shout,

Spreading death and havoc round them, till retreat was changed to
rout!

'Twas a saddening sight to witness; and, when Picton saw them fly,
Grief and shame were mixed and burning in the old commander's
eye.—

Yes! alas! our troops were routed. Far and near they broke and
fled,

The grapeshot tearing through them, leaving lanes of mangled dead.
All order lost, they left the fight,—they threw their arms away
And joined in one wild panic rout,—ah! 'twas a bitter day!
But did I say that *all* was lost? Nay, *one* brave corps stood fast,
Determined *they* would *never* fly, but fight it to the *last*.

They barred the Frenchman from his prey, and his whole fury
braved,—

Could they but hold their ground one hour, the army might be
saved.

Fresh troops were hurrying to our aid,—we saw their glittering
head,—

Ah, God! how those brave hearts were raked by the death-shower
of lead!

But stand they did: they never flinched nor took one backward stride,

They sent their bayonets *home*, and then with stubborn courage died.

But few were left of that brave band when the dread hour had passed,

Still, faint and few, they held their flag above them to the last.

But now a cloud of horsemen, like a shadowy avalanche,

Sweeps down. As Picton sees them, e'en *his* cheek is seen to blanch

They were not awed, that little band, but rallied once again,

And sent us back a farewell cheer. Then burst from reckless men

The anguished cry, "God help them!" as we saw the feeble flash

Of their last defiant volley, when upon them with a crash

Burst the gleaming lines of riders,—one by one they disappear,

And the chargers' hoofs are trampling on the last of that brave square!

On swept the squadrons! Then we looked where last the band was seen:

A scarlet heap was all that marked the place where they *had* been!

Still forward spurred the horsemen, eager to complete the rout;

But our lines had been re-formed now, and five thousand guns belched out

A reception to the squadrons,—rank on rank was piled that day,

Every bullet hissed out "Vengeance!" as it whistled on its way.

And now it was, with maddened hearts, we saw a galling sight:—

A French hussar was riding close beneath us on the right,

He grasped a British standard! With insulting shout he stood

And waved the flag,—its heavy folds drooped down with shame and blood,—

The blood of hearts unconquered: 'twas the flag of the staunch corps

They had fought to death beneath it,—it was heavy with their gore.

The foreign dog! I see him as he holds the standard down,

And makes his charger trample on its colours and its crown!

But his life soon paid the forfeit: with a cry of rage and pain

Hilton dashes from the escort, like a tiger from his chain.

Nought he sees but that insulter, and he strikes his frightened horse

With his clenched hand, and spurs him, with a bitter-spoken curse,

Straight as a bullet from a rifle—but, great God! he has not seen,

In his angry thirst for vengeance, the black gulf that lies between

All our warning shouts unheeding, fiercely on he headlong rides,

And lifts his horse, with bloody spurs deep buried in his sides.

God's mercy! does he see the gulf? Ha! now his purpose dawns
Upon our minds, as nearer still the rocky fissure yawns:
Where from the further side the stone leans o'er the stream beneath,
He means to take the awful leap! Cold horror checks our breath,
And still and mute we watch him now; he nears the awful place;
We hear him shout to cheer the horse and keep the headlong pace.
Then comes a rush—short strides—a blow!—the horse bounds
wildly on,

Springs high in air above the abyss, and lands upon the stone!
It trembles, topples 'neath their weight! it sinks! ha! bravely
done!

Another spring—they gain the side—the ponderous rock is gone
With crashing roar, a thousand feet, down to the flood below,
And Hilton, heedless of its noise, is riding at the foe!

The Frenchman stared in wonder: he was brave, and would not
run,

'Twould merit but a coward's brand to fly from only one,
But still he shuddered at the glance from 'neath that knitted brow;
He knew 'twould be a death fight, but there was no shrinking
now.

He pressed his horse to meet the shock: straight at him Hilton
made,

And, as they closed, the Frenchman's cut fell harmless on his blade;
But scarce a moment's time had passed ere, spurring from the field,
A troop of cuirassiers closed round and called on him to yield.

One glance of scorn he threw them,—all his answer in a frown,—
And riding at their leader, with one sweep he cut him down;
Then aimed at him who held the flag a cut of crushing might,
And split him to the very chin!—a horrid, ghastly sight!

He seized the standard from his hand; but now the Frenchmen
close,

And that stout soldier, all alone, fights with a hundred foes!

They cut and cursed,—a dozen swords were whistling round his
head;

He could not guard on every side,—from fifty wounds he bled.

His sabre crashed through helm and blade, as though it were a
mace;

He cut their steel cuirasses, and he slashed them o'er the face.

One tall dragoon closed on him, but he wheeled his horse around,
And, cloven through the helmet, went the trooper to the ground.

But his sabre-blade was broken by the fury of the blow,

And he hurled the useless, bloody hilt against the nearest foe;

Then furled the colours round the pole, and, like a levelled lance,
He charged with that red standard through the bravest troops of
France!

His horse, as lion-hearted, scarcely needed to be urged,
And steed and rider bit the dust before him as he charged.
Straight on he rode, and down they went, till he had cleared the
ranks,

Then once again he loosed the rein and struck the horse's flanks.
A cheer broke forth from the French dragoons—a loud, admiring
shout!—

As off he rode, and o'er him shook the tattered colours out.
Still might they ride him down: they scorned to fire or pursue,—
Brave hearts! they cheered him to our lines,—their army cheering,
too!

And we—what did we do? you ask. Well, boy, we did not cheer,
Nor not one sound of welcome reached our hero comrade's ear;
But, as he rode along the ranks, each soldier's head was bare,—
Our hearts were far too full for cheers,—we welcomed him with
prayer.

Ah, boy! we loved that dear old flag,—ay, loved it so, we cried
Like children, as we saw it wave in all its tattered pride!
No, boy, no cheers to greet him, though he played a noble part,—
We only prayed "God bless him!" but that prayer came from the
heart,

He knew we loved him for it—he could see it in our tears—
And such silent, earnest love as that is better, boy, than cheers.

THE OLD KNIGHT'S TALE.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

We were six of old Aymer's choosing, each heading a goodly troop
We pounced on a border castle as kites on a dove might swoop;
We stormed the place and took it; yet, to give the fiend his due,
We never had turned a pebble, or shaken a single screw

Of the stout old walls and posterns with all our valour and pride,
Had not a few grim Scotchmen fought on the English side.
They were rough tall fellows and churlish and without a care we
thought,

An it were for Edward Longshanks, or Satan himself they fought.

Still fight they did like tigers, and the stronghold quickly fell;
Chief thanks to these valiant traitors, who knew their own land so well.

To note the shouting and tossing of caps you had thought we visitors
brave

Had sure recovered the Holy Shrine and carried the Soldan slave.

And what was our goodly caption? A swamp in Ettrick Vale,
With scarcely grass for a black-faced sheep, or soil for a head of kail,
And a donjon flanked with turrets, like a moor-hen 'mid her young!
And yet we shouted and blew our horns, and our caps in the air we
flung.

You see this warring in Scotland, though an emprise not to scorn,
Was a goodly sample of seeking wool and coming back home al'
shorn;

There were store of foes to cope with, and towns enow to take,
But never a cask of wine to broach or a measure of meal to bake.
And the guerdon fair of valour—the conquered nation's spoil—
Was a plant we found not growing on that bleak uncourteous soil.

Though the towns were mean and slavish, and acknowledged Edward's
sway,

Yet the hill, the moss, and the border, were our foes as they are
to-day.

How I hated these border rascals, they harass'd our march like
flies,

And pilfered our wines and dainties from under our very eyes!

This castle in Ettrick valley (if I have not forgot its name),
Belonged to a stout freebooter mighty well known to fame:
Hamilton—Hepburn—Douglas—something of these, I think;
No matter! he liked fair English cakes, and was prone to Gascon
drink.

For scarcely a sumpter wagon o'er the border could we bring
{An it were not guarded strongly by an escort fit for a king}.
As by mother wit or magic, he would scent it upon the road,
Fall on it with his varlets, and lighten it of its load.

I have said we took his stronghold, but the bird from the nest had
flown:

He had left his mate behind him, brooding but not alone;
Two eaglets fair beside her—delicate maids, I mean—
One of a blooming twenty, one of a sweet sixteen!

When we had told the wounded, watch on the captives set,
Counted the castle treasure (little of that we met!)

All we could dream or think of, we of Old Aymer's band,
Was which, in these fair maids' graces, highest and best should
stand.

There was combing of beards and ringlets, trimming of gloves and
plumes;

Cursing for lack of mirrors, essences and perfumes.

But we made ourselves fine as might be, and our chivalrous bent so
proved,

That to sit at their victors' table the ladies at length were moved.

We prated of England's glories, we sang our Provençal lays,

We won bright looks from the Scottish maids by our courtly acts
of praise;

But the hireling Scots were sulky, they would neither wash nor
trim;

They sat at the board in armour, late stained by the carnage grim.

We were vexed at one especial, who in silence took his seat,

And never opened his mouth at all, except, like a hog, to eat;

And our hatred all the stronger may have been that in the fray

He had proved himself the champion and the hero of the day.

A rough-bearded chain-clad giant, with a tall and knitted brow—

I know, if I had the limner's art, I could paint his picture now.

He swallowed the wine by goblets, he tore the meat with his teeth;

His armour was worn and rusty, with never a shirt beneath.

His hands from the fight were crimson, where they were not black
with mud.

Said a young knight, "Lo! there a Scot eats bread mixed with his
country's blood!"

Then the Scot laid down the goblet, crushing it flat in his hand;

I can see his blue eyes staring, and his jaws wide open stand.

'Twas a frenzy fit of passion which at once he overcame,

As he said, for the first time speaking low, "My lords, I am much
to blame.

I am but a Scot and a savage, and your blame deserve, I wis,

In a company of English knights to sit in a plight like this.

But a man may mend his manners, so I pray you let me go;

I will strive my best in more seemly guise before you next to show."

He rose from his seat and bowed him with reverence deep to all,

We young men laughed; but our leader said, "Sir Scot, leave not
the hall.

This madcap jest he shall pay for ;—thou hast helped King Edward's bands

Like a liegeman true—" But the Scotsman smiled, "I go but to wash my hands."

None dared impede his egress, to smile or frown none knew,
When our leader (Ralph de Warrenne, Aymer's own kinsman true,)

Exclaimed, " Run after the Scotsman ; for a paltry jest like this
The help of so brave a warrior 'twere shame and folly to miss."
We sought him down in the courtyard, out in the marsh below ;
His steed was there in the stable, no one had seen him go.

We named him a fiend or warlock, who had vanished up in the air ;
The wines were good and the ladies kind—why for one Scotchman care ?

Till a terror-struck page came gliding into the banquet-hall,
He had been in the chapel hiding behind a pillar'd wall ;

He had seen the Scotch knight enter (with a face that made him gasp),
And hug the steps of the altar with impassioned, feverish clasp ;
Had heard him pray the Virgin to cleanse his traitorous hand
From the hideous stain, ne'er shown till now, the blood of his native land !

With writhing self-abasement he had heard the Scotsman swear
That soul and body to purify no penance would he spare—
That so long as a tyrant foeman with his heel on Scotland trod,
He would ne'er draw sword except to fight for his country and his God

" Find him at once," cried Warrenne, " whether as friend or foe
'Tis a man too good for wasting, he is free to stay or go ;
Fight in our ranks or at them, for or against his land,
I would not let such a hero slip without a grasp of his hand.

Boot and spur and saddle over the moss and fen,
After the unwashed giant, varlets and gentlemen !"
Late in the night we hunted, but the game had stolen away—
And ne'er has he grasped an English hand in friendship since that day

" No news of him ?" " Well, somewhat, there were tidings of him afloat
The first, perhaps worth noting—he had cut knave Comyn's throat.
A very good deed (to deny it, at my time of life, what use ?)—
He is now the old King of Scotland, and they call him Robert the Bruce."

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

(Adapted for Recital.)

One night Lieutenant Fleming, while walking along the sea-shore with his son, said :—

“Neddy, my boy, did you ever think what profession you would like to follow?”

“Yes, father; the sea, with your permission.”

“The sea, my boy! I need not say to you, Ned, that I honour the sea; Ned, I would give my right hand to see you in the navy, if we had the old ships, the old men, the old officers, and the old wars: but these, all these are gone.”

“Well, father, you know I must do something. I can’t hang on you and mother much longer, and I won’t.”

“Bless you, my boy! I like your spirit. Meanwhile we’ll see about it; I’ll have a talk with old Freeman, Ned, he is a sensible man and has seen much of the world. Any man who was boatswain in the *Arethusa* must have the right stuff in him. Yes, I shall have a talk with Freeman.”

But before Freeman was consulted, Mrs. Fleming said to her husband: “Edward, dear, what think you of the church for Neddy? To tell you frankly, I dread the temptations and dangers of the sea.”

“Mary, my love, do you think that a minister has no temptations? or the pulpit no dangers? I have known and seen ministers firing broadsides and showing bunting on Sunday, but all the week silent and without a signal. Don’t tell me a parson has no temptations.”

“A doctor then, Edward?”

“Well, you know, Mary, neither Neddy nor I ever took medicine ourselves, and we wouldn’t like to give it to others.”

“A lawyer, then, or any profession to keep Neddy at home.”

“Well! well! we’ll see about it; but I’m resolved on one point, that Neddy don’t take up one of the idle professions. Look at some of these young fellows that talk big English, swagger along the streets and flirt with the girls. They wish to be gentlemen, without work to soil their fingers or thoughts to shake up their brains, if they have any. I tell you, Mary, I’d rather see our Neddy a tailor, sewing his own clothes, than see him parade the streets an idle fool in clothes he might have worked for, but wouldn’t.”

One evening shortly after this Freeman came to take tea at the Captain’s cottage. During the conversation the Captain said :—

"We've been thinking, Freeman, what to make of Neddy. His mother thinks the sea dangerous."

"Cap'n, I've often remarked that men drown boats oftener than boats drown men!"

"Ha! ha! I understand that, Freeman! The seaman makes the vessel."

Freeman nodded.

"His mother would like him to be a minister."

Freeman shook his head.

"Ned has ballast but not bunting for a parson! What say you to a doctor, Freeman, eh?"

"A doctor, Cap'n! Give me a man who will lose his own legs on deck, fighting for Queen and country, and not spend his time in the cockpit sawing off the legs of other people."

"There you have hit the nail, Freeman. Pills and plasters won't do for Ned. A lawyer, Freeman, eh?"

"A lawyer, Cap'n! No, no, a lawyer's rig won't do."

"You're quite correct, Freeman; quite correct. I don't understand these lawyer fellows a bit."

"No—nor nobody else, Cap'n. The sea, the old sea's the thing for Ned. Blow, breezes, blow! It's in the lad, Cap'n, it's in the lad!"

It was at length arranged that Ned should go to sea. Mrs. Fleming announced the fact to her old and faithful servant Babby. Babby stopped in the middle of her work and looked at her mistress with eyes aghast.

"Oor Neddy gaun to the sea! Never tell me he's gaun to the sea; a nasty, jumbling, pairt o' creation. That auld Captain o' oors was surely drinkin' saut water instead o' milk when he was a bairn, or he wad ne'er be sae clean daft as send my laddie to the sea. Could you no' mak' him a shopkeeper or a something at hame?"

"Oh no, that would never do for Neddy."

"Maybe no; he would be ower proud for that. Eh, sirs' the day, it's a wonderfu' thing this pride: ye dinna like your bairn to handle tea, but ye think tar nicer for his hauns. Ye object to saft sugar, but no' to saut water. There's ay thing, if he was a shopkeeper he'd never be drooned, and he micht be a bailie or a a provost, maybe, an' marry a fine winsome lass. An' noo, Mrs. Fleming, ye needna lauch at me, for I'm positeeve I'm richt. For my sake, for a' oor sakes, keep my bonnie laddie in his auld nest."

The night which was to usher in the day of Ned's leaving home arrived, and Babby, who was busy packing his outfit, said to him:

"Noo, Maister Ned, ye're no' to pit on thae fine socks unless ye be asked oot to your dinner."

"Asked out to dinner, Babby! Who's to ask me—a mermaid, eh?"

"Ohr, I'm no' heedin' wha asks ye. A merrymaid, as ye ca' her, is just as gude as any other body if she's a bit decent lass. Pit that comforter I made ye roon yer neck when it's cauld; and if yer wise, ye should hae an umbrella wi' ye to keep the saut water aff your new pilot-jacket. What are ye lauchin' at, ye sillie laddie?"

It was now about midnight, and Ned's mother entered the room holding a Bible in her hand. "Ned, dear, you and I shall have no sad farewells, but promise me, dear, that you will read a little of this book every day, and that you will never neglect your prayers to God."

"I say—yes, mother, with heart, soul, and strength."

At this moment the old Lieutenant entered. "You'll go and kill yourself with this packing business. Leave us, Mary, I want to speak to Ned."

Ned's mother slowly left the room.

"Ned, you know, I have no present to give you."

"Present, father! You?"

"No, boy, no; but for all that I mean to present you with my greatest treasure on earth. Look at that signature."

"Nelson! An order from him to you, father, to make certain signals?"

"Yes, Ned; an order, and to me your father. Ned, I give it to you as my present, that as you look at it, in storm or sunshine, at home or abroad, you may remember that 'England expects every man to do his duty', and that you may never disgrace your old father by neglecting *your* duty."

"Thank you, father; I will keep it for your sake, and whatever happens to me, I hope I will never disgrace you."

"Ned, I never had much learning: never could tell you what was passing in my heart; can't do it now. A heavy sea swamps me when I want to sail ahead. Ned, you must be a better man than your father; for I never saw my father, and hardly my poor mother. You must do what your good mother has taught you; though God knows how I love you, Ned."

"Father, don't speak in that way, as if you weren't the best father in the world. What did I ever see in you but good? What did I ever get from you but good?"

"Do you say so, Ned? Do you believe that? Neddy, my boy—my only boy—my own—my own—I tell you—I—I—God bless and keep you, my own dear boy!"

(By special permission of Messrs. Charles Burnet & Co.,

MRS. CORNEY MAKES TEA, AND MR. BUMBLE
MAKES LOVE.

DICKENS.

(Adapted for Recital.)

SCENE—*The Workhouse. Private apartments of MRS. CORNEY, the Matron thereof. MR. BUMBLE enters, bringing in some wine to be given to the sick paupers. After various remarks upon out-door relief, he prepares to take his departure, when MRS. CORNEY thus addresses him:—*

“You’ll have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble.”

“It blows, ma’am,” replied Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat-collar, “enough to cut one’s ears off.”

The matron looked, from the little kettle, to the beadle, who was moving towards the door; and as the beadle coughed, preparatory to bidding her good-night, bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn’t take a cup of tea?

Mr. Bumble instantaneously turned back his collar again; laid his hat and stick upon a chair; and drew another chair up to the table.

“Sweet? Mr. Bumble,” inquired the matron, taking up the sugar-basin.

“Very sweet, indeed, ma’am,” replied Mr. Bumble. He fixed his eyes on Mrs. Corney as he said this: and if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr. Bumble was that beadle at that moment.

“You have a cat, ma’am, I see, and kittens too, I declare!”

“I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can’t think. They’re so happy, so frolicsome, and so cheerful, that they are quite companions for me.”

“Very nice animals, ma’am,” replied Mr. Bumble, approvingly; “so very domestic.”

“Oh, yes!” rejoined the matron; “so fond of their home too, that it’s quite a pleasure, I’m sure.”

“Mrs. Corney, ma’am,” said Mr. Bumble, slowly, and marking the time with his tea-spoon; “I mean to say this, ma’am, that any cat, or kitten, that could live with you, ma’am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be a ass, ma’am.”

“Oh, Mr. Bumble!”

“It’s of no use disguising facts, ma’am; I would drown it myself, with pleasure.”

“Then you’re a cruel man,” said the matron; “and a very hard-hearted man besides.”

"Hard-hearted, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, "hard!" Mr. Bumble resigned his cup without another word; squeezed Mrs. Corney's little finger as she took it; and inflicting two open-handed slaps upon his laced waistcoat, gave a mighty sigh, and hitched his chair a very little morsel farther from the fire.

The table was a round one; consequently Mr. Bumble, moving his chair by little and little, soon began to diminish the distance between himself and the matron; and, continuing to travel round the outer edge of the circle, brought his chair, in time, close to that in which the matron was seated. Indeed, the two chairs touched; and when they did so, Mr. Bumble stopped.

Now, if the matron had moved her chair to the right, she would have been scorched by the fire; and, if to the left, she must have fallen into Mr. Bumble's arms; so (being a discreet matron, and no doubt foreseeing these consequences at a glance) she remained where she was, and handed Mr. Bumble another cup of tea.

"Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?" said Mr. Bumble; "are *you* hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?"

"Dear me! what a very curious question from a single man. What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble?"

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop; finished a piece of toast; whisked the crumbs off his knees; wiped his lips; and deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble," cried that discreet lady in a whisper; for the fright was so great that she had quite lost her voice; "Mr. Bumble, I shall scream!" Mr. Bumble made no reply, but in a slow and dignified manner put his arm round the matron's waist.

As the lady had stated her intention of screaming, of course she would have screamed at this additional boldness but that the exertion was rendered unnecessary by a hasty knocking at the door.

A withered old female pauper put in her head: "If you please, mistress, Old Sally is a-going fast."

The matron hastened away, asking the beadle to await her return.

Mr. Bumble's conduct, on being left to himself, was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the tea-spoons, weighed the sugar-tongs, closely inspected a silver milk-pot to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal; and, having satisfied his curiosity on these points, put on his cocked-hat corner-wise, and danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table. Having gone through this very extraordinary performance, he took off the cocked-hat again; and spreading himself before the fire with his back towards it, seemed to be mentally engaged in taking an exact inventory of

the furniture, then said, with a grave and determined air, "I'll do it!"

Mrs. Corney, hurrying into the room, threw herself, in a breathless state, on a chair by the fireside; and covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, "what is this, ma'am? has anything happened, ma'am? Pray answer me; I'm on—on——" Mr. Bumble, in his alarm, could not immediately think of the word "tenter-hooks", so he said "broken bottles, ma'am."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble! I have been so dreadfully put out!"

"Put out, ma'am! Who has dared to——? I know? This is them vicious paupers!"

"It's dreadful to think of!"

"Then *don't* think of it, ma'am."

"I can't help it."

"Then take something, ma'am. A little of the wine?"

"Not for the world!" replied Mrs. Corney. "I couldn't—oh! The top shelf in the right-hand corner—oh!" Uttering these words, the good lady pointed, distractedly, to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet; and snatching a pint green-glass bottle from the shelf thus incoherently indicated, filled a tea-cup with its contents, and held it to the lady's lips.

"I'm better now," said Mrs. Corney, falling back, after drinking half of it.

Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness; and bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

"Peppermint," exclaimed Mrs. Corney, in a faint voice, smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. "Try it! There's a little—a little something else in it."

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look; smacked his lips; took another taste; and put the cup down empty. He drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Corney. "I am a foolish, excitable, weak creetur."

"Not weak, ma'am. Are you a weak creetur, Mrs. Corney?"

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle.

"So we are," said the beadle.

Nothing was said, on either side, for a minute or two afterwards.

By the expiration of that time, Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron-string, round which it gradually became entwined.

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mr. Bumble.

Mrs. Corney sighed.

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney."

"I can't help it." And she sighed again.

"This is a very comfortable room, ma'am. Another room and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing."

"It would be too much for one," murmured the lady.

"But not for two, ma'am. Eh, Mrs. Corney?"

Mrs. Corney drooped her head when the beadle said this; the beadle drooped his, to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney, with great propriety, turned her head away, and released her hand to get at her pocket-handkerchief; but insensibly replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.

"The Board allow you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?"

"And candles."

"Coals, candles, and house-rent free. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a Angel you are!"

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sunk into Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman, in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

"Such parochial perfection!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble rapturously. "You know that Mr. Slout is worse to-night, my fascinator?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corney, bashfully.

"He can't live a week, the doctor says," pursued Mr. Bumble. "He is the master of this establishment; his death will cause a vacancy; that vacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and housekeepings!"

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

"The little word? The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?"

"Ye—ye—yes!" sighed out the matron.

"One more," pursued the beadle; "compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?"

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak; and twice failed. At length, summoning up courage, she threw her arms round Mr. Bumble's neck, and said it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck!"

TRUTH.

JOHN RUSKIN.

There is a marked likeness between the virtue of man and the enlightenment of the globe he inhabits;—the same diminishing gradation in vigour up to the limits of their domains,—the same essential separation from their contraries,—the same twilight at the meeting of the two; a something wider belt than the line where the world rolls into night: that strange twilight of the virtues; that dusky debatable land wherein zeal becomes impatience, and temperance becomes severity, and justice becomes cruelty, and faith superstition, and each and all vanish into gloom.

Nevertheless, with the greater number of the virtues, though the dimness increases gradually, we may mark the moment of sunset; and, happily, may turn the shadow back by the way which it had gone down: but, for one virtue, the line of the horizon is irregular and undefined; and this, too, the very equator and girdle of them all,—Truth:—that only one of which there are no degrees, but breaks and rents continually; that pillar of the earth, yet a cloudy pillar: that golden and narrow line which the very powers and virtues that lean upon it bend, which Policy and Prudence conceal, which Kindness and Courtesy modify, which Courage overshadows with his shield, Imagination covers with her wings, and Charity dims with her tears. How difficult must the maintenance of that authority be, which, while it has to restrain the hostility of all the worst principles of man, has also to control the disorders of his best;—which is continually assaulted by the one and betrayed by the other, and which regards with the same severity the lightest and the boldest violations of its law! There are some faults slight in the sight of Love, some errors trivial in the estimate of Wisdom; but Truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.

We do not enough consider this; nor enough dread the slight and continual occasions of offence against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at Falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only felt at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; but it is the glistening and softly-spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic

lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces, we thank—as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy that the truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left its fountains.

It would be well if moralists less frequently confused the greatness of a sin with its unpardonableness. The two characters are altogether distinct. The greatness of a fault depends partly on the nature of the person against whom it is committed, partly on the extent of its consequences. Its pardonableness depends, humanly speaking, on the degree of temptation to it. One class of circumstances determines the weight of the impending punishment; the other, the claim to remission of punishment. Since it is not easy for men to estimate the relative weight, or possible for them to know the relative consequences, of crime, it is usually wise in them to quit the care of such measurements, and to look to the other clearer condition of culpability,—esteeming those faults worst which are committed under least temptation. I do not mean to diminish the blame of the injurious and malicious sin, of the selfish and deliberate falsity; yet it seems to me that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is—to set watch more scrupulously against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the currents of our life.

Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside: it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without over-care as to which is largest or blackest. To speak and to act truth with constancy and precision are nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought, how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble! And, seeing, that, of all sin, there is, perhaps, no one more flatly opposite to the Almighty, no one more “wanting the good of virtue and of being”, than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it on light or on no temptation; and surely becoming an honourable man to resolve, that, whatever semblances or fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, or diminish the reality of his chosen delights.

(By special permission of George Allen, Publisher.)

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

Stop! -for thy tread is on an Empire's dust! An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!—Is the spot marked with no colossal bust, or column trophied, for triumphal show? None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so. As the ground was before, thus let it be.—How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow!...And is this all the world has gained by thee, thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night: and Belgium's capital had gathered then her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men; a thousand hearts beat happily; and when music arose with its voluptuous swell, soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.—But hush!—hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell!—Did ye not hear it?—"No; 'tis but the wind, or the car rattling o'er the stony street. On with the dance!—let joy be unconfined! No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more, as if the clouds its echo would repeat; and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear that sound the first amidst the festival, and caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear; and when they smiled because he deemed it near, his heart more truly knew that peal too well which stretched his father on a bloody bier, and roused the vengeance blood alone could quell: he rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell! Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, and gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, and cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago, blushed at the praise of their own loveliness; and there were sudden partings, such as press the life from out young hearts, and choking sighs which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess if ever more should meet those mutual eyes, since, upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise! And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed, the mustering squadron, and the clattering car, went pouring forward with impetuous speed, and swiftly forming in the ranks of war: and the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar; and near, the beat of the alarming drum roused up the soldier ere the morning star: while thronged the citizens, with

terror dumb, or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come. they come!" And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose! (the war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes!)—How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills, savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills their mountain pipe, so fills the mountaineers with the fierce native daring, which instils the stirring memory of a thousand years: and Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears! And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, dewy with Nature's tear-drops; as they pass, grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—over the unreturning brave;—alas! ere evening, to be trodden, like the grass—which now beneath them, but above shall grow in its next verdure; when this fiery mass of living valour, rolling on the foe, and burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon, beheld them full of lusty life; last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay; the midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,—the morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day, battle's magnificently stern array! The thunder-clouds close o'er it: which when rent, the earth is covered thick with other clay which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent; rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK".

J. S. KNOWLES.

TWO CHARACTERS.

HELEN and MODUS.

SCENE—*A Room in the Earl of Rochdale's.*

Enter HELEN.

Helen. I'm weary wandering from room to room;
A castle after all is but a house—
The dullest one when lacking company.
Were I at home I could be company
Unto myself. I see not Master Walter.
He's ever with his ward. I see not her.
By Master Walter will she abide, alone.
My father stops in town. I can't see him.
My cousin makes his books his company.
I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up
And plague my cousin into making love!

For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.
 How dull he is that hath not sense to see
 What lies before him, and he'd like to find.
 I'll change my treatment of him. Cross him, where
 Before I used to humour him. (*Looking of.*) He comes.
 Poring upon a book.

Enter MODUS, with a small book.

What's that you read?

Modus. Latin, sweet cousin.

Helen. 'Tis a naughty tongue,
 I fear, and teaches men to lie.

Modus. To lie!

Helen. You study it. You call you cousin sweet,
 And treat her as you would a crab. As sour
 'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her!
 Why how the monster stares, and looks about!
 You construe Latin, and can't construe that.

Modus. I never studied women.

Helen. No! nor men.

Else would you better know their ways: nor read
 In presence of a lady. (*Strikes the book from his hand.*)

Modus. Right you say,
 And well you served me, cousin, so to strike,
 The volume from my hand. I own my fault;
 So please you,—may I pick it up again?
 I'll put it in my pocket!

Helen. Pick it up.

(*Aside.*) He fears me as I were his grandmother.

(*Aloud.*) What is the book?

Modus. 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.

Helen. That Ovid was a fool!

Modus. In what?

Helen. In that.

To call that thing an art, which art is none.

Modus. And is not love an art?

Helen. Are you a fool
 As well as Ovid? Love an art! No art
 But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
 With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that,
 You went to college? Better stay at home,
 And study homely English.

Modus. Nay, you know not
The argument.

Helen. I don't? I know it better
Than ever Ovid did! The face,—the form,—
The heart,—the mind we fancy, cousin; that's
The argument! Why, cousin, you know nothing.
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,
Couldst thou by Ovid, cousin, find it out?
Couldst find it out, wast thou in love thyself?
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love?
I could, that never read him. You begin
With melancholy; then to sadness; then
To sickness; then to dying—but not die!
She would not let thee, were she of my mind;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;
From hope to confidence; from confidence
To boldness:—then you'd speak; at first entreat;
Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce,
Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;
Threaten her lips with storming; keep thy word
And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid!
Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand
As you were stricken dumb? The case is clear,
You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.
You care too much for blows!

Modus. You wrong me there.
At school I was the champion of my form,
And since I went to college—

Helen. That for college!

Modus. Nay, hear me!

Helen. Well? What, since you went to college?
You know what men are set down for, who boast
Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin.
What, since you went to college? Was there not
One Quintin Halworth there? You know there was.
And that he was your master!

Modus. He my master!
Thrice was he worsted by me.

Helen. Still was he
Your master.

Modus. He allow'd I had the best!
Allow'd it, mark me! not to me alone,

But twenty I could name.

Helen. And mastered you

At last! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth

A proctor's daughter you did both affect—

Look at me and deny it! Of the twain

She more affected you; I've caught you now,

Bold cousin! Mark you? opportunity

On opportunity she gave you, sir,—

Deny it if you can!—but though to others,

When you discoursed of her, you were a flame:

To her you were a wick that would not light,

Though held in the very fire! And so he won her—

Won her, because he woo'd her like a man.

For all your cuffings, cuffing you again

With most usurious interest. Now, sir,

Protest that you are valiant!

Modus. Cousin Helen!

Helen. Well, sir?

Modus. The tale is all a forgery!

Helen. A forgery!

Modus. From first to last; ne'er spoke I

To a proctor's daughter while I was at college—

Helen. 'Twas a scrivener's then, or somebody's.

But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved her!

And, shame upon you, let another take her!

Modus. Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me.

I loved no woman while I was at college—

Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

Helen. Indeed! (*Aside.*) Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.

Comes he not on? O what a stock's the man!

(*Aloud.*) Well, cousin?

Modus. Well! What more wouldst have me say?

I think I've said enough.

Helen. And so think I.

I did but jest with you. You are not angry?

Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?

Modus. (*Letting her go.*) I swear I squeezed you not!

Helen. You did not?

Modus. No.

I'll die if I did!

Helen. Why then did you not, cousin?

So let's shake hands again. (*He takes her hand as before.*) O go and now

Read Ovid! Will you tell me one thing.
 Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?
 Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on;—
 And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!
 Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!
 I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!
 Why do you blush, dear cousin? So!—'twill beat me!
 I'll give it up.

Modus. Nay, prithee don't—try on!

Helen. And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

Modus. For what?

Helen. To trust my face so near to thine.

Modus. I know not what you mean.

Helen. I'm glad you don't!

Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
 Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred
 You well at college. With another man
 My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

Modus. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.

Helen. Dear fool! (*Throws the ruff on the ground.*)

I swear the ruff is good for just
 As little as its master! There!—'Tis spoil'd--
 You'll have to get another. Hie for it.
 And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,
 Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!
 You'll need to study Ovid's Art of Love!

[*Exit.*

Modus. Went she in anger? I will follow her,—
 No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!
 O would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me
 With backwardness in love? What could she mean?
 Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me
 Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,
 I'll woo her then! Her lips shall be in danger,
 When next she trusts them near me! Look'd she at me
 To-day, as never did she look before!
 A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,
 A faint one never won fair lady yet!
 I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't! Yes:

(*Begins reading again, and throws down the book*)

Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin!

Enter HELEN.

Helen. Why, cousin Modus! What! will you stand by

And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus!
Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?
Do you not see I am very—very ill,
And not a chair in all the corridor?

Modus. I'll find one in the study.

Helen. Hang the study!

Modus. My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.

Helen. You sha'n't!

I'd faint ere you came back!

Modus. What shall I do?

Helen. Why don't you offer to support me? Well?
Give me your arm—be quick. (*Modus offers his arm.*)
Is that the way

To help a lady when she's like to faint?

I'll drop unless you catch me! (*Modus supports her.*)

That will do;

I'm better now—(*Modus offers to leave her*)—don't leave me! Is one well

Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so,

I'll soon recover so you move not. (*Aside.*) Loves he—

Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now.

Well, cousin Modus?

Modus. Well, sweet cousin?

Helen. Well?

You heard what Master Walter said?

Modus. I did.

Helen. And would you have me marry? Can't you speak?
Say yes or no.

Modus. No, cousin.

Helen. Bravely said!

And why, my gallant cousin?

Modus. Why?

Helen. Ah, why?—

Women, you know, are fond of reasons—why

Would you not have me marry? How you blush!

Is it because you do not know the reason?

You mind me of a story of a cousin

Who once her cousin such a question asked.

He had not been to college, though—for book:

Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,

Which he could construe marvellously well,

Though writ in language all symbolical.

Thus stood they once together, on a day—

As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse,—
But with this difference,—fifty gentle words
He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him!—
What a dear cousin! well, as I did say,
As now I questioned thee, she questioned him.
And what was his reply? To think of it
Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one!
So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin!
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin!
What did he say? A man might find it out,
Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.
What did he say? He'd marry her himself!
How stupid are you, cousin! Let me go!

Modus. You are not well yet?

Helen. Yes.

Modus. I'm sure you're not?

Helen. I'm sure I am.

Modus. Nay, let me hold you, cousin!

I like it.

Helen. Do you? I would wager you
You could not tell me why you like it. Well?
You see how true I know you! How you stare!
What see you in my face to wonder at?

Modus. A pair of eyes!

Helen. (*Aside.*) At last he finds his tongue—
(*Aloud.*) And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before?

Modus. Not such a pair.

Helen. And why?

Modus. They are so bright!
You have a Grecian nose.

Helen. Indeed.

Modus. Indeed!

Helen. What kind of a mouth have I?

Modus. A handsome one.

I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!

I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!

Helen. Cousin, I'm well,—you need not hold me now.
Do you not hear? I tell you I am well!
I need your arm no longer—take 't away!
So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe!
Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold
Your face so close to mine? What do you mean?

Modus. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.

Helen. What would you learn?

Modus. The use of lips.

Helen. To speak.

Modus. Nought else?

Helen. How bold my modest cousin grows!

Why, other use know you?

Modus. I do!

Helen. Indeed!

You're wondrous wise! And pray what is it?

Modus. (*Attempting to kiss her.*) This!

Helen. Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin—for my lips
I keep them for a husband!—Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again!

Why do you follow me?

Modus. I love you, cousin!

Helen. O cousin, say you so! That's passing strange!
Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—
A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,
And die for!

Modus. Die for!

Helen. Yes, with laughter, cousin!
For, cousin, I love you!

Modus. And you'll be mine?

Helen. I will.

Modus. Your hand upon it.

Helen. Hand and heart.

Hie to thy dressing-room, and I'll to mine—
Attire thee for the altar—so will I.

Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.

Away! Despatch! But hark you ere you go,

Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

Modus. And, cousin! stop—one little word with you!

[*She returns, he snatches a kiss.*]

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane, and Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, apparelled in magnificent attire, with retinue of many a knight and squire, on St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat, and heard the priests chant the Magnificat. And as he listened, o'er and

o'er again repeated, like a burden or refrain, he caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*"; and slowly lifting up his kingly head, he to a learned clerk beside him said, "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet, "He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree." Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully, "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung only by priests, and in the Latin tongue; for unto priests and people be it known, there is no power can push me from my throne!" And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep, lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night; the church was empty, and there was no light, save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint, lighted a little space before some saint. He started from his seat and gazed around, but saw no living thing and heard no sound. He groped towards the door, but it was locked; he cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, and uttered awful threatenings and complaints, and imprecations upon men and saints. The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls as if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without the tumult of the knocking and the shout, and thinking thieves were in the house of prayer, came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?" Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said, "Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?" The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse, "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!" turned the great key and flung the portal wide; a man rushed by him at a single stride, haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak, who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke, but leaped into the blackness of the night, and vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane, and Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, despoiled of his magnificent attire, bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire, with sense of wrong and outrage desperate, strode on and thundered at the palace gate; rushed through the court-yard, thrusting, in his rage, to right and left each seneschal and page, and hurried up the broad and sounding stair, his white face ghastly in the torches' glare. From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed; voices and cries he heard, but did not heed; until at last he reached the banquet-room, blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There, on the dais, sat another king! wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring, King Robert's self in features, form, and height, but all transfigured with angelic light! It was an Angel; and his pre-

sence there with a divine effulgence filled the air; an exaltation, piercing the disguise, though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment, speechless, motionless, amazed, the throneless monarch on the Angel gazed, who met his looks of anger and surprise with the divine compassion of his eyes; then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?" To which King Robert answered, with a sneer, "I am the King, and come to claim my own from an impostor, who usurps my throne!" And suddenly, at these audacious words, up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords; the Angel answered, with unruffled brow, "Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester! thou henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape, and for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape; thou shalt obey my servants when they call, and wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers, they thrust him from the hall and down the stairs; a group of tittering pages ran before, and as they opened wide the folding-door, his heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms, the boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms, and all the vaulted chamber roar and ring with the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, he said within himself, "It was a dream!" but the straw rustled as he turned his head; there were the cap and bells beside his bed; around him rose the bare discoloured walls; close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls; and in the corner, a revolting shape, shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape. It was no dream: the world he loved so much had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again to Sicily the old Saturnian reign; under the Angel's governance benign, the happy island danced with corn and wine; and deep within the mountain's burning breast, Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile, King Robert yielded to his fate, sullen and silent and disconsolate. Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear, with looks bewildered and a vacant stare; close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn; by courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn; his only friend the ape, his only food what others left,—he still was unsubdued. And when the Angel met him on his way, and half in earnest, half in jest, would say, sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel the velvet scabbard held a sword of steel, "Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe burst from him in resistless overflow, and, lifting high his forehead, he would fling the haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came ambassadors of

great repute and name from Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane, by letter, summoned them forthwith to come on Holy Thursday to his city of Rome. The Angel with great joy received his guests, and gave them presents of embroidered vests, and velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, and rings and jewels of the rarest kind. Then he departed with them o'er the sea into the lovely land of Italy; whose loveliness was more resplendent made by the mere passing of that cavalcade,—with plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state, upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,—his cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind, the solemn ape demurely perched behind,—King Robert rode, making huge merriment in all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square, giving his benediction and embrace, fervent, and full of apostolic grace. While with congratulations and with prayers he entertained the Angel unawares, Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, into their presence rushed, and cried aloud, "I am the King! Look, and behold in me Robert, your brother, King of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes, is an impostor in a King's disguise. Do you not know me? does no voice within answer my cry, and say we are akin?" The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien, gazed at the Angel's countenance serene; the Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport to keep a madman for thy fool at court!" and the poor, baffled Jester, in disgrace, was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by, and Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; the presence of the Angel, with its light, before the sun rose, made the city bright, and with new fervour filled the hearts of men, who felt that Christ indeed had risen again. Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, with haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw; he felt within a power unfelt before, and, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor, he heard the rushing garments of the Lord sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more Valmond returning to the Danube's shore, homeward the Angel journeyed, and again the land was made resplendent with his train, flashing along the towns of Italy unto Salerno, and from there by sea. And when once more within Palermo's wall, and seated on the throne in his great hall, he heard the Angelus from convent towers, as if the better world conversed with ours, he beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher, and

with a gesture bade the rest retire; and when they were alone, the Angel said, "Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head, King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, and meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best! My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, and in some cloister's school of penitence, across those stones, that pave the way to heaven, walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!" The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face a holy light illumined all the place; and through the open window, loud and clear, they heard the monks chant in the chapel near, above the stir and tumult of the street: "He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree!" and through the chant a second melody rose like the throbbing of a single string: "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne, lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! but all apparelled as in days of old, with ermined mantle and with cloth of gold; and when his courtiers came, they found him, there, kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer!

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

'Twas long ago—ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their
 hearts' desire.

On roofs and glittering turrets, that night as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled crown.
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's, rise,

High over the lesser steeples tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall;
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbour round,
And last slow-fading vision, dear to the outward-bound.

The gently-gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as they were wont each night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces, through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous, stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread;
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their daring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city was driven the surging crowd,
Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger, the church of St. Michael
stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail,
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching winds updriven a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening
lips;

Far out on the lurid harbour they watched it from the ships,
A baleful gleam, that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-the-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the perilled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard,
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky—
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible, sickening height,
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But, see! he has stepped on the railing, he clings with his feet and
his hands,

And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he
stands!

Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single tempestuous
breath,

And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of
death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire.
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire;
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer a gleam like a meteor's
track,

And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies
shattered and black!

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air;
At the church door mayor and council wait with their feet on the
stair,

And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand—
The unknown saviour, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them as they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save,
And the face of the unknown hero was the sable face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking in tones that were clear, not loud;
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd.
"Ye may keep your gold—I scorn it! But answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a *man*!"

He stepped but a short space backward, and from all the women
and men

There were only sobs for answer, and the mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door a man.

OLD SCROOGE.

DICKENS.

(*Adapted for Recital.*)

Marley was dead to begin with—he was as dead as a door-nail. Scrooge knew he was dead—of course he did. Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years; Scrooge was his sole executor;—his sole residuary legatee—his sole friend—and sole mourner. Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone was Scrooge—a grasping, wrenching, clutching, scraping, covetous old sinner.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him for a trifle. No children asked him, "What it was o'clock?"

Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him, and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails, as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master." But what did Scrooge care? Bah! all this was the very thing he liked!

One day, of all the days of the year, on Christmas-eve, old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather—foggy withal; he could hear the people outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond—a sort of tank—was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire; the clerk's fire was so very much smaller it looked one coal, but he couldn't replenish it, because Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; wherefore, the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle," said a cheerful voice; it was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who had just entered.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug! You don't mean that, uncle!"

"I do! Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas-time to you, but a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for paying bills—without money. Merry Christmas! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it; yes: but you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone then: much good may it do you; much good it has ever done you."

"There are many things, uncle, from which I might have derived good, by which I have not benefited, I daresay—Christmas among the rest; but I am sure I have always thought of Christmas when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, loving, charitable time. And although, uncle, it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good, and I say, "God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from you," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas—by losing your situation."

"Don't be angry, uncle! Come and dine with us to-morrow!"

"No—I won't!"

"But—why?—why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I—well—because I fell in love!"

"Because you fell in love! Good-afternoon!"

"We've never had a quarrel, uncle, to which I have been a party why can't we be friends?"

"Good-afternoon!"

"Well, I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last—so a merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good-afternoon!"

"And a happy new year!"

"Good-afternoon!"

Foggier yet, and colder—piercing, searching, biting cold. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sounds of

"God bless you, merry gentleman,
May nothing you dismay,"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such alacrity that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose!" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"But it's not convenient—and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound;—(The clerk smiled faintly)—and you don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December," said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would, and Scrooge walked out with a growl.

(By special permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD AND DEATH OF
MARMION.

SCOTT.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Next morn Lord Marmion climbed the tower,

To view afar the Scottish power,

Encamped on Flodden edge :

The white pavilions made a show,

Like remnants of the winter snow,

Along the dusky ridge.

Long Marmion looked : at length his eye

Unusual movement might descry

Amid the shifting lines :

The Scottish host drawn out appears,

For, flashing on the edge of spears

The eastern sunbeam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extending ;

Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,

Now drawing back, and now descending,

The skilful Marmion well could know,

They watched the motions of some foe,

Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge

The Scots beheld the English host

Leave Barmore Wood, their evening post,

And heedful watched them as they crossed

The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is, and haughty, while

They dive into the deep defile ;

Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,

Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,

Troop after troop are disappearing ;

Troop after troop their banners rearing :

Upon the eastern bank you see.

Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till,

And rising from the dim-wood glen,

Standards on standards, men on men.

In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
Oh, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
Oh, for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry, "Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden Hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon: hap what hap,
My basnet to a 'prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!
Yet more! yet more!—how far arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,

Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said—
"This instant be our band arrayed ;
The river must be quickly crossed,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James—as well I trust
That fight he will, and fight he must,
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ;
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately :
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride ;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And though far downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain.
A moment then Lord Marmion stayed,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a cross of stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray ;
Their marshalled lines stretched east and west
And fronted north and south.
The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed :
"Here, by this cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :
Oh ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !

Thou wilt not? well—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.
But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again.”
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid’s despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurred amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

“The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger’s hour!
Short greeting serves in time of strife:
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight:
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.”
“Thanks, noble Surrey!” Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of “Marmion! Marmion!” that the cry
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which, for far the day was spent,
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view.
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.
But see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
Oh, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;

And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see;
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,

Wild and disorderly.

They see Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,

The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the barque's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear:

"By heaven and all its saints! I swear,
I will not see it lost;

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer—

I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.

The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made for a space an opening large—

The rescued banner rose—

But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,

It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too:—yet stayed,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,

Then plunged into the fight.
 With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand;
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dented shield and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion?
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—"By St. George, he's gone!
 That spear-wound has our master sped—
 And see, the deep cut on his head!
 Good-night to Marmion."

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
 Redeem my pennon—charge again!
 Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet ring:
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.
 Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
 They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured—"Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring

Of blessèd water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow.
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the high streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare—
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while,
Oh, think of your immortal weal!

In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
She—died at Holy Isle.”
Lord Marmion started from the ground.
As light as if he felt no wound ;
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents, from his wounded side.
“Then it was truth,” he said—“I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day !
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand !
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound
And strove to staunch the gushing wound :
The monk with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church’s prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady’s voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear ;
For that she ever sung,
*“In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war’s rattle with groans of the dying !”*
So the notes rung :—
“Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner’s sand !
Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer’s grace divine !
Oh, think on faith and bliss !
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner’s parting seen,
But never aught like this.”
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale.

And—"Stanley!" was the cry;
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.

MRS. HEMANS.

The war-note of the Saracen was on the winds of France:
 It had stilled the harp of the troubadour, and the clash of the
 tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
 And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
 Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
 In a chapel where the mighty lay,

On the old Provençal shore:

Many a Chatillon beneath,
 Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's breath,
 His shroud of armour wore.

But meekly the voice of the Lady rose
 Through the trophies of their proud repose;
 And her fragile frame, at every blast
 That full of the savage war-horn passed,
 Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart
 When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—

So knelt she in her woe;

A weeper alone with the tearless dead;—
 Oh, they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
 Or the dust had stirred below! . . .

Hark!—a swift step: she hath caught its tone
 Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan
 Is her lord returned with his conquering bands?—
 No! a breathless vassal before her stands!

"Hast thou been on the field? art thou come from the host?"

"From the slaughter, Lady! All, all is lost!
 Our banners are taken—our knights laid low—
 Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe—

And thy lord"—his voice took a sadder sound—
 "Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
 There are those who tell that the leader's plume
 Was seen in the flight through the gathering gloom!"

A change o'er her mien and spirit passed:
 She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
 She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,
 With a glance as of sudden royalty.—
 "Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead
 And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
 Away!—he is lying by lance and shield:—
 Point me the path to his battle-field!"

Silently, with lips compressed,
 Pale hands clasped above her breast,
 Stately brow of anguish high,
 Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye,—
 Silently, o'er that red plain,
 Moved the Lady, 'midst the slain.
 She searched into many an unclosed eye,
 That looked without soul to the starry sky;
 She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—
 Not there, not there he lay!
 "Lead where the most has been dared and done:
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled;—lead on!
 And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree
 That waved o'er a fountain red;
 Oh, swiftest there had the current free
 From noble veins been shed!
 Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed,
 And the scattered plumage streamed,
 And the broken shields were tossed,
 And the shivered lances crossed—
HE WAS THERE! the leader amidst his band,
 Where the faithful had made their last vain stand;
 With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,
 And his country's flag to his bosom clasped!
 She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,—
 The time was not yet for their waves to flow;

And a proud smile shone on her pale despair,
 As she turned to her followers:—"Your lord is there!
 Look on him! know him by scarf and crest!
 Bear him away with his sires to rest!"

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend—
 No brother of battle—no princely friend:—
 By the red fountain the valiant lie—
 The flower of Provençal chivalry.
 But *ONE* free step, and one lofty heart,
 Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.
 "I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong?
 My soul hath risen for thy glory strong!
 Now call me hence by thy side to be:
 The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
 Give me my home on thy noble heart!
 Well have we loved—let us both depart!"

And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay.
 The living cheek! oh, it was not in vain
 That strife of the spirit, to rend its chain!
 She is there, at rest, in her place of pride!
 In death, how queenlike!—a glorious bride!
 From the long heart-withering early gone:
 She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

THE LIFEBOAT.

G. R. SIMS.

"Been out in the lifeboat often?" Ay, ay, sir, oft enough.
 "When it's rougher than this?" Why, bless you! this ain't what we
 calls rough.
 It's when there's a gale a-blowin', and the waves run in and break
 On the shore with a roar like thunder, and the white cliffs seem to
 shake:
 When the sea is a swirl of waters, and the bravest holds his breath
 As he hears the cry for the lifeboat—his summons, maybe, to death.
 That's when we call it rough, sir; but, if we can get her afloat,
 There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.
 You've heard of the *Royal Helen*, the ship as was wrecked last year;
 You be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here:

The night as she struck was reckon'd the worst as ever we had ;
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad.
The beach here was strew'd with wreckage, and, to tell you the
truth, sir, then
Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.
The single chaps were willin', and six on 'em volunteer'd,
But most on us here is married, and the wives that night was
skeer'd.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives,
But death that night look'd certain—and our wives be only wives ;
Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir ; but here, when the man lies
dead,

'Tain't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread.
So our women began to whimper, and beg o' the chaps to stay—
I only heard on it after, for that night I was kept away.
I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end ;
She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothing 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and pray'd
With my eyes as red as a babby's, that Death's hand might yet be
stay'd.

I heard the wild wind howlin', and I look'd on the wasted form,
And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin'
storm—

The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old wife,
Who'd sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of
life ;

And I look'd at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbour lights,
To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly,—she knew as her end was nigh,
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie ;
For we had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son—
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done ;
Then he'd bolted, his master told us—he was allus what folks call
wild.

From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smil'd.

And the night as the *Royal Helen* went down on yonder sands,
I sat and watch'd her dying, holdin' her wasted hands.
She mov'd in her doze a little, then her eyes were open'd wide.
And she seem'd to be seekin' somethin', as she look'd from side to
side ;

Then half to herself she whispered, "Where's Jack, to say good-bye!
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die!"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my
cheek,

And my lips were shap'd to whisper the words I couldn't speak;
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there
outside

With the news that the boat was launchin'. "You're wanted!" their
leader cried.

"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right,
There's a dozen of lives, maybe, John, as lie in our hands to-night!"
'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laugh'd at the women's
doubt,

We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was going
out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—

"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead—
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."

As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was
thrown,

And I saw her eyes fix'd strangely with a pleading look on me,
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea;
Then she beckon'd me near, and whisper'd, "Go, and God's will be
done!

For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."

"Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you! and spare me to see the
light,

And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the storm to-night."

Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,
And my mates outside when they saw me set up three hearty cheers;
But I rubb'd my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to old Ben and
said,

"I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up its dead!"

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in
view,

And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through,
But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary, and wet, and weak,
We drew in hail of the vessel, we had dared so much to seek.
But just as we came upon her she gave a fearful roll,
And went down in the seething whirlpool with every living soul!

We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark—
But only the wild wind answer'd the cries from the plungin' bark.

I was straining my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,
And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dash by:
I stretched out my hand to seize it—I dragged it aboard, and then
I stumbled and struck my forehead, and fell like a log on Ben.
I remember a hum of voices, and then I know'd no more
Till I came to my senses here, sir—here in my home ashore.
My forehead was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed—
I'd slipp'd, so they told me arter, and a rowlock had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whisper'd; they'd heard I was coming
round,

At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seem'd like a buzzin' sound;
But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustom'd to hear 'em
speak,

I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.
I guess'd what the lads were hiding, for their poor old shipmate's
sake;

I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break;
So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, "Look
here—

I am able to bear it now, lad—tell me and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,
And the others slink away like, and I says, "What's that about?
Why can't they tell me plainly as the dear old wife is dead?"
Then again I fell on the pillow, and I hid my achin' head;
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John,"
And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon;
For there by the bedside standin', up and well, was my wife,
And who do you think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life!

It was him as I sav'd from drownin', the night as the lifeboat went
To the wreck of the *Royal Helen*—'twas that as the vision meant.
They'd brought us ashore together; he'd knelt by his mother's bed,
And the sudden joy had rais'd her like a miracle from the dead—
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.
Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him
through;

He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

(From the "*Lifeboat and other Poems*", by special permission of the Author.)

BABIES.

JEROME K. JEROME.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Oh yes, I do—I know a lot about 'em. I was one myself once—though not long, not so long as my clothes. *They* were very long, I recollect, and always in my way when I wanted to kick. Why do babies have such yards of unnecessary clothing? Is it that parents are ashamed of the size of the child, and wish to make believe that it is longer than it actually is? I asked a nurse once why it was. She said—“Lor', sir, they always have long clothes, bless their little hearts.”

And when I explained that her answer, although doing credit to her feelings, hardly disposed of my difficulty, she replied—“Lor' sir, you wouldn't have 'em in *short* clothes, poor little dears?”

Since then, I have felt shy at making inquiries on the subject, and the reason—if reason there be—is still a mystery to me. But indeed, putting them in any clothes at all seems absurd to my mind. Why wake the poor little wretches up in the morning to take one lot of clothes off, fix another lot on, and put them to bed again; and then, at night, haul them out once more, merely to change everything back? And when all is done, what difference is there, I should like to know, between a baby's night-shirt and the thing it wears in the day-time? Very likely I am only making myself ridiculous—I often do; so I am informed—but, however, it would be a great convenience if some fashion were adopted, enabling you to tell a boy from a girl.

At present it is most awkward. Neither hair, dress, nor conversation affords the slightest clue, and you are left to guess. By some mysterious law of Nature you invariably guess wrong, and are thereupon regarded by all the relatives and friends as a mixture of fool and knave, the enormity of alluding to a male babe as “she” being only equalled by the atrocity of referring to a female infant as “he”. Whichever sex the particular child in question happens *not* to belong to is considered as beneath contempt, and any mention of it is taken as a personal insult to the family.

And as you value your fair name, do not attempt to get out of the difficulty by talking of “it”. There are various methods by which you may achieve ignominy and shame. But if you desire to drain to the dregs the fullest cup of scorn and hatred that a fellow human creature can pour out for you, let a young mother hear you

call dear baby "it". Your best plan is to address the article as "little angel". The noun "angel" being of common gender, suits the case admirably, and then the epithet is sure of being favourably received. "Pet" or "beauty" are useful for variety's sake, but "angel" is the term that brings you the greatest credit for sense and good feeling. The word should be preceded by a short giggle, and accompanied by as much smile as possible. And whatever you do, don't forget to say that the child has got its father's nose. This "fetches" the parents (if I may be allowed a vulgarism) more than anything. They will pretend to laugh at the idea at first, and will say, "Oh, nonsense!" You must then get excited, and insist that it is a fact. You have no conscientious scruples on the subject, because the thing's nose really does resemble its father—at all events quite as much as it does anything else in nature—being as it is, a mere smudge.

A man—an unmarried man, that is—is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of "seeing baby". A cold shudder runs down his back at the bare proposal, and the sickly smile with which he says how delighted he shall be, ought surely to move even a mother's heart, unless, as I am inclined to believe, the whole proceeding is a mere device, adopted by wives to discourage the visits of bachelor friends. It is a cruel trick, though, whatever its excuse may be. The bell is rung, and somebody sent to tell nurse to bring down baby. This is the signal for all the females present to commence talking "baby", during which time you are left to your own sad thoughts, and to speculations upon the practicability of suddenly recollecting an important engagement, and the likelihood of your being believed if you do. Just when you have concocted an absurdly implausible tale about a man outside, the door opens, and a tall, severe-looking woman enters, carrying what at first sight appears to be a particularly skinny bolster, with the feathers all at one end. Instinct, however, tells you that this is "baby", and you rise with a miserable attempt at appearing eager. When the first gush of feminine enthusiasm with which the object in question is received has died out, and the number of ladies talking at once has been reduced to the ordinary four or five, the circle of fluttering petticoats divides, and room is made for you to step forward. This you do with much the same air that you would walk into the dock of a Police Court, and then, feeling unutterably miserable, you stand solemnly staring at the child. There is dead silence, and you know that every one is waiting for you to speak. You try to think of something to say, but find, to your horror, that your reasoning faculties

have left you. It is a moment of despair, and your evil genius, seizing the opportunity, suggests to you some of the most idiotic remarks that it is possible for a human being to perpetrate. Glancing round, you observe that "It hasn't got much hair, has it?" Nobody answers you for a minute, but at last the stately nurse says with much gravity—"It is not customary for children five weeks old to have long hair." Another silence follows this, and you feel you are being given a second chance, which you avail yourself of by inquiring if it can walk yet, or what they feed it on.

By this time you have got to be regarded as not quite right in your head, and pity is the only thing felt for you. The nurse, however, is determined that, insane or not, there shall be no shirking, and that you shall go through your task to the end. She says, holding the bundle towards you, "Take her in your arms, sir." You are too crushed to offer any resistance, and so meekly accept the burden. "Put your arm more down her middle, sir." Then all step back and watch you intently as though you were going to do a trick with it.

What to do you know no more than you did what to say. It is certain something must be done, however, and the only thing that occurs to you is to heave the unhappy infant up and down to the accompaniment of "oopsee-daisy".

"I wouldn't jig her, sir, if I were you," says the nurse; "a very little upsets her." You promptly decide not to jig her, and sincerely hope that you have not gone too far already.

At this point, the child itself, who has hitherto been regarding you with an expression of mingled horror and disgust, puts an end to the nonsense by beginning to yell at the top of its voice, at which nurse rushes forward and snatches it from you with, "There, then, there; what did ums do to ums?"

"How very extraordinary!" you say pleasantly. "Whatever made it go off like that?"

"Oh, you must have done something to her!" says the mother indignantly; "the child wouldn't scream like that for nothing."

It is evident they think you have been running pins into it. The wretch is calmed at last, and would no doubt remain quiet enough, only some mischievous busybody points you out again with "Who's this, baby?" and the intelligent child, recognizing you, howls louder than ever.

Babies, though, with all their crimes and errors, are not without their use—not without use, surely, when they fill an empty heart; not without use, when, at their call, sunbeams of love break through

care-clouded faces; not without use when their little fingers press wrinkles into smiles.

Odd little people! They are the unconscious comedians of the world's great stage.

The world; the small round world; what a vast, mysterious place it must seem to the little innocent faces clustered in timid helplessness round those great gates that open down that longest street of all—that long, dim street of life that stretches out before them—what grave, old-fashioned looks they seem to cast! What pitiful, frightened looks sometimes! Poor little feet, just commencing the stony journey! We, old travellers, far down the road, can only pause to wave a hand to you. You come out of the dark mist, and we, looking back, see you, so tiny in the distance, standing on the brow of the hill, your arms stretched out towards us.

“God speed you! We would stay and take your little hands in ours, but the murmur of the great sea is in our ears, and we may not linger. God speed you, little ones—God speed you!

(From “Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow”, by special permission of the Author.)

LASCA.

FRANK DESPREZ.

(Adapted for Recital.)

I want free life and I want fresh air; and I sigh for the canter after the cattle,—the crack of the whips, like shots in a battle,—the mêlée of horns and hoofs and heads that wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads; the green beneath and the blue above, and dash and danger, and life and love, and Lasca.

Lasca used to ride on a mouse-grey mustang, close to my side, with blue serape and bright-belled spur; I laughed with joy as I looked at her! Little knew she of books or of creeds; an “Ave Maria” sufficed her needs; little she cared, save to be by my side, to ride with me, and ever to ride! from San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide. She was as bold as the billows that beat—she was as wild as the breezes that blow; from her little head to her little feet she was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro by each gust of passion: a sapling pine, that grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff, and wars with the wind when the weather is rough, is like this Lasca—this love of mine! She would hunger, that I might eat; would take the bitter, and leave me the sweet; but once, when I made her jealous, for fun, at something I whispered, or looked, or

done, one evening in San Antonia, she drew from her girdle a dear little dagger, and—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger! An inch to the left, or an inch to the right, and I shouldn't be maundering here to-night; but she sobbed—and, sobbing, so swiftly bound, that I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count in Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

One murky night the air was hot, I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot! Forgot the herd that were taking their rest; forgot that the air was close opprest; that the Texas "Norther" comes sudden and soon, in the dead of night or the blaze of noon; that once let the herd at its breath take fright, nothing on earth can stop their flight; then—woe to the rider, and woe to the steed, who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord of my swift mustang without a word. I sprang to the saddle—and she clung behind: away! on a hot chase down the wind! But never was fox-hunt half so hard, and never was steed so little spared. For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared, in Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on; there was one chance left,—and you have but one,—halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse; crouch under his carcase, and take your chance; and if the steers, in their frantic course, don't batter you both to pieces at once, you may thank your stars; if not, good-bye to the quickening kiss, and the long-drawn sigh, and the open air, and the open sky, in Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, just as I felt for my old six-shooter behind in my belt, down came the mustang, and down came we, clinging together, and—what was the rest? A body that spread itself on my breast. Two arms that shielded my dizzy head, two lips that hard on my lips were prest; then came thunder in my ears, as over us surged the sea of steers; blows that beat blood into my eyes, and when I could rise—Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep, and there, in Earth's arms, I laid her to sleep; and there she is lying, and no one knows; and the summer shines, and the winter snows: and, for many a day, the flowers have spread a pall of petals over her head; and the little grey hawk hangs aloft in the air; and the sly coyoté trots here and there; and the black snake glides and glitters and slides into a rift in a cottonwood tree; and the buzzard sails on, and comes and is gone, stately and still like a ship at sea; and I wonder why I do not care for the things that are, like the things that were: does half my heart lie buried there, in Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

REV. DAVID MACRAE.

We had a great public dinner in connection with the Charity School. When dinner was over and the toast-drinking commenced, I wish you could have been there to hear some of the speeches. How, for instance, in proposing the health of the Governor of the School, our Chairman, who had never heard of the Governor before, said that he was sure we would drink this toast with the utmost enthusiasm.

"It is entirely unnecessary for me," he said, "to say a single word in regard to one whose name is so familiar to us all as the name of —of" (a pause, Chairman trying to remember)—"as the name of Mr."—(trying to find it now upon the programme)—"the name of Mr."—

"Duffy," whispered the gentleman on his right.

"Duffy," repeated the Chairman with an air of relief—"so familiar to us all as the name of Mr. Duffy."

Then how poor Mr. Duffy, who had prepared an elaborate speech, but had forgotten it, got up with a face as if he were on his way to be hanged, to assure us that this was the happiest moment in all his life; which I was glad to hear Mr. Duffy say, for I should not have inferred it from his appearance.

The Rev. Mr. Maclacky rose next, and proposed, in a pulpit voice of appalling solemnity, the health of Mrs. Anderson, the matron of the Institution.

It was, he said, a wonderful Institution. We were living in a wonderful age. He might point abroad, and he might point at home. He might point to—to the Cattle Plague, which had proved itself of so destructive a character. He was not aware that that plague had extended itself to sheep, but amongst cattle of all kinds it had proved itself most destructive in its character.

As there seemed no likelihood of Mr. Maclacky getting off this singular tack, his next neighbour nudged him.

"Yes," said Mr. Maclacky, "it is time to be done. I must not detain you with any lengthened observations. But after what has been already said, I am sure that you will cordially join with me in drinking the health of Mrs. Anderson, the matron of this Institution."

But the memorable speech of the evening was to come.

The Rev. Mr. Burke, our Episcopal minister, was there, of course; and M'Swilling of M'Swilling was to propose the Clergy, coupling the toast with Mr. Burke's name. When the time came, however,

M'Swilling was nowhere to be seen, being, as we afterwards discovered, asleep, in a rather elevated condition, in the cloak-room, with an admirable speech on the progress of religion and morality in the tail-pocket of his coat.

As M'Swilling had disappeared, the Chairman pencilled a note hastily to my next neighbour, Rumbleton, asking *him* to propose the toast, and not forget, in winding up, to pay a compliment to the Episcopal clergyman, and refer to his connection with "the celebrated Burke"—meaning, of course, the famous orator and statesman. The last word, however, was indistinctly written, and Rumbleton, after staring at it for a while, nudged me and said, "What word is this?—The celebrated B—n—k—e, Binkie! 'The celebrated Binkie'—Who was he?"

"No," I said; "that's 'Burke'—the same name as our clergyman. His family is related to the famous Burke."

"Oh, indeed!" said Rumbleton, apparently with some surprise. He paused awhile, and then said in a low voice, "Would he like that mentioned? Do you think Burke was a good man?"

"Certainly," I said. "Why not? His peculiar views may have gained him some bitter enemies; but there can be no doubt that, personally, Burke was both a good and a great man."

Rumbleton looked rather dubious; but having his reputation to sustain as a crack speaker, he threw himself into the subject with his usual enthusiasm. Towards the close of his speech he paid a high-flown compliment to the Rev. Mr. Burke, and proceeded to refer to his family.

"Who has not heard a thousand times," he said, "of his connection with the celebrated Burke? (Hear, hear.) I hold that Burke was a good man (hear, hear)—yes, a good and a great man. (Cheers.) I am aware that some people have thought otherwise, owing, of course, to the peculiar views which Mr. Burke held on the [Rumbleton looked doubtfully at Mr. Burke, and coughed]—on the subject," he said, as if disgorging an alligator, "of providing bodies for the Edinburgh doctors."

Edinburgh doctors! I got a shock like the shock of a voltaic battery. Bodies for the Edinburgh doctors! What! Did the idiot think it was Burke the murderer?

A deathly stillness had fallen suddenly upon the company. Mr. Burke's face turned fiery red. Every eye was turned on Rumbleton with an awful expression. Rumbleton saw the change, seemed surprised, but evidently felt that he had a strong case to go upon.

"I cannot but think, gentlemen," he said in a tone of expostulation.

“that these peculiar views of Mr. Burke’s had a doubtful look—at least to *some* people—mark me, I say *only* to some people!”

“Stop, man, stop!” I whispered, twitching his coat-tail. “That was another person altogether!”

“A different person!” exclaimed Rumbleton, looking round at me in utter bewilderment, while the company began to break into uproar.

“Oh, now I see; yes, yes, you mean the other man!”

“One moment, gentlemen!” he cried. “Hear me for a moment, gentlemen! I said, to *some* people they had a doubtful look; but why, gentlemen, why? Because these people are shamefully ignorant of the circumstances of the case. But my own opinion is, and I think I may assure Mr. Burke that the opinion of this entire company is, that it was a different person altogether!—that Burke was not the man, though he suffered for it!—that it was the other man—the scoundrel Hare—that did the business!”

(By special permission of the Author.)

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

W. A. SIGOURNEY.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky, and earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing—flirting—skimming along—
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady’s cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow;
How the flakes gather, and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in maddening fun;
It plays in its glee with every one;
Chasing—laughing—hurrying by,
It lights on the face, and sparkles the eye;
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humour and song;

How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
 Ringing—swinging—dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
As to make one regret to see it lie
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, and heart like its glow
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Once I was pure as snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth on the street,
Fell to be scoffed, and spit on, and beat;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

 Fainting—freezing—dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not: Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

 Groaning—bleeding—dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree;
His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear—
“Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my prayer?”
Oh God! in the stream that for sinners doth flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

BRIARY VILLAS.

ANON.

I'm number one: Vidler is number two Briary Villas, Plimliville.

Now, I am not a violent man, and I never make use of bad language, but I must say something when I mention Vidler's name, if it's only "Boil Vidler".

We were just settling down when he arrived, and the very first night his servant came and knocked at our door with "master's compliments, and he had left his last house on account of the horgans, and would we leave off playing the pyhanner".

That was a sample, for every day there was something the nasty little, fat, round, bald-headed old bachelor, or his pea-like sister had to complain about.

At last the troubles culminated one cold February evening, and that trouble cost me fifty pounds, and made Vidler my sworn enemy for life.

Binny and I were just having a quiet chat in the sitting-room, and all was cosy, when suddenly I sniffed. Then Binny sniffed. Then we both sniffed together.

"What a smell of soot!" I exclaimed.

"It's that odious old Vidler's chimney smoking," said Binny. "Oh, Charlie, do let's move, they are such disagreeable people. The old woman actually made faces at me to-day as I sat by the window."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and "Our Emma" appeared. Cook always calls her "Our Emma", to distinguish her, I suppose, from the next door servant, whose name is Jane.

"Well, Emma?"

"Oh, if you please, mum, will you come down, please?"

"Is anything the matter, Emma?"

"No, mum, there's nothink the matter; but I made up a good fire, as you told me, in the dining-room, and it will keep on a-roaring so."

"Why, you've set the chimney on fire!" I shouted.

"Well, sir, that's what cook says; but I don't think it is.

I ran downstairs to find that not only was the fire roaring away, but great pats of burning soot were tumbling down the chimney. I seized the salt-cellars and emptied them on the fire. That seemed no good; so calling to the maids to bring a couple of pails, I had them filled and carried upstairs, climbed the ladder, and got on the roof. "It will make a horrible mess," I thought, as I looked at the smoke pouring up from the long narrow chimney stack.

"But better a dirty fender," I continued aloud, "than five pounds for a fire-engine."

As I spoke I raised the pail of water and poured it down the smoking chimney. Then I took a full can from Emma, whose head appeared upon the scene.

"No fire-engines to-night," I chuckled; and as a rumbling, gurgling noise came up the chimney, I poured down the second pailful and descended. "How is the dining-room, Binny?" I asked, when I got down.

"It's left off roaring, dear," she replied; and on going in, to my surprise I found the fire burning brightly, while the roaring noise had ceased, and all was beautiful and clean.

"Why, my dear Binny!" I exclaimed; and then the roaring noise began again—not in the chimney this time, but at the front door, which somebody seemed determined to batter down.

"I'll go, Emma," I said; "it's the engine." Going to the door then I opened it cautiously, but only to be driven in and followed by a hideous little object in the shape of Vidler—round, fierce, blackened with soot, drenched with water, and foaming at the mouth. I was not afraid of him but of the dirt, as he chased me into the dining-room, where I kept him at bay with the legs of a chair.

"You atrocious scoundrel!" he panted, from the midst of his strangely blackened face, as he tore with sooty hand at his wet black shirt-front and white kerseymere waistcoat. "You villain, this is one of your cursed practical jokes; but I'll have an action—I'll have an action!"

"Perhaps, sir, as plaintiff, you will explain upon what grounds," I said blandly.

"Grounds, sir! grounds! you smooth-tongued, insulting black-guard. Why, sir, five minutes ago I was standing, as is my wont, reading my paper and warming my back, when an avalanche, a cataract—a dirty, abominable fall of Niagara, sir, came rushing down my chimney, sir, deluging me, my Turkey carpet and my hearth-rug, and putting out my fire. As soon as I could recover from my astonishment, sir, I thrust my head up the chimney, sir, and roared out to you to cease, when, sir, a second avalanche came down, and—and—hang it all, sir, just look at me!"

I did look, and he certainly was a guy.

"Now, sir, what does this mean?"

"Mean, sir," I replied, "well, I'm afraid I poured the water down the wrong chimney."

SCENE FROM THE RIVALS.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

TWO CHARACTERS—SIR ANTHONY AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Capt. A. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, eh?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you; settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife; why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Od so! I mustn't forget her though.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference.

Capt. A. Sir! sir! you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what on earth's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why, what difference does that make? Ods life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Harkye, Jack! I have heard you for some time with patience; I have been cool, quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself,—when I am not thwarted! No one more easily led,—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a phrenzy

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it,—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now hang me if ever I call you Jack again, while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word; not one word: so give me your promise by a nod; and I'll tell you what, Jack (I mean, you dog!), if you don't—

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!—

Sir Anth. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew; she shall be all this, sirrah! yet, I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve! I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion at

your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

Capt A. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me? What good can passion do? passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, over-bearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper; you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last. But mark!—I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you: if not, zounds! don't enter into the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission! I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, and hang me! if ever I call you Jack again!

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

ROBERT BURNS.

(*Adapted for Recital.*)

November chill blows loud wi' angry sough:
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek:
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love!—where love like this is found!—
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 "If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible ance his father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God":
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around our much-loved isle.

JUD BROWNING ON RUBINSTEIN'S PIANO PLAYING.

MOSES ADAMS.

"Jud, they say you heard Rubinstein play when you were in New York? Tell us about it."

"What, me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty: go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-corneredst pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was: if it hadn't been, he'd a tore the intire inside clean out, and scattered it to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did. When he first set down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wished he hadn't come. He tweedle-leadled a little on the tribble, and twoodle-oodle-oodled some on

the bass,—jist foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man setting next me, 'What sort o' fool-playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up an' down the keys, like a passel o' rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though; and reminded me of a sugar-squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy-cage.

"'Now,' I says to my neighbour, 'he's a-showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee—no plan of nothin'. If he'd play a tune of some kind or other, I'd——'

"But my neighbour says, 'Heish!' very impatient.

"I was jist about to git up and go home, being tired of that foolishness, when I heard, a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate; and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down again. It was the peep o' day. The light come faint from the east,—the breeze blowed gentle and fresh—some more birds waked up in the orchard—then some more in the trees near the house—and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Jist then the first beam o' the sun fell upon the blossoms; a leetle more, an' it techt the roses on the bushes; an' the next thing it was broad day: the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves were movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew; and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or starvin' woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'. And I says to my neighbour, 'That's music, that is!'

"But he glared at me like he'd like to swallow me.

"Presently the music changed; a kind of grey mist come over things; I got low-sperited d'rectly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies, and made a brook that flowed silent—except that you could kinder see the music—'specially when the bushes on the banks moved, as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. The most curious thing, though, was a little white Angel-boy, like you see in picters, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—/ never was, certain. I could see that boy jist as plain as I see you. Then it got dark; the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother; and I could a' got up then and thar, and preached

a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blamed thing; and yet I didn't want that music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable, than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it, so I pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'—my eyes is weak anyway,—and I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me as mad as Tucker.

"Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged, like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright; and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeard of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' at the same time! He lit into them keys like a thousand o' bricks; he give 'em no rest day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a-going; and 'ot bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang onto my seat, and jist hollered, 'Go it, my RUBE!'

"Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! put him out!'

"'Put your great grandmother's grizly-grey-greenish cat into the middle of next month,' I says. 'Tech me if you dar! I paid my money, and you jist come a-nigh me!'

"With that some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a' fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Rubie out or die.

"He had changed his tune again. He tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the key-board. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water; full of feelin' that couldn't be thought of; and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that—it was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetinin' with white sugar mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too too sweet. I tell you, the audience cheered; Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopt a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his finger through his har; he shoved up his sleeves; he opened his coat-tails a little further, he drug up his stool, he leaned

over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks, till she fairly yelled. He knocked her down, and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull—she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound—she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat—and then he wouldn't let her up! He ran a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth—and you heard thunder gallopin' after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got away out of the trible into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of them. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go! He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he crost over first lady, he balanced to pards, he chassey'd right and left, back to your places; he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, prominade all, in and out, here and thar, back and forth, perpetual motion, doubled and twisted, and turned and tied and tacked and tangled into forty-'leven thousand double-bow knots!

"It *was* a mixtery! And even then he wouldn't let the old pianner go! He fetched up his right wing, he fetched up his left wing, he fetched up his centre, he fetched up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by companies, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon,—siege-guns down thar; Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder;—big guns, little guns, middle-size guns; round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines—every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time! The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rocked; heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, nine-pins, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Anne, Hallelujah, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Jeroosalem, Tump Tompson in a tumbler cart—roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle! ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle! raddle-addle-addle-addle-addle. riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle! reette-eette-eette-eette-eette-eette-eette! p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per lang!! p-r-r-r-r-r-r-lang! BANG!!!

"With that *bang*! he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose, striking every single solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semiquavers—and I knowd no mo'!"

THE MURDER OF MONTAGUE TIGG.

CHARLES DICKENS.

(Adapted for Recital.)

"My dear Chuzzlewit!" cried Montague Tigg as Jonas entered :
"you rise with the lark. Though you go to bed with the nightin-
gale, you rise with the lark."

"Ecod! I should be very glad not to get up with the lark, if I could help it. But I am a light sleeper; and it's better to be up, than lying awake, counting the dismal old church-clocks, in bed. Hallo! who's that? Oh, old what's-his-name: looking as if he wanted to skulk up the chimney. He's not wanted here, I suppose. He may go, may'nt he?"

This remark of Mr. Jonas was in allusion to Mr. Nadgett, the man employed by Mr. Montague Tigg at a pound a week to make inquiries. Mr. Nadgett was then standing with his back to Jonas, apparently unconscious of the presence of anybody, and absorbed in drying his pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh, let him stay, let him stay!" said Tigg. "He's a mere piece of furniture. He has been making his report, and is waiting for further orders. He has been told not to lose sight of certain friends of ours. He understands his business."

"He need," replied Jonas; "for of all the precious old dummies in appearance that ever I saw, he's about the worst. He's afraid of me, I think."

"It's my belief that you are Poison to him. Nadgett! give me that towel!"

He had as little occasion for a towel as Jonas had for a start. But Nadgett brought it quickly; and, having lingered for a moment, fell back upon his old post by the fire.

Then Jonas spoke :

"Now we've done with child's talk, I want to have a word with you before we meet up yonder to-day. I am not satisfied with the state of affairs."

"Not satisfied! The money comes in well."

"The money comes *in* well enough, but it don't come *out* well enough. It can't be got at easily enough. I haven't sufficient power; it is all in your hands. If you should take it into your honourable head to go abroad with the bank, I don't see much to prevent you. Well! That won't do. I've had some very good dinners here, but they'd come too dear on such terms: and therefore, that won't do."

"I am unfortunate to find you in this humour," said Tigg, with a remarkable kind of smile: "for I was going to propose to you—for your own advantage; solely for your own advantage—that you should venture a little more with us."

"Was you?" said Jonas. "And it'll be all to my advantage, won't it?"

"It will be very much to your advantage."

"And you can't tell how, can't you?"

"SHALL I tell you how?"

"I think you had better," said Jonas. "Strange things have been done in the Assurance way before now, by strange sorts of men, and I mean to take care of myself."

"Chuzzlewit!" replied Montague, leaning forward, with his arms upon his knees, and looking full into his face. "Strange things have been done, and are done every day; not only in our way, but in a variety of other ways; and no one suspects them. But ours, as you say, my good friend, is a strange way; and we strangely happen, sometimes, to come to the knowledge of very strange events."

He beckoned to Jonas to bring his chair nearer; and looking slightly round, whispered in his ear.

From red to white; from white to red again; from red to yellow; then to a cold, dull, awful, sweat-bedabbled blue. In that short whisper, all these changes fell upon the face of Jonas Chuzzlewit; and when at last he laid his hand upon the whisperer's mouth, appalled, lest any syllable of what he said should reach the ears of the third person present, it was as bloodless, and as heavy as the hand of Death.

He drew his chair away, and sat a spectacle of terror, misery, and rage. He was afraid to speak, or look, or move, or sit still. Abject, crouching, and miserable, he was a greater degradation to the form he bore, than if he had been a loathsome wound from head to heel.

"You'll not object to venture further with us, Chuzzlewit, my friend?"

"No."

"A thousand thanks. Shall we walk downstairs? Mr. Nadgett! Follow us, if you please."

They went down in that order. Whatever Jonas felt in reference to Montague; whatever sense of being caged, and barred, and trapped; he never for an instant thought that the slinking figure half a dozen stairs behind him was his pursuing Fate.

Next night unwatched, alone in his own house, Jonas took from his portmanteau a pair of clumsy shoes, and put them on his feet; also

a pair of leather leggings, such as countrymen are used to wear, with straps to fasten them to the waistband. In these he dressed himself at leisure. Lastly, he took out a common frock of coarse dark jean, which he drew over his own underclothing; and a felt hat. He looked out; passed out; locked the street door after him.

All was clear and quiet as he fled away. His object was to kill the man who held his secret.

He shaped his course for the main western road, and soon reached it.

Wandering into a copse by the roadside he tore out from a fence a thick, hard, knotted stake; and, sitting beneath a hay-rick, spent some time in shaping it, in peeling off the bark, and fashioning its jagged head with his knife.

The day passed on. Noon, afternoon, evening. Sunset.

At that serene and peaceful time, two men, riding in a gig, came out of the city by a road not much frequented. One of the travellers was Montague Tigg.

"Keep the path, my dear sir, and go straight through the little wood you'll come to. Good-night!"

"Good-night. And a pleasant ride!"

Tigg was flushed with wine, but not gay. His scheme had succeeded, but he showed no triumph. A shadowy veil was dropping round him, closing out all thoughts but the vague foreknowledge of impending doom.

Cold, although the air was warm: dull, although the sky was bright. He checked himself, undecided whether to pursue the footpath or to go back by the road.

He took the footpath.

The glory of the departing sun was on his face. The music of the birds was in his ears. Sweet wild-flowers bloomed about him. Thatched roofs of poor men's homes were in the distance.

He had never read the lesson which these things conveyed; he had ever mocked and turned away from it; but, before going down into a hollow place, he looked round, once, upon the evening prospect, sorrowfully. Then he went down, down, down, into the dell. Then, he was seen or heard no more.

Never more beheld by mortal eye or heard by mortal ear: one man excepted. That man, parting the branches on the other side, near where the path emerged again, came leaping out soon afterwards.

What had he left within the wood, that he sprang out of it, as if it were a hell?

The body of a murdered man.

In the London streets again. Hush!

But five o'clock. Jonas had time enough to reach his own house unobserved.

The passage-way was empty when his murderer's face looked into it. He stole on, to the door.

He listened. Not a sound.

He went in, locked the door. Took off his disguise, undressed, and went to bed.

The raging thirst, the fire that burnt within him as he lay beneath the clothes; the starts with which he left his couch, and looking in the glass, imagined that his deed was broadly written in his face, and lying down and burying himself once more beneath the blankets, heard his own heart beating Murder, Murder, Murder, in the bed.

The morning advanced. Footsteps in the house. A stealthy tread outside his door.

He looked, and his gaze was nailed to the door. What men were standing in the doorway?

Nadgett foremost.

"That is the man. By the window!"

Three others came in, and secured him.

"Murder," said Nadgett. "Let no one interfere."

"I accuse him yonder of the murder of Mr. Montague, who was found last night, killed, in a wood. From that garret-window opposite," said Nadgett, pointing across the narrow street, "I have watched this house and him for days and nights. From that garret-window opposite I saw a countryman steal out of this house, by a side-door in the court, who had never entered it. I knew his walk, and that it was himself, disguised. I arrest him for the Murder."

He whined, and cried, and cursed, and entreated them, and struggled, and submitted, in the same breath, and had no power to stand. They got him away and into the coach. He soon fell moaning down among the straw at the bottom, and lay there.

The man stooped down in quick alarm, and looked at the prisoner.

"Stop the coach! He has poisoned himself!"

They dragged him out, into the street; but jury, judge, and hangman could have done no more, and could do nothing now. Dead, dead, dead.

(By special permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

JENNIE McNEALE.

WILL CARLETON.

Paul Revere was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeale.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to *fears*,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years;
With fun her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing.
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell;
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall,
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true,
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeale.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their pearly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red-coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying: "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;

Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a *rebel* colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close watched the while by Jennie McNeale.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near.
Had been her true friend—kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories, many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be .
Your skill and courage may stand by me".
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeale.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bareheaded she slipped from the cottage-door
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed,
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeale.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes heaved fire from the rocky road

And the high-born courage, that never dies,
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain-drops splashed on her glowing face.
"On—on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeale.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in a rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeale.

So on she rushed, at her own good-will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted: "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all.
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeale.

They were a furlong behind or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm, helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as firebrands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,

And shouted: "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sank on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeale.

The startled colonel sprang and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay;
But first he bent in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest,
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said--
"Never you hold a moment's dread,
Of womanhood I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen,
Wear this gold ring as your valour's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putman's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeale.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

G. A. BAKER.

Oh, Lowbury pastor is fair and young,
But far too good for a single life,
And many a maiden, saith gossip's tongue,
Would fain be Lowbury pastor's wife--

So his bookmarks are 'broidered in crimson and gold,
And his slippers are, really, "a sight to behold".

That's the Lowbury pastor, sitting there
On the cedar boughs by the chancel rails;
His face is clouded with carking care,
For it's nearly five, the daylight fails—
The church is silent—the girls are gone,
And the Christmas wreaths not nearly done.

Two tiny boots crunch-crunch the snow,
They saucily stamp at the transept door,
And then up the pillared aisle they go
Pit-pat, clack-clack, on the marble floor—
A lady fair doth that pastor see,
And he saith, "Oh, bother, it isn't she!"

A lady in sealskin—eyes of blue
And tangled tresses of snow-flecked gold—
She speaks, "Good gracious! Can this be you,
Sitting alone in the dark and cold?
The rest all gone? Why, it wasn't right;
These texts will never be done to-night."

She sits down at her pastor's feet,
And, wreathing evergreens, weaves her wiles,
Heart-piercing glances bright and fleet,
Soft little sighs, and shy little smiles;
But the pastor is solemnly sulky and glum,
And thinketh it strange that "she" doesn't come.

Then she tells him earnestly, soft and low,
How she'd do her part in this world of strife,
And humbly look to him to know
The path that her feet should tread through life—
Her pastor yawneth behind his hat,
And wondereth what she is driving at.

Crunch-crunch again on the snow outside,
The pastor riseth unto his feet,
The vestry-door is opened wide,
A dark-eyed maid doth the pastor greet,
And the lady fair can see and hear
The pastor kiss her, and call her "dear".

“Why, Maud!” “Why, Nelly!” those damsels cry,
 But lo, what troubles that lady fair?
 On Nelly’s finger there meets her eye
 The glow of a diamond solitaire,
 And she thinks, as she sees the glittering ring,
 “And so *she’s* caught him—the hateful thing!”

There sit they all ’neath the Christmas-tree,
 For Maud is determined that she won’t go,
 The pastor is cross as a man can be,
 And Nelly would like to pinch her so,
 And they go on wreathing the text again—
 It is “Peace on earth and good-will towards men”.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

Come hither, Evan Cameron, come, stand beside my knee—
 I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea.
 There’s shouting on the mountain-side, there’s war within the blast;
 Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past.
 I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
 And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

’Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber’s
 snows,

What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
 I’ve told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
 And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy’s shore:
 I’ve told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsay’s pride;
 But never have I told thee yet how the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes: O, deed of deathless shame!
 I charge thee, boy, if e’er thou meet with one of Assynt’s name—
 Be it upon the mountain’s side, or yet within the glen,
 Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by arméd men—
 Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wrong’d thy sire’s
 renown;

Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down!

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen
 span,
 As though they held a lion there, and not a fenceless man.

They set him high upon a cart—the hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipp'd from leash, they cheer'd the common
throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes bent down on that array. . . .
But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and
high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.

But onwards—always onwards, in silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured, till it reach'd the house of doom.
Then, as the Græme looked upwards, he saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his King for gold—the master-fiend, Argyle!
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud, “Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared to look him in the face.”

Had I been there, with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had peal'd the slogan-cry;
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailed men,
Not all the rebels in the South had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

“Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there—
I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day to win the martyr's crown!
There is a chamber far away, where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me, than by my father's grave;
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might, this hand hath always
striven,

And ye raise it up for a witness still, in the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—give every town a limb—
And God, who made, shall gather them: I go from you to Him!”

Ah, boy! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—the bells begin to toll—
“He is coming! he is coming! God’s mercy on his soul!”
There was colour in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvell’d as they saw him pass, that great and goodly
man.

He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people, so he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens, and they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through;
Yet a black and murky battlement lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—all else was calm and still.

A beam of light fell o’er him, like a glory round the shriven.
And he climb’d the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder-roll!
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush, and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was done!

ARTEMUS WARD’S LECTURE.

A. WARD.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I don’t expect to do great things here to-night. But I thought if I could make enough money to take me to New Zealand—I shouldn’t have lived in vain. I don’t want to live in vain, I’d rather live in Margate or here. I don’t care for money. How often do large fortunes ruin young men—I should like to be ruined. I’m not an artist, but I have been always, more or less, mixed up with Art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who takes anything he can lay his hands on. I like Art, I admire Dramatic Art, altho’ I failed as an actor. The play was, “The Ruins of Herculaneum”. I played “The Ruins”. The Ruins was not a success; a friend of mine played “The Burning Mountain”; he was worse than “The Ruins”, he was a bad Vesuvius.

The remembrance often makes me ask, where are the boys of my youth? Some are with you here; some are abroad, some are in gaol. Hence arises a most touching question. Where are the girls of my youth? Some are married, some would like to be. Oh! my Maria

Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—Because I am. I like music. I can't sing—as a singist I'm not a success,—I am saddest when I sing, so are those who hear me, they are sadder than I am.

Some silver-voiced young men came under my window the other night, and sang—

“Come where my love is dreaming”.

But I didn't go.

The Great American Desert in Winter; this is a great Work of Art, an oil painting, done in petroleum. It is by the “Old Masters”. This is the last thing they did before dying; they did this, and then they expired.

Some of the greatest living artists come here, every morning, before daylight, with lanterns, to look at it. They say—“They never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again”.

I don't like to speak about it, but I once made the great speech of my life—I wish you could have heard it—I have a fine education, I speak six different languages—London, Chatham, and Dover; Margate, Brighton, and Hastings.

I wish you could have heard that speech—if Cicero— Well—he's dead now—he has gone from us—but if dear old Cis could have heard that effort, it would have given him the influenza.

I spoke that speech to two battalions of soldiers, and I worked them up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that they came very near shooting me on the spot.

I remember being once surrounded by a band of Indians—they were armed with rifles, knives, and pistols.

I am a brave man. On the very day before the battle of Bull's Run I was on the highway, while the bullets, those awful messengers of death, were passing all around me thickly—in waggons, on their way to the battle-field. There were too many of those Indians; there were forty of them and only *one* of me. So I said, “Great Chief, I surrender.” His name was Wocky Bocky. He approached me, I saw his Tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight; he mingled his swarthy fingers with my golden locks. He waved his dreadful Thomas-hawk before my lily-white face. He exclaimed:

“Toosha—Arra—Darra Book she.”

Says I, “Mr. Wocky Bocky, I've thought so for years, and so has all our family.”

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me when I was at Utah—seventeen young widows, the wives of a

deceased Mormon, offered me their hands and hearts. Taking their soft white hands in mine, which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears—I said: “Why is this thus? What is the meaning of this thusness?” They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs—of different size. Then they said: “Doth not like us?” I said: “I doth—I doth.” I also remarked: “I hope your intentions are honourable, as I am a lone child, my parents being ‘far, far away’.”

Then they said: “Wilt not marry us?”

I said: “Oh! no! It cannot was.” Then they said: “Oh cruel, cruel man! this is too much, too much!”

“Yes,” says I, “I think it is. It is on account of the muchness I decline.”

SCENE FROM “THE LADY OF LYONS”.

BULWER LYTTON.

TWO CHARACTERS—CLAUDE MELNOTTE. PAULINE.

Mel. Now, lady, hear me.

Pauline. Hear thee!

Ay, speak—her son! have fiends a parent? speak!
That thou may'st silence curses—speak!

Mel. No, curse me:

Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

Pauline (Laughing wildly). “This is thy palace, where the perfumed light

“Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,

“And every air is heavy with the sighs

“Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,

“And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth

“I' the midst of roses!” Dost thou like the picture?

This is my bridal home, and thou my bridegroom!

O fool—O dupe—O wretch!—I see it all—

The by-word and the jeer of every tongue

In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch

Of human kindness? If thou hast, why kill me,

And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot—

It cannot be: this is some horrid dream:

I shall awake soon.—(*Touching him.*) Art flesh? art man? or but

The shadows seen in sleep?—It is too real.

What have I done to thee? how sinn'd against thee,

That thou shouldst crush me thus?

Mel. Pauline, by pride—

Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—

That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—

The evil spirit of a bitter love,

And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.

From my first years my soul was fill'd with thee:

I saw thee midst the flow'rs the lowly boy

Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,

And joy and freshness, as if Spring itself

Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!

I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man

Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy.

And from that hour I grew—what to the last

I shall be—thine adorer! Well; this love,

Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became

A fountain of ambition and bright hope;

I thought of tales that by the winter hearth

Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from Kings,

Have stoop'd from their high sphere: how Love like Death,

Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook

Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home

In the soft palace of a fairy Future!

My father died; and I, the peasant-born,

Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise

Out of the prison of my mean estate;

And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind

Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom

From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—

Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,

Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,

And lured me on to those inspiring toils

By which man masters men! For thee I grew

A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!

For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,

And every Muse, such attributes as lend

Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,

And Passion taught me poesy—of thee,

And on the painter's canvas grew the life

Of beauty!—Art became the shadow

Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!

Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not;

But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

Pauline [*Aside*]. Why do I cease to hate him?

Mel. At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That long'd to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,
Resembled Hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm--
It turn'd and stung thee!

SCENE FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR"—BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this—you have condemned and noted Lucius Pella, for taking bribes here of the Sardians; wherein my letters praying on his side, because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet that every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself are much condemned to have an itching palm; to sell and mart your offices for gold to undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm! You know that you are Brutus that speak this; or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, and chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember! Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touched his body, that did stab, and not for justice? What! shall one of us, that struck the foremost man of all this world, but for supporting robbers

—shall we now contaminate our fingers with base bribes, and sell the mighty space of our large honours for so much trash as may be grasped thus? I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me! I'll not endure it; you forget yourself to hedge me in; I am a soldier, I; older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am!

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart break; go, show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humour? By the gods! you shall digest the venom of your spleen, though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, when you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier; let it appear so: make your vaunting true, and it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus; I said an elder soldier, not a better; did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me!

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for!

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; for I am armed so strong in honesty that they pass by me as the idle wind, which I respect not. I did

send to you for certain sums of gold, which you denied me; for I can raise no money by vile means. I had rather coin my heart, and drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring, from the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash, by any indirection. I did send to you for gold to pay my legions, which you denied me; was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, to lock such rascal-counters from his friends, be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts, dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool that brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, but Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear as huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, for Cassius is a-weary of the world; hated by one he loves;—braved by his brother;—checked like a bondman;—all his faults observed, set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote, to cast into my teeth. O, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger, and here my naked breast; within, a heart dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;—if that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth. I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart. Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know, when thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger. Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; do what you will, dishonour shall be humour. O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb, that carries anger as the flint bears fire; which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,—and straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived to be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, when grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me, when that rash humour which my mother gave me, makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, when you are over-earnest with your Brutus, he'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SCENE FROM HENRY VIII.

SHAKESPEARE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

EARL OF SURREY.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

CROMWELL, SECRETARY TO WOLSEY

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;

I fear the story of his anger—"Tis so

This paper has undone me;—"Tis the account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?

I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

Will bring me off again. What's this—to the Pope?

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell!

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting; I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.

Enter the DUKES of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL of SURREY and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you to render up the great seal presently

Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear farther from his highness.

Wol.

Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf.

Who dare cross them?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,

(I mean, your malice), know, officious lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;

You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,

You ask with such a violence, the king,

(Mine, and your master), with his own hand gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,

During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol.

It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol.

Proud lord, thou liest

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur.

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law;

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together),

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland;

Far from his succour, from the king, from all,

That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him!

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolved him with an axe.

Wol.

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts: how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour;
 That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despised nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life;—I'll startle you
 Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man.
 But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
 And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you.

I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substances,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience),
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you correct them. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—

That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learnèd man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne.
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me,—all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee:
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 (I know his noble nature), not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that, that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And,—pry'thee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court; my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

The Rhine is running deep and red, the island lies before—

“Now is there one of all the host will dare to venture o’er?

For not alone the river’s sweep might make a brave man quail;

The foe is on the further side, their shot comes fast as hail.

God help us, if the middle isle we may not hope to win!

Now is there any of the host will dare to venture in?

“The ford is deep, the banks are steep, the island-shore lies wide:

Nor man nor horse could stem its force, or reach the further side.

See there! amidst the willow boughs the serried bayonets gleam;

They’ve flung their bridge—they’ve won the isle; the foe have
crossed the stream!

Their volley flashes sharp and strong—by all the saints! I trow
There never yet was soldier born could force that passage now!”

So spoke the bold French Mareschal with him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view the turbid river ran.

Nor bridge, nor boat had they to cross the wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank far stretched the German line.

Hard by there stood a swarthy man was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face, as he heard the Captain’s word

“I’ve seen a wilder stream ere now than that which rushes there;

I’ve stemmed a heavier torrent yet, and never thought to dare.

If German steel be sharp and keen, is ours not strong and true?

There may be danger in the deed, but there is honour too.”

The old lord in his saddle turned, and hastily he said—

“Thou art the leader of the Scots—now well and sure I know,

That gentle blood in dangerous hour ne’er yet ran cold nor slow,

And I have seen ye in the fight do all that mortal may;

If honour is the boon ye seek, it may be won this day—

The prize is in the middle isle, there lies the adventurous way,

And armies twain are on the plain, the daring deed to see.”

Right gladsome looked the Captain then, and nothing did he say,
But he turned him to his little band—oh few, I ween, were they!
The relics of the bravest force that ever fought in fray,
No one of all that company but bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood on Scotland's fields of fame.
"The stream," he said, "is broad and deep, and stubborn is the foe--
Yon island strength is guarded well—say, brothers, will ye go?"

No stay, no pause; with one accord they grasped each other's hand,
Then plunged into the angry flood, that bold and dauntless band.
High flew the spray above their heads, yet onward still they bore,
'Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell, and shot and cannon
 roar—

"Now, by the Holy Cross! I swear, since earth and sea began,
Was ever such a daring deed essayed by mortal man!"

Thick blew the smoke across the stream, and faster flashed the flame,
The water plashed in hissing jets as ball and bullet came;
Yet onwards pushed the cavaliers, all stern and undismayed,
With thousand armèd foes before, and none behind to aid.
Once, as they neared the middle stream, so strong the torrent swept,
That scarce that long and living wall their dangerous footing kept.
Then rose a warning cry behind, a joyous shout before:
'The current's strong—the way is long—they'll never reach the
 shore!

See, see! they stagger in the midst, they waver in their line;
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks, and whelm them in the
 Rhine!"

But sternly bending forward, they wrestled on a while,
Until they cleared the heavy stream, then rushed towards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true, the German arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back where armèd foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field so stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent-springs of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven than came the Scottish
 band;

Right up against the guarded trench, and o'er it sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press, they meet the deadly brand!

Oh, lonely island of the Rhine—where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands, by those strong reapers thrown?

What saw the winter moon that night, as struggling through the rain,
She poured a wan and fitful light on marsh, and stream, and plain?
A dreary spot with corpses strewn, and bayonets glistening round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat, a bare and battered mound;
And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile, that sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host the conquering Scots were there!

Long years went by. The lonely isle in Rhine's impetuous flood
Has ta'en another name from those who bought it with their blood;
And, though the legend does not live—for legends lightly die—
The peasant, as he sees the stream in winter rolling by,
And foaming o'er its channel-bed between him and the spot
Won by the warriors of the sword, still calls that deep and dangerous
ford
The Passage of the Scot.

VIRGINIA—A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

MACAULAY.

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of
smoke.

The city gates were opened; the Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing:
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home—
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome,
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or
harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with the stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when, erewhile,
He crouched behind his patron's wheels, with the true client smile.
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist:
Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast—
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go:
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled, in harsh, fell tone,

"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own.
 She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
 The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
 I wait on Appius Claudius; I waited on his sire:
 Let him who works the client wrong, beware the patron's ire!"
 —But ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
 Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for
 aid,
 Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
 And stamped his foot and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
 And beckoned to the people, and, in bold voice and clear,
 Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to
 hear!

"Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your fathers' graves,
 Be men to-day Quirites, or be for ever slaves;
 Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
 Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
 Exult, ye proud Patricians! the hard-fought fight is o'er:
 We strove for honour—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.
 Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will:
 Riches and lands, and power and state, ye have them—keep them
 still!

Heap heavier still the fetters: bar closer still the gate;
 Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate:—
 But, by the shades beneath us, and by the gods above,
 Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
 Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
 From Consuls, and high Pontiffs, and ancient Alban Kings?
 Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet—
 Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering
 street—

Who, in Corinthian mirrors, their own proud smiles behold,
 And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold?
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife!—
 Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
 That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,
 Lest when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
 And learn, by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched
 dare!"

.
 Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,

To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down—
Virginus caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown;
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child,
farewell!

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my
gown!

Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways—
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed or weep upon his urn.
—The time is come! See, how he points his eager hand this way!
See, how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey.
With all his wit he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left.
He little deems, that, in this hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows; the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never
know!

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, my own dear little girl, there is no way—but this!"
—With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died!

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank
down,

And hid his face, some little space, with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips, and bloodshot eyes, Virginus tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high:
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius, and all the Claudian line!"
He writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast
feet

Strode right across the Market-place into the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
 Ten thousands pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
 He looked upon his clients—but none would work his will;
 He looked upon his lictors—but they trembled and stood still;
 And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
 And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
 And there ta'en horse to tell the Camp what deeds are done in
 Rome!

PICKETT'S NELL

MATHER DEAN KIMBALL.

Feel more 'an ever like a fool
 Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.
 She oncet wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen
 ('Nd better friends you never seen);

But now—oh, my!
 She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,
 'Nd l'arnin'—she jes knows it all.
 She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow
 I'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! don't seem a week
 Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,
 'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
 Her hangin' to my jacket tight.

But now—oh, my!
 She rides in Pickett's new coopay
 Jes' like she'd been brung up that way,
 'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen—
 Th' mostest like *I* ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease
 Me fer to take her on my knees;
 Then tire me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,
 'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.

But now—oh, my!
 She sets up this way—kinder proud,
 'Nd never noways laughs out loud.
 You w'u'dn't hardly think thet she
 Had ever see-sawed on *my* knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose
 To find a shady place 'nd snooze,

I'd wake with burdocks in my hair
'Nd elderberries in my ear.

But now—oh, my!

Somebody said ('twas yesterday):
"Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;
Let's turn his jacket inside out!"
But Nell—she'd jes' turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin' like,
A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,
She put her arms clean round my head,
'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned;"

But now—oh, my!

She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Lawd!
Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,
"Nell Pickett's jes' cut out fer Ned,"

But now—oh, my!

She held her purty head so high,
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by—
I w'u'dn't dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night!—Ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd, sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';

'Nd then—oh, my!

She said she'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
"Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right.
Afore th' cows come home last night.

But now—oh, my!

ZARAFI.

L A M A R T I N E.

The sultry day has closed at night on Syria's glowing plains,
The stars are gleaming pure and bright, the moon in beauty reigns;
Far o'er the waste of drifting sand the fiery coursers speed,
Free as the air the Arab bands, the men of daring deed.
The white tents glimmer in the light by Acre's storied fane,
When erst streamed out the banners bright on Syria's hoary plain—
And where the cross was held on high by Europe's knights of old,
Their lances pointing to the sky, their arms of burnished gold.
Beside the tent at midnight hour is heard a stifled moan,
A murmuring to Allah's power, to Allah's dazzling throne;
And suffering, weak, and wounded sore, the fainting captive lay,
His mem'ries with the battles were, his dread the coming day,
And home and wife and children dear came thronging through his
brain,

Unmanned at last, the silent tear wets his dark cheek like rain—
But hark! he hears a gentle sound, it floats along the plain,
It makes his fainting pulses bound, it stills his maddening pain.
Zarafi calls—a friend in need—his master knows full well;
Oh, could he mount that gallant steed—then, Acre's tents, farewell!
His captor's eyes are closed in sleep, he groans with racking pain—
The cruel cords are cutting still in quiv'ring muscles bare;
But naught can curb his iron will—no wailing of despair—
One purpose firm the Arab chief now nerves his utmost power—
Then welcome all the pangs of death and slav'ry's darkest hour.
“Poor friend,” he said, in accents low, as at his feet he lay—
Zarafi bends his crest of snow and licks his tears away—
“Go forth across the burning sands where Jordan's infant stream
Descends to Zion's holy lands, the prophet's ancient dream—
To Zeenab's tent—oh, speed the well—my courser swift and strong
Where fair Arabia's mountains swell the land of love and song.
Oh, put thy head within the door—oh, speak with loving eyes!
Tell her El Marc returns no more, in slavery's bonds he dies.
But thou art free! no Turk shall ride my proud Zarafi's form,
Free as the air, my Arab pride, swift as the rushing storm—
Go forth! go forth! with stately grace across the burning sands,
And look once more in Zeenab's face and lick my children's hands.’

His bleeding mouth untied the knot that held the good steed there
His blinding tears bedewed the spot upon the glossy hair;

Thy turn, Zarafi! bend thy crest, and lift thy master now,
 Thy limbs must know no laggard rest, thy breath is on his brow.
 He lifts him to his back. As breaks the opening day—
 Swift as an arrow from the bow Zarafi speeds away.
 Beneath thy sun, oh, storied land, with energies unspent,
 The good steed spurns the burning sand, his goal is Zeenab's tent,
 Each bubbling spring that marks the way Zarafi knows full well;
 Each tree that screens from burning ray, he knows each shaded dell,
 Nor stays he by the grassy run, nor in the shade's cool breath,
 Though strained is now each aching limb, though every stride is
 death.

His master faints unconscious now, nor thought of child or wife
 Throbs through his pale and haggard brow as ebbs his fleeting life.
 The night's cold dew is falling o'er Zarafi's drooping crest,
 And Zeenab mourns her Arab mate, her face to Mecca's shrine,
 She prays to him who guides her fate, to Allah all divine.
 Her little ones are gathered round—as to her form they cling,
 They hear the distant beating sound; it is an angel's wing?
 They hear a faintly uttered neigh, it is his latest breath.
 At Zeenab's door his master lay—the horse lay still in death,
 The death-sweat lay upon his skin, erst smooth and glossy fair,
 His faithful heart was still within, and wet his matted hair.
 El Marc yet lived, and loving hands brought back his fleeting life,
 He led again the Arab bands in war's remorseless strife.
 In tents of wandering Ishmael, as in the days of old,
 Is heard the proud rehearsal now—Zarafi's deeds are told,
 And sweetly flows the story, and glows each swarthy face,
 And ever bright the glory of Zarafi's dying race.

THE HIGH TIDE.

(ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.)

JEAN INGELOW.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran by two, by three;
 ' Pull if ye never pulled before;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 " Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston Bells!
 Play all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby'."

Men say it was a stolen tyde—

The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide

The message that the bells let fall;
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,

My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes:
The level sun, like ruddy ore,

Lay sinking in the barren skies:
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.

"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dewes will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,

When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong;

And all the aire, it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greens
And lo! the great belle farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby".

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mabelthorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again.
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall," he cried, "is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,

And boats adrift in yonder towne

Go sailing uppe the market-place."

He shook as one that looks on death:

"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;

"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,

With her two bairns I marked her long;

And ere yon bells beganne to play

Afar I heard her milking song."

He looked across the grassy lee,

To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"

They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;

For, lo! along the river's bed

A mighty eygre reared his crest,

And uppe the Lindis raging sped.

It swept with thunderous noises loud,

Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,

Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed

Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;

Then madly at the eygre's breast

Flung uppe her weltering walls again.

Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—

Then beaten foam flew round about—

Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,

The heart had hardly time to beat,

Before a shallow seething wave

Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:

The feet had hardly time to flee

Before it brake against the knee,

And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,

The noise of bells went sweeping by;

I marked the lofty beacon light

Stream from the church tower, red and high—

A lurid mark and dread to see;

And awsome bells they were to mee,

That in the dark rang "Enderby".

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
“O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.”

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
The pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !

To manye more than myne and mee :
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.

(By special permission of Miss Ingelow.)

MOUNTAIN MISTS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night-mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight ; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away ; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers ; and flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain. Has Claude given this ?

Wait a little longer and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Has Claude given this?

Wait yet a little longer and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled with every instant higher and higher into the sky and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapours, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray net-work, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. Has Claude given this?

And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapour swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, stream-like rags of capricious vapour, now gone, now gathered again; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and, as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. Has Claude given this?

And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter--brighter yet, till the large white circle of

the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them and the earth to reel under them. Ask Claude, or his brethren, for that.

And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!

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THE SCULPTOR'S LAST HOUR.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The middle chimes of night were dead;—
The sculptor pressed his sleepless bed,
With locks grown gray in a world of sin;
His eyes were sunken, his cheeks were thin;
And, like a leaf on a withering limb,
The fluttering life still clung to him

While gazing on the shadowy wall,
He heard the muffled knocker fall:—
Before an answering foot could stir,
Entered the midnight messenger:

Around his shining shoulders rolled
Long and gleaming locks of gold;
The radiance of his features fell
In Beauty's light unspeakable.
And like the matin song of birds,
Swelled the rich music of his words.

"Arise! it is your Monarch's will;
Ere sounds from the imperial hill
The warder's trumpet-blast,
His palace portal must be passed:
Arise! and be the veil withdrawn,
And let the long-wrought statue dawn!
The stars that fill the fields of light
Must pale before its purer light;
The unblemished face—the spotless limb,
Must shine among the seraphim:
Faultless in form—in nothing dim—
It must be ere it come to Him!"

The sculptor rose with heavy heart,
And slowly put the veil apart,
And stood with downcast look, entranced,
The while the messenger advanced,
And thought he heard, yet knew not why,
His hopes like boding birds go by,
And felt his heart sink ceaselessly
Down, like the friendless dead at sea.
O! for one breath to stir the air,
To break the stillness of despair;
Welcome alike, though it were given
From sulphurous shade, or vales of Heaven!

Now on the darkness swelled a sigh!—
The sculptor raised his languid eye,
And saw the radiant stranger stand
Hiding his sorrow with his hand;
His heart a billowy motion kept,
And ever, with its fall and rise,
The stillness of the air was swept
With a long wave of sighs.
The old man's anxious asking eyes
Grew larger with their blank surprise,
With wonder why he wept:—

And while his eyes and wonder grew,—
 Came, with the tears which gushed anew,
 The music of the stranger's tongue,
 But broken, like a swollen rill
 That heaves adown its native hill,
 Sobbing where late it sung:—

“Is this the statue fair and white
 A long laborious life hath wrought,
 And which our generous Prince hath bought?
 Is this (so soulless, soiled, and dull)

To pass the golden gates of light
 And stand among the beautiful?

The lines which seam the front and cheek
 Too well unholy lusts bespeak;
 The brow by Anger's hand is weighed,
 And Malice there his scar hath made;
 There Scorn hath set her seal secure,
 And curled the lip against the poor;
 And Hate hath fixed the steady glance
 Which Jealousy hath turned askance;
 While thoughts, of those dark parents born,
 Innumerable, from night till morn,
 And morn till night, have wrought their will,
 Like stones upon a barren hill.

Old man! although thy locks be gray,
 And life's last hour is on its way—
 Although thy limbs with palsy quake,
 Thy hands, like windy branches, shake—
 Ere from yon rampart high and round
 The watchful warder's blast shall sound,
 Let this be altered—still it may,—
 Your Monarch brooks no more delay!
 The stranger spake and passed away.

A moment stood the aged man
 With lips apart, and looks aghast,
 Still gazing where the stranger passed.

And now a shudder o'er him ran,
 As chill November's breezes sweep
 Across the dying meadow grass;
 His tongue was dry, he could not speak,
 His eyes were glazed like heated glass.

But when the tears began to creep
Adown the channels of his cheek,
 A long and shadowy train,
 Born of his sorrowing brain,
With shining feet, and noiseless tread,
By dewy-eyed Repentance led,
Around the statue pressed :
With eager hand and swelling breast
Hope, jubilant, the chisel seized
 And heavenward turned the eye ;
Forgiveness, radiant and pleased,
The ridges of the brow released ;
 While with a tear and sigh
Sweet Charity the scorn effaced ;
 And Mercy, mild and fair,
Upon the lips her chisel placed,
And left her signet there :
And Love, the earliest born of Heaven,
 Over the features glowing, ran ;
While Peace, the best and latest given,
 Finished what Hope began.
One minute now before the last,
 The stately stranger came ;
A smile upon the statue cast—
Then to the fainting stranger passed,
 And spake his errand and his name :
And on the old man's latest breath
Swelled the sweet whisper, "Welcome, Death!"
 Afar from the imperial height
 Sounded the warder's horn :
 Upward, by singing angels borne,
The statue passed the gates of light
Outshining all the stars of night,
 And fairer than the morn.

THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Through the darkened streets of Florence,
Moving toward thy church, Saint Lorenz,
Marched the bearers, masked and singing,
With their ghostly flambeaux flinging

Ghostlier shadows that went winging
Round the portals and the porches,
As if spirits, which had hovered
In the darkness undiscovered,
Danced about the hissing torches,
Like the moths that whirl and caper
Drunken round an evening taper.
Unconsoled and unconsoling
Rolled the Arno, louder rolling
As the rain poured—and the tolling,
Through the thick shower fell demurely,
Fell from out one turret only
Where the bell swung sad and lonely
Prisoned in the cloud securely.
Masked in black, with voices solemn,
Strode the melancholy column,
With a stiff and soulless burden
Bearing to the grave its guerdon ;
While the torch flames, vexed and taunted
By the night winds, leapt and flaunted,
'Mid the funeral rains that slanted,
Those brave bearers marched and chafed,
Through the darkness thick and dreary,
With a woful voice and weary.

MISERERE.

Light to light, and dark to dark,
Kindred natures thus agree ;
Where the soul soars none can mark,
But the world below may hark—

Miserere, Domine!

Dew to dew, and rain to rain,
Swell the streams and reach the sea ;
When the drouth shall burn the plain,
'Then the sands shall but remain—

Miserere, Domine!

Flame to flame—let ashes fall
Where the fireless ashes be ;
Embers black and funeral
Unto dying cinders call—

Miserere, Domine!

Life to life, and dust to dust!

Christ, who died upon the tree,
Thine the promise, ours the trust,
We are weak—but thou art just—

Miserere Domine!

FIRST BYSTANDER.

There, stand aside, the very caves are weeping
As are the heavens in sympathy with us:—
Italia's air hath not within its keeping
A nobler heart than that which lies there sleeping,
For whom the elements are wailing thus.

SECOND BYSTANDER.

I revered him—he was a marvellous schemer:
Hath built more airy structures in his day
Than ever wild and opiate-breathing dreamer
Hath drugged his dreams with even in Cathay.
His fancy went in marble round the earth
And whitened it with statues—where he trod
The silent people leapt to sudden birth,
And all the sky, exulting high and broad,
Became a mighty Pantheon for God.

THIRD BYSTANDER.

You revered him? I loved him, with a scope
Of feeling I may never know again;
And love him still, even though beyond all hope
The priest, the bishop, cardinal, and pope,
Should banish him to wear a burning chain
In those great dungeons of the unforgiven,
Under the space-deep castle walls of Heaven
I know the Church considered it a sin,
I know the Duke considered it a shame—
That our Alzoni would not stoop to win
What any blunderer, now-a-day, may claim,
A niche in Santa Croce,—which hath been,
And is, to them, the very shrine of Fame!
Why, look you, why should one carve out his soul
In bits to meet the world's unthankful stare;
For Ignorance to hold in his control
And sly-eyed Jealousy's detracting glare?

To see the golden glories of his brain
Out-glittered by a brazen counterfeit?
The starriest spirit only shines in vain,
When every rocket can outdazzle it!

CHORUS OF STUDENTS, FOLLOWING.

They bear the great Alzoni—he is dead,—
Our hope is dead, and lies on yonder bier:
There is no comfort left for any here
Since he is dead.

Oh, mother Florence, droop your queenly head,
And mingle ashes with your wreath of flowers—
Build funeral altars in your ducal bowers.
For he is dead

Oh, sacred Arno, be your ripples shed
No more in music o'er your silver sands,
But mourn to death, and wring your watery hands;
For he is dead.

Ye dusky palaces, whose gloom is wed
To princely names that never may depart,
Drown all your lights in tears—the prince of Art,
Your hope, is dead!

Ye spirits who to glory have been led,
In years ago, departed souls of might,
Make joyful space in Heaven, for our delight
On earth is dead.

And thus with melancholy songs they bore him
Into the chapel—'twixt the columns vast
They set the bier, and lit great tapers o'er him,
And looked their last.

They looked and pondered on his dreamy history
Whose sudden close had left them broken-hearted,
Till cloudy censors veiled the light in mystery
And they departed.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THREE CHARACTERS.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, OLD GOBBO, and BASSANIO.

*Venice. A Street.**Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:* My conscience says,—*No, take heed, honest Launcelot, take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels:* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *Via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend; *for the heavens! rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*My honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;*—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—Well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not;* *Budge,* says the fiend; *Budge not,* says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. (*Aside.*) O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; (*Aside.*) now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you: Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to fates and destinies and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid; the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: It is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light: murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you art not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be

Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew! Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father: for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exit a Servant.]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify.

Gob. He had a great infection, sir, as one would say to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence), are scarce cater-cousins:—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both ;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son :—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery *(To his Followers.)*
More guarded than his followers: see it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no:—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; *(looking on his palm)* if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

THE BLOOMSBURY CHRISTENING.

DICKENS.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Mr. Nicodemus Dumps, or, as his acquaintance called him, "Long Dumps", was a bachelor, six feet high, and fifty years old—cross, cadaverous, odd, and ill-natured. The only real comfort of his existence was to make everybody about him wretched—then he might be truly said to enjoy life. His friends said he was surly—he insisted he was nervous; and, if he hated one thing more than another, it was a child.

Mr. Dumps had a nephew who has been married about a year, and who was somewhat of a favourite with his uncle, because he was an easy victim to his misery-creating powers. Mr. Charles Kitterbell was a small, sharp, spare man, with a very large head, and a broad,

good-humoured countenance. He had a cast in his eye which rendered it quite impossible for anyone with whom he conversed to know where he was looking. His eyes appeared fixed on the wall, and he was staring you out of countenance—in short, there was no catching his eye; and perhaps it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that such eyes are not catching. It may be added that Mr. Charles Kitterbell was one of the most credulous and matter-of-fact little personages that ever took *to* himself a wife, and *for* himself a house in Great Russell Street, Bedford Square.

"No, but uncle, 'pon my life you must—you must promise to be godfather," said Mr. Kitterbell, to his respected relative one morning.

"I cannot: indeed I cannot," returned Dumps.

"Well, but why not? Jemima will think it very unkind. It's very little trouble."

"As to the trouble," rejoined the most unhappy man in existence, "I don't mind that; but my nerves are in that state—I cannot go through the ceremony. You know I don't like going out.—For goodness sake, Charles, don't fidget with that stool so, you'll drive me mad."

"I beg your pardon, uncle; but come, don't refuse."

"But the child—*may* die before it is christened."

"I hope not," said the father, looking very grave.

"*I* hope not," acquiesced Dumps. He was beginning to get happy. "*I* hope not, but distressing cases frequently occur during the first two or three days of a child's life; fits, I am told, are exceedingly common, and alarming convulsions are almost matters of course."

"Oh, uncle!" ejaculated little Kitterbell, gasping for breath.

"However, your child *may* not die, and if it should be a boy, and should live to be christened, why, I suppose I must be one of the sponsors."

Six weeks passed away, and Dumps was beginning to flatter himself that the child was dead, when the following note painfully resolved his doubts:

"Great Russell Street,
Monday morning.

"DEAR UNCLE,

"You will be delighted to hear that my dear Jemima has left her room, and that your future godson is getting on capitally; he was very thin at first, but he is getting much larger, and nurse says he is filling out, every day. He cries a good deal, and is a very singular colour, which made Jemima and me rather uncomfortable; but as nurse says it's natural, and as, of course, we know nothing about

these things yet, we are quite satisfied with what nurse says. We think he will be a sharp child; and nurse says she's sure he will, because he never goes to sleep. You will readily believe that we are all very happy, only we're a little worn out for want of rest, as he keeps us awake all night; but this we must expect, nurse says, for the first six or eight months. He has been vaccinated, but in consequence of the operation being rather awkwardly performed, some small particles of glass were introduced into the arm with the matter. Perhaps this may in some degree account for his being rather fractious; at least, so nurse says. We propose to have him christened at twelve o'clock on Friday, at Saint George's Church, in Hart Street, by the name of Frederick Charles William. Pray don't be later than a quarter before twelve. We shall have a very few friends in the evening, when, of course, we shall see you. I am sorry to say, that the dear boy appears rather restless and uneasy to-day: the cause, I fear, is fever.

"Believe me, dear Uncle,

"Yours affectionately,

"CHARLES KITTERBELL."

"P.S.—I open this note to say that we have just discovered the cause of little Frederick's restlessness. It is not fever, as I apprehended, but a small pin, which nurse accidentally stuck in his leg, yesterday evening. We have taken it out, and he appears more composed, though he still sobs a good deal."

It was impossible to recede now, so Dumps put his best face—that is to say, an uncommonly miserable one—upon the matter; and purchased a handsome silver mug for the infant Kitterbell, upon which he ordered the initials "F. C. W. K." to be engraved forthwith.

Dumps was on the staircase of No. 14 Great Russell Street on the appointed day at the appointed hour. The female servant ushered him into a front drawing-room.

"Ah, uncle!" said Mr. Kitterbell, "how d'ye do? allow me—Jemima, my dear—my uncle—I think you've seen Jemima before, sir?"

"Have had the *pleasure*," returned Dumps.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Kitterbell, with a languid smile and a slight cough, "I'm sure—hem—any friend of Charles's—hem—much less a relation is—"

"Knew you'd say so, my love," said little Kitterbell, who, while he appeared to be gazing on the opposite houses, was looking at his wife with a most affectionate air.

In a short time in came the nurse, with a remarkably small parcel

in her arms, packed up in a blue mantle trimmed with white fur.—This was the baby.

"Now, uncle," said Mr. Kitterbell, lifting up that part of the mantle which covered the infant's face, with an air of great triumph, "*who* do you think he is like?"

"He! he! Yes, *who*?" said Mrs. K., putting her arm through her husband's, and looking up into Dumps's face with an expression of as much interest as she was capable of displaying.

"How small he is! *remarkably* small indeed."

"Do you think so? He's a monster to what he was—an't he, nurse? But who is he like?"

"I really don't know *who* he's like."

"Don't you think he's like *me*?" inquired his nephew, with a knowing air.

"Oh, *decidedly* not!" returned Dumps, with an emphasis not to be misunderstood. "Decidedly not like you.—Oh, certainly not."

"Like *Jemima*?" asked Kitterbell, faintly.

"Oh dear, no; not in the least. I'm no judge, of course, in such cases; but I really think he's more like one of those little interesting carved representations that one sometimes sees blowing a trumpet on a tombstone!"

"Well!" said the disappointed little father, "you'll be better able to tell what he's like by and by. You shall see him this evening with his mantle off."

"Thank you," said Dumps, feeling particularly grateful.

The other godfather arrived, and the little party entered the hackney-coach that was to take them to the church; Dumps amusing Mrs. Kitterbell by expatiating largely on the danger of measles, thrush, teeth-cutting, and other interesting diseases to which children are subject.

The ceremony (which occupied about five minutes) passed off, without anything particular occurring, and Dumps returned to business with the painful conviction that he was regularly booked for an evening party.

Evening came—and so did Dumps. It was some time before the miserable man could muster up courage to knock at the door, but when at length he did do so, and was ushered into the drawing-room, he felt about as much out of place as a salmon might be supposed to be on a gravel-walk.

A general hum of admiration announced the entrance of nurse with the baby. A general rush of the young ladies immediately took place. (Girls are always so fond of babies in company.)

"O, you dear!" said one.

"How sweet!" cried another, in a low tone of the most enthusiastic admiration.

"Heavenly!" added a third.

"Oh! what dear little arms!" said a fourth, holding up an arm and fist, about the size and shape of the leg of a fowl cleanly picked.

"Did you ever—" said a little coquette with a large bustle, who looked like a French lithograph, appealing to a gentleman in three waistcoats—"Did you ever—"

"Never, in my life," returned her admirer, pulling up his collar.

"Oh! *do* let me take it, nurse," cried another young lady. "The love!"

"Can it open its eyes, nurse?" inquired another, affecting the utmost innocence.

Suffice it to say that the single ladies unanimously voted him an angel, and that the married ones, *nem. con.*, agreed that he was decidedly the finest baby they had ever beheld—except their own.

The evening promised to go off excellently. Dumps didn't mind it; he had devised a plan for himself—a little bit of fun in his own way—and he was almost happy!

The "sit-down supper" was excellent. The young ladies didn't eat much for fear it shouldn't look romantic, and the married ladies ate as much as possible for fear they shouldn't have enough.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said long Dumps, rising from his chair, and speaking in a very sepulchral voice, and rueful accent, "will you have the kindness to charge your glasses? I am desirous of proposing a toast."

A dead silence ensued, and the glasses were filled—everybody looked serious—"from *gay* to *grave*, from lively to severe".

"Ladies and gentlemen," slowly continued the ominous Dumps, "in accordance with what is, I believe, the established usage on these occasions, I, as one of the godfathers of Master Frederick Charles William Kitterbell, venture to rise to propose a toast. I need hardly say, that it is the health and prosperity of that young gentleman, the particular event of whose early life we are here met to celebrate—(applause). Ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to suppose that our friends here, whose sincere well-wishers we all are, can pass through life without some trials, considerable suffering, severe afflictions, and heavy losses! That these trials may be long spared them, is my most earnest prayer, my most fervent wish. I hope and trust, ladies and gentlemen, that the infant whose christening we have this evening met to celebrate, may not be removed from

the arms of his parents by premature decay" (several cambrics were in requisition); "that his young and now *apparently* healthy form may not be wasted by lingering disease" (great sensation was manifest among the married ladies). "You, I am sure, will concur with me in wishing that he may live to be a comfort, and a blessing, to his parents." ("Hear, hear!" and an audible sob from Mr. Kitterbell.) "But, should he not be what we could wish—should he forget in aftertimes the duty which he owes to them—should they unhappily experience that distracting truth, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child'—"

Here Mrs. Kitterbell rushed from the room, and went into violent hysterics in the passage, leaving her better-half in almost as bad a condition.

It need hardly be added that this occurrence quite put a stop to the harmony of the evening. The musicians were silenced, flirting ceased, and the company slowly departed. Dumps left the house at the commencement of the bustle, and walked home, with a light step, and (for him) a cheerful heart.

CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

SHAKESPEARE.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. Oh, I have passed a miserable night, so full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams, that, as I am a Christian faithful man, I would not spend another such a night, though 'twere to buy a world of happy days; so full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was you dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower, and was embarked to cross to Burgundy,—and in my company my brother Glo'ster; who from my cabin tempted me to walk upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England, and cited up a thousand heavy times during the wars of York and Lancaster, that had befallen us. As we paced along upon the giddy footing of the hatches, methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and, in falling, struck me (that thought to stay him) overboard, into the tumbling billows of the main. Oh, Heaven! methought what pain it was to drown! What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears! What sights of ugly Death within mine eyes! I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks; a thousand men that fishes gnawed upon; wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels all scattered in the bottom of the sea; some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, as 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, that wooed the slimy bottom of the deep, and mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death to gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive to yield the ghost; but still the envious flood kept in my soul, and would not let it forth to find the empty, vast, and wandering air; but smothered it within my panting bulk, which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. Ah no; my dream was lengthened after life: O then began the tempest of my soul! I passed, methought, the melancholy flood, with that grim ferryman whom poets write of, unto the kingdom of perpetual night. The first that there did greet my stranger-soul was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick, who cried aloud,—“What scourge for perjury can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?” and so he vanished. Then came wandering by a shadow like an angel, with bright hair dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,—“Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, that stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury: seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!”—With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends environed me, and howled in mine ears such hideous cries that, with the very noise, I, trembling, waked; and for a season after could not believe but that I was in hell: such terrible impression made my dream!

CATO ON IMMORTALITY.

ADDISON.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
 'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold: If there's a Power above us—
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works—He must delight in virtue;
 And that which He delights in, must be happy,
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus I am doubly armed. My death, my life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me
 This—in a moment, brings me to an end,
 But this—informs me I shall never die!
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

SELECTION FROM "THE STARLING".

DR. NORMAN M'LEOD.

(Adapted for Recital.)

John Hall, or as he was more familiarly called, Jock Ha', was a thin, sallow-faced man, of a nervous temperament, and with lank, black hair, and sharp, piercing eyes. He might be aged thirty, although he looked liker forty. His jacket was made of fustian, which might have been clean some years before; his corduroy trousers had ragged endings, beneath which were revealed old boots and worn-out stockings; while a tattered bonnet covered his capacious head. How Hall lived no one knew, nor cared to know. He had been on a visit to John Spence, the senior keeper to Lord Bennock, and, having expressed a desire to see the Castle, in a short time Hugh was conducting him towards it. After they had passed the lodge, and were walking along the beautiful avenue and beneath the fine old trees, with the splendid park sweeping around, and the turrets of the castle in sight, Hugh said, "Now, Hall, dinna speak to onybody unless they speak to you, and gie a discreet answer. Dae my biddin'; for I'm takin' a great responsibility in bringin' ye in here. His lordship maybe wadna be pleased to see a trampin'

chiel like you here. But I'll tak' care he doesna see ye, nor, if possible, hear tell o' ye."

"Never fear me, I'll be as quate as a dead rabbit. But, Hugh, mon, I hae seen his lordship afore."

"Whaur?"

"He ance tried me."

"Tried ye! tried ye for what?"

"Oh, never heed, dinna be ower particular. It was a habble I got into wi' twa tailors, and his lordship widna mind me noo, tho' faix! I mind him, for he sent me to jail."

"Was that a'? ye micht hae thrashed nine tailors and no got yersel' hurt; I gripped three o' them mysel' when poachin'."

But Jock did not tell the whole history of his poaching affray along with the tailors.

Hugh ensconced Jock in the shrubbery until he had ascertained from one of the servants that his lordship had gone out to walk in the grounds, that the ladies were taking an airing in the carriage, and that it was quite possible to get a peep into the great hall and the public rooms opening from it without being discovered. As Hugh, accompanied by Jock, crept almost noiselessly along the passages, he directed, with underbreath, Jock's attention to the noble apartments, the arms and suits of mail hung round the wall of the great entrance-hall, the stags' heads, the stuffed birds, and one or two fine old paintings.

But when the drawing-room door was opened, and there flashed upon Jock's eyes all the splendour of colour reflected from large mirrors, a vision presented itself which was as new to him as if he had passed into the Garden of Eden from the lodgings of Mrs. Craigie. As they were retreating, suddenly the inner door of the hall opened, and his lordship stood before them!

"Heeven be about us!" ejaculated Spence. "Dune for,—dune for life!" Jock, seeing only a plain-looking little gentleman in a Glengarry bonnet and tweed suit, never imagined that this could be a lord, and was accordingly quite composed.

His lordship was a slight-built man, of about forty, with pleasing hazel eyes and a large moustache. He had retired from the army, and was much liked for his frank manner and good humour. Seeing his keeper in such perplexity, accompanied by so disreputable looking a person, he said, "Hollo, Spence! whom have you got here? I hope not a poacher, eh?"

"I humbly beg your lordship's pardon; but, my lord, the fact is—"

"Is that his lordship?" whispered Jock.

"Haud yer tongue!" replied Hugh. Then addressing his lordship, he said, "He's no a poacher, my lord; no, no, but only—"

"Oh! an acquaintance, I suppose?"

"No that either, no that either, but an acquaintance o' an acquaintance o' my faither's lang syne—a maist respectable man—Sergeant Mercer, in Drumsylie; and I took the leeberty, thinking yer lordship was oot, to—"

"To show him the house. Quite right, Spence, quite right; glad you did so." Then addressing Jock, he said, "Never here before, I suppose?"

Jock drew himself up, placed his hands down his sides, heels in, toes out, and gave the military salute.

"Been in the army? In what regiment? Have you seen service?"

"Yes, sir—yes, my lord," replied Jock; "as yer honour says, I hae seen service."

This was information to Spence, who breathed more freely on hearing such unexpected evidence of Jock's respectability.

"Where?" inquired his lordship.

"In the berrick-yaird o' Stirlin', yer honour," replied Jock; "but in what regiment I dinna mind. It was a first, second, or third something or anither; but I hae clean forgotten the name and number."

"The barrack-yard?" said his lordship; "pray how long did you serve his Majesty in that severe campaign?"

"Aboot a fortnicht."

"What!" exclaimed his lordship; "a fortnight only? And what after that?"

"I ran aff as fast as my legs could carry me, never ran faster a' my days, till I reached Drumsylie."

His lordship burst into a fit of laughter, and said, "On my honour, you're a candid fellow."

"I 'listed ae day I was in Stirlin'; and though I hae nae objections at ony time to fire a gun at a bird or a Frenchman, or to fecht them that wad fecht me, but the sodgers at Stirlin' made a fule o' me, and keepit me walkin' and trampin' back and forrid for twa weeks in a yaird, as if they were breakin' a horse; and I could dae naething, neither fish, nor shoot craws, wi'oot the leave o' an ill-tongued corporal. I couldna thole that, could I? It wisna in the bargain, and sae I left, and they didna think it worth their while to speer after me."

"Egad!" said his lordship; "I daresay not, I daresay not! Do you know what they might have done to you had they caught you?"

"Shot me, I expect," said Jock; "but I wasna worth the pooder, and, to tell the truth, I wad raither be shot like a gled for harryin' a pairrick's nest, than be kept a' my days like a gowk in a cage o' a berricks at Stirlin'. But I didna heed atweel whether they shot me or no."

"The black dog tak' ye!" said Spence, who lost his temper. "My lord, I declare—"

"Never mind, Spence, never mind; let him speak to me; and go you to the servants' hall until I send for you;" and motioning Jock to remain, the catechism went on.

"What did your parents do?"

"Little guid and muckle ill."

"Have you been to school?"

"No' that I mind o'."

"And how have you lived?"

"Guid kens."

"But what have you been?"

"A ne'er-do-weel—a kin' o' cheat-the-widdie. Sae folk tell me, and I suppose they're richt."

"Are you married?"

"That's no a bad ane, efter a'!" said Jock.

"A bad what?"

"I jist thoct yer lordship was jokin'; to think that ony wumman wad marry me! Lassies wad be cheaper than castawa' shoon afore ony o' them wad tak' Jock Ha'—unless, ane like Luckie Craigie. But yer lordship 'ill no ken her, I'se warrant?"

"I have not that honour," said his lordship with a smile. "But I must admit that you don't give yourself a good character, anyhow."

"I hae nane to gie."

"On my word, I think you are honest!"

"Weel, it's mair than onybody else thinks. But if I had wark, I'm no sure but I wad be honest."

"What would you like to have?"

"It's no for me to say," replied Jock; "beggars shouldna be choosers."

"Perhaps you would have no objection to have this fine house—eh?" asked his lordship.

"I'll no say that I wad," replied Jock.

"And what would you make of it?"

"I wad fill't fu' wi' puir ne'er-do-weel, faitherless and mitherless bairns, and pit Sergeant Mercer and his wife ower them—that's Mr Spence's cousin, ye ken."

"Hillo! that would make a large party! And what would you do with them when here assembled, my man?"

"I wad feed them wi' the sheep and nowt in the park, and the birds frae the heather, and the fish frae the burns, and gie them the flowers aboot the doors, and schule them weel, and learn them trades; and shoot them or hang them, if they didna dae weel efter-hin."

"And what would you do with me and my wife and daughters?" asked his lordship.

"I wad mak' you their faither, and them their mither and sisters. Ye niver wad be idle, nor want pleasure, yer honour, among sic a hantle o' fine lads and lasses."

"Never idle—never idle! I should think not! But as to the pleasure!—"

"Eh, sir, ye dinna ken what poverty is! ye never lay trimlin' on a stairhead on a snawy nicht; nor got a spoonfu' or twa o' cauld parritch in the mornin' to cool ye, wi' curses and kicks to warm ye, for no stealin' yer ain meat; nor see'd yer wee brithers an' sisters deein' like troots, openin' their mooths, wi' naethin' to put in them; or, faix, ye wad be thankfu' to help mitherless and faitherless bairns, and instead o' sendin' young craturs like them to jail, ye wad sen' aulder folk that ill-used and neglected them; ay, and maybe a lot o' ither folk I ken, for helpin' naebody but themsels!"

His lordship looked in silence at Jock; and for a moment, amidst his ease and luxury, his fits of *ennui* and difficulty in killing time, his sense of the shallowness and emptiness of much of his life, with the selfishness of idle society, there flashed upon his naturally kind heart a gleam of noble duties yet to perform, and noble privileges yet to enjoy, though not perhaps in the exact form suggested by Jock Hall. So he only said, "You are not a bad fellow—not at all. Wiser men have said more foolish things;" and then, approaching Jock with a friendly smile, offered him some money.

"Na, na!" said Jock; "I didna come here to beg. I'll no tak' onything."

"Come, come!" said his lordship; "you won't disoblige me, will you?" and he thrust the money into Jock's hand; and, ringing a bell, he ordered the servant, who appeared in reply, to take Jock to the servants' hall, and to send Hugh Spence to the business-room.

"William," said his lordship to another servant, who happened to be passing, "go to the old clothes-press, and select a complete suit for this poor fellow. Be kind to him: see that he has some food and a glass of beer."

When Hugh Spence entered the presence of his lordship he had carefully prepared a long, apologetic speech, which, however, he had hardly begun when he was cut short by his lordship saying, "You have picked up a rare character, Spence, upon my honour! But I like the fellow. He is an original, and has something good in him. I can't quite make him out."

"Nor me either, my lord, I do assure you," interrupted Spence.

"But I have taken rather a fancy to him," continued his lordship. "He is neither knave nor fool; but seems to have been ill-used, and to have had a hard time of it. There is something about him which takes me, and if any friend of your father's has an interest in him, I sha'n't object—quite the reverse—to you getting him something to do about the kennels. I really would like it. So look to him."

(By special permission of Messrs. Charles Burnet & Co.)

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Detroit Free Press.

The household goods of a ruined millionaire were being sold at auction, and a fashionable assembly of bidders were present. The auctioneer came to a handsome grand square piano, and as he opened it, he observed that the maker's catalogue price for the instrument was 1400 dollars. Then he invited anyone present to try the instrument, so all might hear its tone.

"Please come forward and play something, someone—anyone," he urged, noticing nobody seemed inclined to accept the invitation.

At this second call there was a stir near the door, and then a man advanced—a man who seemed strangely out of place among the elegantly-attired people assembled in that grand parlour. It was a ragged, soiled tramp, on whose face hardship and dissipation had left their imprints.

A murmur of astonishment and disgust ran around the room. How came such a creature there? What right had he in that room with decent people? How did he gain admittance?

The faultlessly-attired men fell back as the tramp approached, and the women drew aside their skirts, as if the touch of such a being were contamination. Some looked around for the auctioneer's assistants, and one man half lifted his cane as if to strike the vagabond.

“Put him out.”

The words were uttered by more than one pair of lips.

Heedless of the looks or words of those around, the tramp walked—or rather staggered—toward the piano. His step was that of a drunken man, but his cheeks were sunken and pallid, as if hunger gnawed at his vitals, and his eyes gleamed with a wild unnatural light—a light that caused the auctioneer to shiver and fall back with a hand half upraised.

Without a word the vagrant seated himself at the piano, and his fingers touched the ivory keys. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, his fingers wandering aimlessly, yet producing a few soft and harmonious notes. Then, of a sudden, a burst of melody came from the piano—a flood of music that thrilled the souls of all who heard. It was Beethoven's grandest march, and it was rendered by a master musician. Never before in that magnificent parlour was such music heard. Could it be the ragged tramp who was playing?

Amazed, stricken dumb and motionless by what they saw and heard, the people who had gathered there stared and listened, holding their breath while their ears drank in the soul-intoxicating strains conjured from the faultless instrument by the wizard musician in rags. The march ended, but the flood of music still poured from the piano. Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Liszt,—the strange man knew them all, and their best work he rendered with a master's touch.

“Wonderful! Amazing!”

The enthralled listeners looked into each other's faces, and whispered the words—

“Who is he?”

No one could answer, but one thought he must be some great musician masquerading.

Listen! He is improvising now. How sweet his strain! Soft and low, yet full of joy and sunshine, it flows on and on like a laughing, dancing brook.

Slowly a touch of sadness creeps into the melody. It is like the gentle fall of summer rain on a new-made grave—it is like the faintly-heard sobbing of a mother as she bends above the dead face of her first-born. It moves the heart of many a woman as she listens, and more than one pair of eyes are dim with unbidden tears.

At length comes the sweetest, saddest, grandest tune ever composed—“Home, Sweet Home”. All else is forgotten now. One of the women is sobbing softly in the depths of her handkerchief. Softer and softer, slower and slower the strain is sinking—dying. It

is like the last effort of a soul passing from earth. Finally it ceases, and then the tramp musician sinks forward on the instrument and remains motionless. A sigh runs round the room. The auctioneer touches the tramp on the shoulder. The vagabond does not stir. They lift the nerveless body and look into his face. He has gone home.

THE BACHELOR.

F. ANSTEY.

This is an instance of a piece which the superficial student will feel inclined to despise for its extreme simplicity. The short couplets will be sure to strike him as altogether too commonplace and monotonous to afford sufficient scope for the infinite variety of his powers. But a Reciter with a dash of the Heaven-born Artist in his composition will know better; he will see instinctively the immense and electrical effects that can be got out of almost every stanza: he will recognize that here he has a piece capable of rendering a drawing-room audience more uncomfortable than any five ordinary recitations could do. However, as Reciters of this type are almost necessarily rare, we shall venture to interpolate a few hints and suggestions.

The great point at starting is to strike the right key-note, and it is as well to do this at once by the tone and manner in which you announce your title:—

THE BACHELOR.

[Don't do it too jauntily, or your audience will instantly imagine it is going to be a funny piece, and permit themselves an anticipatory titter, knowing by experience that there are many excellent jests current on such a topic. And after that, your most pathetic efforts are as likely as not to go with roars—more likely than not. Announce it with a note of deprecation, a suggestion that you are fully aware that bachelors as a class are fit objects for ridicule, but that this particular bachelor is an exception.]

PART THE FIRST.

Beside the fire the bachelor sat,

A friendless man—in a furnished flat.

[Insist lightly on the furniture, so as to emphasize the friendlessness.]

The light of youth from his eyes had fled,

The hair was thin on the top of his head.

[If the majority of your male hearers are similarly affected, they are likely to express great amusement here. So you should be careful to check such levity in advance by the excessive solemnity of your manner.]

Angular, cynical, bilious, grim,

[*With a rising inflection, then in hollow despair.*

Was there one in the world to care for him?

Thus he mused—as often he'd mused before;

When—he heard the hammer on his front door!

[*Point to be made here; this occurrence, not unusual elsewhere, is almost unprecedented in the bachelor's experience.*

And he rose—impelled by repeated knocks—

To find on his threshold—a boy—with a box!

A plain deal box of a medium size,

Which the bachelor took in mild surprise.

[*There is a good deal to be got out of the "plain deal box". It is very effective in its way.*

He had made no purchase of late; then swift,

The inference followed—it must be a gift

From some former friend he had long forgot!

So he searched for his scissors to sever the knot.

And in eager haste he lifted the lid,

All unsuspecting of what it hid.

[*Pause here to communicate some of this curiosity to your audience, who ought to be dying to know what was in the box—though they will probably disguise their impatience.*

Then—his fury broke in a frantic curse

Too vigorous to repeat in verse!

What unknown hand had dealt this stroke?

What fiend conceived so cruel a joke

As to send—

[*Another pause so as to keep your secret as long as you can.*

Ah,—smile at it those who can!

A dainty doll—to a childless man?

[*Unless you are very careful some of the audience will infallibly giggle here*

He flung it from him! it fell on a chair—

And smiled through its fleece of golden hair

Straight up in his face—till he gave a start

As a sudden compunction pierced his heart;

For the eyes, and the amber tresses above,
 Resembled those of his Early Love.

So he softly patted her waxen hand,
 And she seemed in some way to understand

When he raised her gently, for, wondrous thing!—
 As though his fingers had found a spring

That set in motion some secret gear,
 She *spoke*—in silver-toned accents clear.

[*The passage which follows is, so to speak, the cheval de bataille of this recitation. If it is difficult—and isn't it!—for a male reciter to adequately convey the nursery prattle of an infant, how much more so to indicate the faltering accents of a phonographic doll! Take it very slowly; rid your countenance of all expression; make your intonation metallic, with a touch of woolliness—and the compiler wishes you well over it. Now—*

“I’se ’oor dolly—’oo must be
 Always velly tind to me,
 Yike me best of all ’oor toys,
 Hide me thafe from naughty boys;
 Never yeave me near ze fiah,
 In ze wain, or in ze miah,
 And I’ll ’peak when ’poken to,
 ’Oo yove me—an’ I’ll yove ’oo.”

It thrilled his pulse to a faster throb,
 He sought to swallow a rising sob.

For his flinty bosom he could not steel
 ’Gainst the innocent guile of the doll’s appeal!

And his furrowed face grew strangely mild
 As he nursed the doll—like a little child!

All through the night she softly slept
 In the drawer where his clean shirts were kept!

But the bachelor’s eyelids closed in vain,
 For there rang in his ears that naive refrain!

[*Pause here; then with a fierce scorn of irreverent ridicule.*

Ah, well, it came from a phonograph,
 Yet I pity those who would merely laugh.

[*This will shut up any sniggerer.*

And malice itself might feel some shame
To see how its shaft had missed its aim!

[Pause again, but not too long, or you may lose your audience. Catch them in the act of rising, and compel them to resume their seats by the announcement of—

PART THE SECOND.

[Apologetically, as if it was the author's fault, not yours.]
All through the next succeeding day,
From the time his breakfast was cleared away

Till after he had taken tea,
He nursed the doll on his elderly knee.

He was holding it still upon his lap
When—once again—he heard a rap!

[Impressive silence.]

And thrusting the doll with a guilty air
Between the cushions that lined his chair,
[Rapid and dramatic delivery for this.]

He sat up—stiffer than just before,
Grimly eyeing his opening door.

[Nod here twice.]

Then he felt his brains in confusion whirl,
For his visitor was—a little girl!

A small patrician in plush and fur,
With hardly a trace of the child in her.

[Remember to make this infant as unsympathetic as possible.]

And he caught his breath in a gasping choke,
He had guessed her errand—or ever she spoke.

She sat down, preening her parasol,
Then, “I’ve come to ask if you’ve seen my doll.

“I ordered it yesterday afternoon,
And they promised me they would send it soon.

“But they never did—and such silly mistakes
A shopkeeper person so often makes,

‘(There’s a perfect idiot who keeps that shop!)
That—though we’re at the bottom and you at the top—

"I thought I'd just step up and inquire," she said,
 "If they'd happened to send it to you instead.

"So boring losing one's doll, you know."
 And he answered: "I—should imagine so."

[Put plenty of repressed feeling into this]

Though he wreathed his face in a ghastly grin
 A bitter struggle went on within!

[Indicate this by facial contortions.]

The child came armed with the legal claim,
 But oh! it was cruel, all the same.

[With a cry of bitter protest.]

For how could he now, without disgrace,
 Produce that doll from her hiding-place?

Then gripping his chair in convulsive clutch,
 "Do you love" he faltered, "your doll so much?"

[Intense anxiety here—expressed with eyebrows.]

"Well I liked her—rather," she drawled, "before,
 But I've thought of something I'd like still more.

"So—as soon as I get her—I mean to arrange
 With the man at the shop to let me exchange."

Then he *might* regain her!

[Dramatic pause—indicate by pantomime the workings of his mind—hope, doubt, despair.]

No, he was shy,
 A doll was a thing that he dared not buy!

And still, as the child went chattering on,
 He suppressed—what he was sitting upon!

And his soul was seething in revolt,
 Like a cistern struck by a thunderbolt!

What—yield his idol and all her charms
 To alien unsympathetic arms?

Give her up forever? Not so, not so!
 He could not—he would not—let her go!

[Desperately—then return to narrative tone]

"Then you haven't seen her," she asked. (Ah why
 Is it always so easy to tell a lie

Upon any sudden emergency?

[*Here pull yourself together as if for a thumper.*

"I am sorry to say. . . I have—not," said he.

And he bowed her out with a courtly air,

[*Illustrate this as well as you can.*

Then sank with a sigh in his easy chair.

What recked he, now that the deed was done,

If fairly or foully the prize were won!

[*In a tone of reckless triumph.*

Soon under the cushion he eagerly sought

The hidden treasure so dearly bought.

She was disinterred—and his hot tears gushed,

For her small soft nose was entirely crushed!

And remorseful grief he in vain indulged,

As he noticed one of her eyes had bulged!

Then next, with his nerves unstrung, he tried

The spring of the cylinder inside. . . .

[*Pause again—moment of agonized suspense*

She spoke—

[*Relief at first, then terror.*

Ah horror! the sounds he heard

Were now discordant and harsh and blurred,

And beneath the jumble of words and jerks,

The click and stammer of damaged works,

His ear detected—unless he dreamt—

An undercurrent of keen contempt!

[*This next piece is perhaps the worst "crux" of the two. You have to render a disorganized version of the original speech, as perverted by its hearer's sense of irreparable wrong—an extremely complicated impression to convey. A guttural click at intervals will go a long way towards attaining your object, but requires rigorous practice.*

'Yeave me! Thafer I must be!

'Oo's so—click!—un-tind to me!

Tick-tack. . . 'Oo have boke 'oor toy

Yike a—gurr-gurr—naughty boy!

Hide from me, 'oo dwedful liah!

An—an—i—as and Zafiah!

Never more I'll 'peak—it's too!—
Dolly—dud—dud—don't yove 'oo!"

[Now continue in a solemn awe-struck tone.]

She ceased—and he knew he had sinned in vain—
He could never endure that speech again!

Nor meet unmoved the stern blue eye
That stared reproachfully all awry!

For the broken accent that clicked and jerked
Was the voice of Conscience he would have burk'd!

Then, pale and panting, he poked the fire,
And—placed her upon the funeral pyre,

Hiding his haggard eyes,—for he felt
He should go stark mad if he saw her melt!

[Here you should rumple your hair and gaze about you wildly before speaking the final couplet, in your hollowest accents.]

And he staggered forth with a stifled groan,
Once more—*forever*—unloved—*alone*!

(From Mr. Punch's Young Reciter, by special permission of the Author and Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Ltd.)

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Captain Cecil was the second son of the Earl of Dorincourt; he had incurred his father's bitter anger because he had married a young American lady; the Earl wrote his son, saying, he might live where he pleased, and die where he pleased, for that he was done with him. The result was that Captain Cecil left the army, and went to live in New York with his young wife.

When their only child Cedric was between six and seven, Captain Cecil took fever—he was so ill that Cedric was sent away for a time. When he was brought home again, his mother looked pale and thin, and she was dressed in black.

"Dearest," his father had always called his mother by that name, "dearest, is my papa better? Is he well?"

"Yes, darling, he is well, quite well. But we have no one left but each other now. No one at all."

Then, young as he was, he knew that his papa would not come back any more.

One day Mr. Havisham, the Earl of Dorincourt's legal adviser, called on Mrs. Cecil. He had come to New York to take Cedric back with him to England.

"Must he be taken away from me? He is all I have. You don't know what he has been to me."

"I am sorry to have to tell you, Mrs. Cecil, that the Earl is not very friendly towards you. He proposes that his grandson shall live with him at Dorincourt. He offers to you Court Lodge, a very nice house, not far from the Castle; he also proposes to settle upon you a suitable income. The only stipulation is, that while his grandson may visit you at Court Lodge, he does not wish you to call at the Castle. Not very hard terms, I think, Mrs. Cecil."

"My husband was very fond of England. It will be best for my little boy, and so long as we see each other I ought not to suffer very much."

At that moment Cedric came into the room, and ran up to his mother.

"And so this is little Lord Fauntleroy."

After the lawyer had left, the story Mrs. Cecil told Cedric was a very curious and singular one. In the first place, his grandfather was the Earl of Dorincourt; then his uncle, if he had not been killed by a fall from his horse, would have been the Earl of Dorincourt in time; and then his papa, had he lived, might have been Earl of Dorincourt; but since they had both died, little Cedric was the heir to the title, and in the meantime he was Lord Fauntleroy.

Next morning his young lordship stepped in to see his old friend Mr. Hobbs, the grocer.

"Helloh, Cedric! Mornin'!"

"Good morning, Mr. Hobbs! Do you remember what we were talking about yesterday?"

"Wal, seems to me, Cedric, 'twas 'bout England an' the aristocracy."

"Yes, and I think you said you wouldn't have any earls sitting around on your biscuit boxes?"

"That's so, Cedric, and I meant it too! Let 'em try it—that's all."

"Do you know, Mr. Hobbs, one is sitting on this box now."

"Eh! What's that?"

"Well, I'm one, or going to be."

"Got any pain? How do you feel?"

"Thank you, I'm all right."

"One of us has got a sunstroke."

"Oh no, we haven't! You see it's this—the lawyer came all the way from England to tell us; my grandpapa sent him."

"Who is your grandfather?"

"He's the Earl of Dorincourt, you know."

"And what's your name, Cedric?"

"Well, the lawyer said I was Lord Fauntleroy."

"The lawyer said you was Lord Fauntleroy?"

"Yes, he just said, 'and so this is little Lord Fauntleroy'."

"Great Cæsar's ghost!"

"Do you know, Mr. Havisham," he said to the lawyer, "I don't know what an earl is?"

"Don't you?"

"No; I think when a boy is going to be an earl he ought to know. Don't you?"

"Well, yes."

"Would you mind 'splaining it? What made my grandpapa an earl?"

"The first Earl of Dorincourt was made four hundred and fifty years ago."

"Well, well; that's a long time since. And what else do earls do besides being made!"

"Well—well, some earls have been very brave men."

"I'm glad of that. My papa was a soldier, and Dearest says he was a very brave man."

"Then some earls have a great deal of money—"

"That's a good thing to have—I wish I had a great deal of money."

"Do you; and why?"

"Because Dearest says a person can do so much with money. If I were rich I'd buy Dearest all sorts of beautiful things; and then there's Dick, a bootblack, one of the nicest bootblacks you ever knew. I've known him for years."

"Oh, indeed! and if you were rich what would you do for him?"

"I'd buy Jake out."

"And who is Jake?"

"Jake's Dick's partner, you know; but Jake isn't square—"

"O, Jake isn't square!"

"No; he cheats, and that's what makes Dick so wild, you know. If you were blacking boots all day and your partner wasn't square it would make you wild, too."

"I daresay it would. But—ah—what would you buy for yourself, now, if you were rich?"

"Lots of things; but first I'd give Mary some money."

"And who's Mary?"

"A particular friend of mine. She has twelve children and a husband—and he has the fever, and they're very badly off."

"This is the most singular boy I ever came across. Ah, Mrs. Cecil, I'm very glad you've come in. Before I left England, Lord Dorincourt said: 'Make my grandson understand he can have anything he wants.'"

And thus it was, that before little Lord Fauntleroy left New York for the home of his ancestors, he was able to give Mary and Dick enough money to keep them out of all their troubles.

Just before the steamer sailed Dick, the bootblack, came panting on board.

"I've run all the way t' see ye off—wear this when ye git among the swells, it's a red silk handkerchief. Hulloh! thar's the bell! Good-bye, Cedric."

He rushed along the gangway and stood waving his cap, as the steamer moved slowly away. Dick saw nothing but that bright face and golden hair that the sun shone on, and heard nothing but that sweet, childish voice calling "Good-bye, Dick, good-bye".

He spent his first night in England with his mother at Court Lodge.

"Will you tell the earl, Mr. Havisham, that I would rather not have the money?"

"The money! Mrs. Cecil; you can't mean the—ah—income the earl proposes to settle upon you?"

"Yes; if I took it I should feel as if I were selling my boy to him. I am giving him up only because I love him enough to forget myself for his good, and because—because his—father—would have wished it to be so."

"I shall deliver your message, Mrs. Cecil."

When Mr. Havisham called at the Castle, he found the Earl of Dorincourt recovering from an attack of his old complaint, the gout.

"Well, Havisham, got back; what sort of a lad is he?"

"Well, it's rather difficult to say, mi lord."

"Ah—a foolish or a clumsy cub?"

"No, I don't think so. You will find him different, I daresay, to most English children."

"I haven't a doubt of it, little beggars. These Americans call it smartness and precocity. I call it downright cheek and impudence."

"Mrs. Cecil has asked me to say that she would rather not accept the income you—"

"Ah—she wants to wheedle me into seeing her, does she? But I won't see her! I hate to think of her! A mercenary woman!"

"You can hardly call her mercenary, mi lord. She has asked for nothing, and won't even accept the money you offer her."

"All done for effect, Havisham, all done for effect."

"I have another message from Mrs. Cecil. She asks you not to tell her son the reason she is not allowed to live with him."

"Come, now, Havisham, you don't mean to tell me she hasn't told him the reason?"

"Not a syllable."

"I'll be sworn she has poisoned his mind against me, though!"

"She has not, mi lord; you misjudge her entirely."

"He'll forget her in a week; he'll forget her in a week, he's only seven."

"Yes, he is only seven, mi lord, but he has spent these seven years at his mother's side, and I know she has all his affection."

As he stepped into the room in his black velvet suit, white lace collar, and flowing golden locks, the little fellow looked a perfect picture.

"Are you the Earl? I'm your grandson, you know. I hope you are quite well. I'm very glad to see you!"

The old Earl could hardly believe his eyes or ears.

"I've been wondering if you would look like my papa. Well, I was very, very young when he died, and I mayn't remember exactly how he looked, but I don't think you look like him."

"Ah, you're disappointed, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; you can't help your look, you know; and of course you would love your grandpapa even though he wasn't like your papa, 'specially one who has been so kind as you."

"Ah, I've been kind, have I?"

"Yes, very—I'm ever so much obliged to you about Mary and Dick."

"Mary and Dick?"

"Yes, they're particular friends of mine. Michael had the fever."

"Michael, who's Michael?"

"Michael's Mary's husband. When a man has the fever, and twelve children, you know how it is. But the money you sent me made them all right, and then there was Dick. You'd like Dick, Dick's so square, you know!"

"Square; what do you mean by square?"

"It means Dick wouldn't cheat."

"And who is Dick?"

"Dick's a bootblack."

"Oh, Dick's a bootblack!"

"Yes; I've known him for years, and the money you sent me bought out Jake, his partner, who wasn't square at all. So you see you made Mary and Michael and their twelve children and Dick very happy."

"Ah, have I?"

"Yes. Dearest says that's the best kind of goodness, and I hope when I grow up I shall be just like you."

"Ah, just like me?"

"Yes; if I can, I am going to try."

Dinner was now announced.

"You're lame, Grandpapa; will I help you?"

"Do you think you could do it, Fauntleroy?"

"I think I could; you could lean on your stick on the one side and me on the other. Dick says I've a good deal of muscle for a boy that's only seven."

"Well, Fauntleroy, well, you may try."

"Lean on me, Grandpapa, I'm all right—if it isn't a very long way. It's a warm night, isn't it?"

"Well, you have been doing some hard work, you know."

"Oh, it wasn't exactly hard, you know; but a person will get warm in summer. This is a very big house for just two people to live in, isn't it?"

"Do you find it is large, Fauntleroy?"

"Well, I was thinking that if just two people lived here who weren't very fond of each other, they might feel a little lonely sometimes. I wish Dearest was with us."

"Dearest; and who's Dearest, Fauntleroy?"

"My mama; you know, my papa always called her Dearest."

He looked wistfully into the fire. As the old man sat watching the child, visions of a wasted, selfish life came up before him, and a pang of self-reproach pierced him like a knife.

"Fauntleroy, tell me what you are thinking about?"

"I was thinking about Dearest. But she isn't very far away. She told me to remember that; and I can always look at the picture she gave me. My papa used to wear it. You see, you touch this spring. She is then—ah, and there she is, Grandpapa."

The sweet, loving face that looked up from the picture was very like the child's.

"And that is your mama, Fauntleroy?"

"Yes, that's Dearest."

"Are you very fond of her, Fauntleroy?"

"Yes, Grandpapa, very. You see, my papa left her to me to take care of, and when I am a man I'm going to work and earn money for Dearest."

"And do you miss her very much, Fauntleroy?"

"Yes, Grandpapa; but Dearest told me she would put a light in her window when it got dark. I see it, Grandpapa, I see it twinkling through the leaves, and I know what it says."

"What does it say, Fauntleroy?"

"'Good-night, God keep you all the night', and I know I am quite safe, Grandpapa."

"Quite safe, Fauntleroy, my boy, quite safe."

The room was very still. A large St. Bernard dog had gone to sleep on the rug. Little Lord Fauntleroy was asleep also, his head lying on the dog's shoulder; his mother's picture still in his hand. The Earl sat watching him; many new, strange thoughts were passing through the old man's mind.

By and by Mr. Havisham was shown in. "Havisham, I'm glad to see you. You were right, Havisham, and I was wrong, utterly wrong. Call on Mrs. Cecil in the morning, and say I ask her to forgive me, and bring her with you here, Havisham, to take her place as Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother and as my daughter. Look at him, Havisham, look at him. That child has taught me more to-night than I have learned in all my misspent life. The dear, noble, little fellow. God bless him!"

(By special permission of Mrs. Burnett.)

THE ARMADA.

LORD MACAULAY.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I sing of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet Invincible against her bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship, full sail to Plymouth Bay;
The crew had seen Castille's black fleet beyond Aurigny's Isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcombe's lofty hall;

Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And, with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow, upon the labouring wind, the royal standard swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up its ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
“Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair
maids!

Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho, gallants! draw your blades!
Thou sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her wide!
Our glorious *semper eadem*! the banner of our pride!”
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner’s massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea:
Such night in England ne’er has been, nor ne’er again shall be.
The bugle’s note, and cannon’s roar, the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires:
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer.
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each rousing
street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast, from every village round, the horse came spurring in;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill;
Till the proud Peak unfurl’d the flag o’er Derwent’s rocky dales;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to Heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern’s lonely height;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin’s crest of light;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely’s stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o’er all the boundless plain.
Till Belvoir’s lordly terraces, the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o’er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt’s embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

"ON AHEAD."

WM. TOYNBEE, in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

"A little bit low?" Well, I is, sir, mebbe;
I ain't took a rap since the mornin', yer see,
And a twenty-mile tramp is a tidyish bit,
With nuffin' to eat at the end on it.
Partickler when it's best part thro' the snow,
Still it ain't just that neither what makes me feel low.

It's the lad. But there, bless yer, ye've no call to stare,
For look as yer will, sir, yer won't see 'im there;
Tho' at times, on the tramp, when the sun 'as drawn in,
And it ain't quite time yet for the stars to begin,
I thinks some'ow, fight 'gainst the craze as I will,
I 'ears 'im a-toddlin' 'longside o' me still.

"Whose lad?" Mine, in course, for some'ow the mother
Didn't take to 'im like 'er dead 'un, 'is brother,
Worn't unkind, can't say that, allers gave 'im 'is share,
But for lovin' 'im, well, yer see, sir, it worn't there,
Not as I wants to blame 'er (poor gal, she's gone now);
But yer loves, or yer doan't, and she didn't some'ow.

And at furst, not to speak of, no more didn't I;
Worn't my kind o' lad, can't exactly say why,
Excep' 'e wus allers as thin as a thread
(Which ain't much account when ye've got to get bread),
And mostly seemed mumlike, and wouldn't cheer up,
Not tho' yer reached 'im yer glass for a sup!

But one day, a-trampin' along on the pike,
I cotched 'im a-lookin' so wistful like—
Just the same as yer sees a dawg 'casional do,
As yer doesn't partickler want to take to,
That says I, with a larf, "Why, wot's up with yer, lad?"
"Nuffin'," says 'e, quite soft, "save's I love yer so, dad!"

"Love me!" chuckles I to myself, "well, that's quecr,
When all as I loves now on earth be the beer!"
Love me when I've took no more notice on 'im,
Than I would on a weazel, the poor little limb!
But when in my 'and 'ere I felt 'isn slide—
Why, I thought, yer see, Captin, it might as well hide.

Still, 'e worn't a good traveller, some'ow the lad
Wouldn't cadge for a brown, be things ever so bad,
And at times, when all day, there'd bin nuffin' to grind,
I'd give 'im, p'raps roughish, a bit o' my mind :
But yer might just as well jaw the wind or the rain,
All 'e'd do was to sniggle up closer again !

But to cut it short, Captin (there's five good miles still
To the crossways, and then I've got 'arkaway 'ill),
Tho' I loved a quart then, and still do mortal bad,
'Twor nowt to my love as grow'd up for that lad.
Ay, to sight 'im again—tho' to talk where's the good
I'd take to the ribbon, yes, s'ope me, I would !

But there ! for *my* likes lovin' worn't, I s'pose, meant,
I loved my poor gal, and afore long she'd went ;
Parson says it's all right, and 'e jawed kind enough,
But my 'ead ain't no good at parson's book stuff,
All I knows is, I used to jog on then some'ow,
But, beer or no beer, it's bad travellin' now !

For last winter I lorst 'im. I calls it that way
'Cos I promised 'im t'other I never would say,
“ W'en I'm gorn,” says 'e, “ dad, don't yer think as I'm dead,
I shall only be trampin' a bit on a'ead.
And yer'll soon ketch me up,” says 'e, 'arf with a smile,
“ And love me the same as yer've done all this while.

“ I dreamed all about it last night in the barn,
A square sort o' dream, as I know worn't no yarn.
So don't think I'm dead, as yer mebbe might think,
For then ye'll be druv' like to keep orf the drink,
But foot it just steady a bit, and yer'll see,
Some night about sunset, yer'll come up with me.”

Well, that's all about it; at times like to-night,
I get 'arf to fancy as p'raps 'e wor right,
And mebbe I'll come on 'im just the same still,
A-waitin' to meet me far side o' the 'ill,
For they'd 'ardly 'ave let 'im dream that if ontrue,
Leastways, I can't think they would, Captin, can you?”

(By special permission of the Author.)

LOUIS XI.

W. R. MARKWELL.

FOUR CHARACTERS.

LOUIS, COITIER, FRANÇOIS DE PAULE, NEMOURS.

SCENE—*The King's Bedchamber.*

Louis. (*To COITIER*) My suffering is extreme, I do admit, but François may to-morrow give me health—but as a simple friend I here extend my hand.

Enter FRANÇOIS DE PAULE.

(*To FRANÇOIS, showing COITIER*) See, my father, he has braved his king, yet I pardon him. (*To COITIER.*) Retire!

[Conducting him to his room.]

On a friend's faith sleep thou in quietude. (*Aside, after shutting the door.*) Ah, traitor! should'st thou useless e'er become! I'll watch ye! I'll watch ye! See, my father. (*Prostrating himself.*) I tremble at thy feet with hope and fear, kiss e'en the spot thy holy feet have trod.

François. Arise. What would you?

Louis. All's possible to thee. Restore my health, efface the lines of age, extend thine hand, and bid me live again. Ten years, at least, my father—grant ten years, and I'll heap on thee honours twenty-fold. In thy name great cathedrals will I found—

François. King, Heaven permits not this feeble worm even to know, much less to change, the laws of Nature, and to assume such power is blasphemy.

Louis. I'm growing tired of this—come, do thy duty, monk—exert for me thy supernatural powers—or, if need be, I'll have resort to force. I'm king—the holy oil has touched my brow.

François. I fear me, king, that in your heart remorse is like a burning wound—kept fresh by crime, and dragging slowly your body to its grave.

Louis. Priests have absolved me.

François. Vain hope! True penitence alone can wash your stains away.

Louis. Shall I find grace?

François. Heaven grant you may.

Louis. You promise it if I confess? Listen, then, and to thee I'll tell that which has never reached the ear of man.

[FRANÇOIS sits.]

Francois. What hast thou done?

Louis. It was rumoured that the fear the Dauphin caused the late king hastened him to Heaven.

Francois. A son abridge his aged father's life?

Louis. I was that Dauphin!

Francois. You?

Louis. But his weak rule would have ruined France—state interests—

[NEMOURS is seen to open the bed-curtains and look forth occasionally, at intervals, during the scene.]

Francois. Confess. Do not excuse thy faults.

Louis. I had a brother who by poison died.

Francois. By your order?

Louis. Some suspected so. But he was a traitor, and deserved it,

Francois. Murderer—fratricide—repent!

Louis. (*Falling on his knees.*) I do! I do! (*Dragging himself towards FRANCOIS and clutching his clothes.*) Be merciful! See, kneeling, I deplore another crime! The old Nemours—he had conspired, and at his death, beneath the scaffold, his three weeping sons were placed.

Francois. Barbarian!

Louis. Others I have put to death. Prisoners e'en now—far, far below these floors—groan out forgotten lives!

Francois. Since these are wrongs which thou canst still repair, come.

Louis. Whither?

Francois. To release them. Haste—haste—and save thy soul!

Louis. And risk my crown as king? No. It is enough that I repent. The church has pardons which a king can buy.

Francois. God sells not pardon. Unhappy man, appease the torture of thy guilty soul. An act of mercy may give back thy sleep—and some, at least, will bless thy waking hours.

Louis. I'll see about it (*peevishly*).

Francois. Heaven will not wait.

Louis. To-morrow!

Francois. Ere to-morrow, death may seize—this night—this instant!

Louis. No; I am too well inclosed, and too well defended.

Francois. Adieu, then, murderer! [*Going.*]

Louis. Father, stay!

Francois. Pray—and not with words—pray with your deeds—atone the past. Farewell! [*Exit, having lingered for a moment.*]

Louis. He's gone! Yes! Who will extend a helping hand to me, for rescue from the abyss in which I'm plunged? I'll pray—he bade me.

[He kneels on his prie-dieu, places his hat before him, and prays to a small image of the Virgin hanging to his coat—NEMOURS opens the curtains, and standing still, with dagger in his hand watching him.]

Nemours. No shriving time did he allow my father.

[Music heard in the distance.]

Louis. (Rising.) What do I hear? (*Approaches window—turns from window—sees NEMOURS*) Ha!

Nemours. Silence!

Louis. I am dumb!

Nemours. Not a cry!

Louis. No!

Nemours. Thy guards defend thee well.

Louis. Nemours, what wouldst thou?

Nemours. Vengeance!

Louis. Judge not in passion.

Nemours. I am not thy judge!

Louis. And who is, then?

Nemours. My father!

Louis. Thou Nemours.

Nemours. My father!

Louis. Thou alone!

Nemours. My father!

Louis. He would slay me.

Nemours. Thou'st judged thyself

Louis. Be merciful!

Nemours. Wert thou?

Louis. Oh, hear my prayer.

Nemours. Dost recollect his prayer to thee—this last appeal? 'Tis here! (*Showing him a scroll tied with silk taken from his breast.*)

Louis. I ne'er received—

Nemours. Which was by thee rejected.

Louis. Not by me, Nemours.

Nemours. And which, when dead, we found upon his heart—my only heritage. Behold it, king! it is thy death-warrant. Impostor see—behold and read!

Louis. Forgive.

Nemours. Beneath this dagger, read—to whet thy memory.

Louis. I cannot.

Nemours. 'Neath the axe he well could write; read, as he wrote.

Louis. I cannot; no, I die. This dagger, which I shun, and which thy hand directs against me, dazzles, blinds me; no, I cannot—no!

Nemours. Listen!

Louis. Mercy!

Nemours. (*Reads from the paper.*) "My very dear, and sovereign lord, as much and as humbly as I can, I recommend myself to your pity and mercy". Well—

Louis. I was severe and cruel, but I'll make amends. I'll make full atonement—put me to the proof; and by my deeds I'll show my penitence.

Nemours. Listen again. (*Continues reading.*) "I will serve you so well and so loyally, that you shall know I am truly penitent. Have pity on me, and on my poor children. Let me not die for my transgressions to their shame, that they may survive me in dishonour and in beggary. For God's sake, sire, have pity upon me and my poor children!" Look—read—read!

Louis. Where?

Nemours. (*Pointing to the place with the dagger.*) There!

Louis. "Your poor friend, Jacques d'Armagnac!"

Nemours. And there—his blood!

Louis. Nemours!

Nemours. His blood. Oh, what punishment can meet thy crimes! How make it equal to thy matchless guilt?

Louis. (*Falling at NEMOURS'S feet.*) Mercy, Nemours!

Nemours. There's but one torture can suffice.

Louis. (*Sinking in terror.*) It is my death! [*Falls insensible.*

Nemours. (*Raising the dagger, and then throwing it from him.*) No, 'tis thy life. What, I free thee? No, live on, or rather, living die; die slowly, too, that all thy cruel schemes may add accumulated woes, and foretaste give of thine eternity. Ay, wait till death, both just and pitiless, shall seize that soul which never mercy felt, loaded with crime so high that even Heaven's mercy has no measure for thee; live, live, if it is thy wish—thy prayers. Heaven grant it! then; prolong this damnèd life, until his crimes reach, Babel-like, to heaven to bring its judgment down. [*Exit.*

Louis. (*Utters some inarticulate sounds as he recovers.*) Help, Tristan! An assassin! Murder! Help!

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; good-night had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin;
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been;
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And he whispered: "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep!"
"Why, no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear Papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus'.
Now *we* know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before dear mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,—
And God would hear everything mamma would say,—
And maybe she asked Him to send 'Santa Claus' here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan'ot we p'ay, dust as manma did, den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too;" and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees on the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen',
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favours we're asking of Thee.

I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he:

Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."

"Please Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some p'esents before it is 'ight;

I want he sood div' me a nice little sed,
Wid bright shinin' 'unners, and all painted 'ed;

A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen. And den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds;

They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dream-land were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again;

He seems now to hear Annie's self-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,

"And should not have sent them so early to bed:

But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent;

For bank-stock to-day has gone down two per cent;

But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,

And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;

But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door—

To my darlings I never spoke harshly before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,

And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;

His Annie's "Bless papa", drew forth the big tears,

And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.

"Strange, strange! I'd forgotten," he said with a sigh,

"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,

"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,

Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,

Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,

A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!

Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box, well-filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red".
There were balls, dogs, and horses; books pleasing to see;
And birds of all colours were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
Now as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he'd amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before:
What care I if bank-stock fall two per cent more!
Henceforward I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, slipping downstairs, retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
And they laughed, and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted!) and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,

Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and p'ayed just as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our p'ayer; now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please."
("Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf!
"Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

THE MIDNIGHT MAIL

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

All night, within the thunderous sky
No signal star was seen;
And the torrents foamed to the gorge below,
With a lightning flash between.
Brave be the hand that drives the train
On a fearful night like this!
And brave the heart which crosses the bridge
That spans the black abyss!
For the strong boards creak to the roaring blast,
And over it bursts the sea;
But the train must run, and work be done,
Whatever the night may be!
The signal-man, by the lightning stabbed,
Lay dead in his signal-cot:
When the hurricane roars, O happy the dead
Who sleep, and hear it not!
And the mother knelt by her weeping child,
A babe of summers seven:
"Weep not, my child! tho' father sleeps,
His spirit wakes in Heaven!
"Rise; light the signal lamps, my child:
The steps are steep and high:
God guide thy feet! 'tis nigh the hour
When the Midnight Mail goes by!"

But hark! what sound was that? again—
There by the mountain ridge?
A crash—again—again! O God,
It is the bridge—the bridge!

“The bridge is broke! the bridge is broke!
The steps are steep and high:
Haste—climb—light, light the danger-lamp,
For the Midnight Mail is nigh!”

Out rushed the child: the ruffian winds
Shrieked round her shivering form!
Ho! ho! for the babe in the hurricane!
And the child in the giant storm!

Above her, like a tower in heaven,
The signal-pillar stood,
And its iron stairs, in the howling gale,
Shivered, like lathes of wood!

Above her shook the signal-lamps:
Like reeds, they shook amain:
Below her swung the shattered bridge:
Beside her shrieked the train!

“O father, help me! help thy child!
Dear father, hear my prayer:
The train is nigh, the lamp is high,
I cannot climb the stair!

“Save—save the train! dear father, save!
Nearer the wild train swept:
Within, upon her fevered couch
The mother swooned and slept!

Listening the storm in fevered dreams
Her restless spirit lies:
When lo! what sudden light is this
That opens her dreaming eyes?

With thankful tears, her burning cheek
And fevered eyes are damp:
“Father has heard my darling’s prayer,
And lit the signal-lamp!

“See how it gleams! look how it shines!
Tho’ raved the tempest wild,

I knew her father's soul was near,
And still would help his child !”

Then lo ! above her, smiling, bent
Her babe of summers seven :

“ Yes, mother, yes : tho' father sleeps,
His spirit wakes in Heaven :

For when I could not climb the stair,
The storm so fiercely raved,
Dear father drove the clouds abroad,
And showed the signal-stars of God,
And so the train was saved !”

(By special permission of the Author.)

THE COURTSHIP OF ALLAN FAIRLEY OF EARLSWOOD.

S. R. CROCKETT.

(Adapted for Recital.)

This is no carried tale, but just as the minister himself told it to me, and the way I came to hear it was this:—Allan and the wife were at Drumquhat overnight on their marriage jaunt, him being *sib* to my mistress, and prood of the connection, as he has a right to be. My wife was a wee feared about having her in the house, being aware that she was a Gordon of Earlswood—the auldest stock in Galloway, and brought up to be a lady-body. But she need have had no fears, for ye never saw gentle or semple mair free or heartsome. She ran to the barn to help to gather the eggs, and got five, three being nest-eggs, and a *cheena* one, that was put there to deceive the chuckies. She kilted her coats and helped to feed the calves. Then she was for learning to milk, but Black Bet laid back her lugs, and in the hinderend kicked ower the luggie; and there never was such laughing in Drumquhat since it was a farm-town. She made herself as merry and heartsome as though there had never been a Gordon in Earlswood or a Douglas in the Isle. And Allan watched her as if he could not let her out of his sight—smiling like a man that dreams a pleasant dream, but fears he will awaken. Then when her dancing een came across his steady, quiet look, she would come behind him and put her hands over his eyes, asking what she had done that he should look at her like that.

It was gurlly weather when they were at Drumquhat, and when

the wife was off with the candles and her hostess's mysteries (mostly kindly fuss and a chance to gossip) to see Allan's young wife to her chamber, Allan and me sat a gye while glowering at the red of the peat, till I broke the silence that had fallen between us—the silence of companionship, with the question that rose quite natural, for it was not yesterday, or the day before, that I first kenned the lad. 'Ay, Allan, lad, an' where did ye fa' on wi' her?' I could see the pride (good, honest pride) rising in Allan's face, flushing his cheek, and setting his eye fairly in a lowe, as he answered, "Ay, Saunders, didna I do the best day's work ever I did when I got her?" This was my own thought for the lad, but I only said, "An' hoo did ye fa' on wi' her?"

"It's a long story, Saunders, but I'll tell you. When I was elected to the parish of Earlswood I was the people's candidate, ye maun ken. I had four hundred votes to thirty-three; but Walter Douglas Gordon of Earlswood, sole heritor of the parish, was against me. He proposed a far-out friend of his own, never dreaming but that he would be elected without a word, and ye may guess what a back-set he got when only his foresters and them that was most behadden to him voted for his man."

"He wad neyther be to haud nor bin'," said I.

"Na," said Allan; "and in open kirk meeting he cuist up to them that was proposing me that my faither was but a plooman, and my mither knitted his hose. But he forgot that the days of patronage were by, for the Cross Roads joiner rises, and says he: 'I ken Allan Fairley, and I ken his faither an' mither, an' they hae colleged their son as honestly on plooin' an' stockin'-knittin' as your son on a' the rents o' Earlswood!'

"'He'll never be minister o' the parish o' Earlswood wi' my guid-will!' says he.

"'He'll e'en be minister o' Earlswood without it, then,' said the joiner—an honest man, not troubled with respect of persons. 'There's nae richt o' pit an' gallows noo, laird!' says he.

"'An' it's as well for you and your like!' said the Laird of Earlswood, as ne strode out of the kirk, grim as Archie Bell-the-Cat.

"Weel, Saunders, I considered that four hundred was a good enough off-set against thirty-five of Earlswood's foresters and cot-men, so I was settled in the parish, and took my mither from her knitting to keep the manse."

"Honour thy father and thy mother!" said I. "You did well, Allan."

"The folk at the big house left the kirk and drove over to the

Episcopalians at Ford, but I went to call, as it was my duty to do. And I met a young lady in the grounds and asked her the way. She kindly walked with me to the door. This was the message that the footman brought back, the young lady standing by: 'Mr. Gordon declines to see you, and if you come on the policies again he will have you prosecuted for trespass'."

"Of course he couldna uphaud that," I put in.

"Very likely no," said Allan; "but it was sore to bide from a poo'dered fitman on Earlswood doorstep under the blue een o' Grace Gordon!"

"An' what did *she* say?" I asked, curious for once.

"Say!" said Allan, proudly; "This is what she *did*: 'Permit me to offer you an apology, Mr. Fairley,' she said, 'and to show you the private path through the fir plantation, which you may not know. Oh, I know it was maybe no ladylike, Saunders—'"

"But it was awfu' *woman-like*!" said I.

"I'll no say anything about the walk through the plantation," said Allan Fairley, who no doubt had his own sacred spots like other folk, "but I have no need to deny that a new thing came into my life that day when the rain-drops sparkled on the fir needles. I mind the damp smell o' them to this day." (And there is no doubt that the boy would to his dying day. I mind mysel'—but there is no need going into that.)

"The time gaed on as it has the gait of doing," Allan continued, and things settled a wee, and I thocht that they would maybe all come round—except Earlswood, of course. Ye maun ken that there's a big colony o' dreadfu' respectable gentry in our parish—retired tradesfolk frae Glasgow and Edinburgh, with a pickle siller and a back-load o' pride."

"I ken the clan!" says I.

"Weel, Saunders, ye'll hardly believe what I'm gaun to tell you, but it's no made story I'm telling you. There were twa o' them cam' to the manse yae nicht," said Allan, lapsing into his Doric, "and the lass showed them intill the study. It was gye an' dark, but they wadna hear o' lichtin the lamp, an' I didna wunner or a' was dune. They didna seem to have come aboot onything in particular, but they couldna get awa', so they sat and sat, an' just mishandled the rims o' their hats. They lookit at yin anither an' oot at the wunda an' up at the ceilin', but they never lookit at me. At last yin o' them, a writer body, said in a kin' o' desperation, 'Mr. Fairley, we have been deputed to tell you what the better classes of the parish think would be best for you to do—'"

“‘I am muckle obliged for the interest of the better classes of the parish in my affairs,’ says I; but he gaed on like a bairn that has his lesson perfect.

“‘They think that it is a very noble thing of you to provide for your mother—filial piety and so on’—here he was at a loss, so he waved his hands—‘but you must be aware that—that I have a difficulty in expressing my meaning—that the ladies of the congregation, however willing, are as unable to call upon Mistress Fairley as it would be no doubt embarrassing for her to receive them. Would it not be better that some other arrangement—some smaller cottage could surely be taken—’

“He got no further; he wadna hae gotten as far if for a moment I had jaloused his drift. I got on my feet. I could hardly keep my hands off them, minister as I was; but I said: ‘Gentlemen, you are aware of what you ask me to do. You ask me to turn out of my house the mither that bore me, the mither that learned me “*The Lord’s my Shepherd*”, the mither that wore her fingers near the bane that I might gang to the college, that solded her bit plenishin’ that my manse might be furnished! Ye ask me to show her to the door—I’LL SHOW YOU TO THE DOOR!’ an’ to the door they gaed!”

“The story was ower a’ the parish the next day, as ye may guess, an’ wha but Miss Gordon o’ Earlswood ca’ed on my mither the day efter that—an’ kissed her on the doorstep as she gaed away. The lawyer’s wife saw her.

“There was a great gathering o’ the clans at Earlswood when it a’ cam’ oot, but Grace had the blood of Archibald the Grim as weel as her faither; an’ she stood by the black armour of the Earlswood who died at Flodden by the King, and said she afore them a’: ‘I have heard what you say of Mr. Fairley, now you shall hear what I say. I say that I love Allan Fairley with all my heart, and if one of you says another word against him, I shall walk down to Earlswood Manse and ask Allan Fairley if he will marry Grace Gordon as she stands!’”

“Saunders,” said my wife, entering as if she had not been having an hour long woman’s gossip with Grace Fairley, “Saunders, there’ll be nae word o’ this when the clock strikes five the morrow’s morn. I wunner at you, Allan Fairley, a mairrit man, keepin’ him oot o’ his bed till this time o’ nicht wi’ yer clavers!” And so we parted.

(From “*The Stickit Minister*”, by special permission of the Author, and T. Fisher Unwin, Esq., Publisher.)

THE LADY'S DREAM.

TOM HOOD.

The lady lay in her bed, her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still; for turning often and oft
From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd, and toss'd her arms
aloft.

At last she started up and gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face from visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook, her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried:—"Oh me! that
awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk in the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings, that came and flitted
round,—

Death, death, and nothing but death, in every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin, and cheeks without a bloom;
And the Voice that cried, 'For the pomn of pride, we haste to an
early tomb!

" 'For the pomp and pleasure of Pride we toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last, where yonder cypress waves;'—
And then they pointed—I never saw a ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came, with their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still, a sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt of such a World of Woe!

"Of the hearts that daily break, of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life that grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, and Pain and Want, but now I dreamt of them
all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there, and the babe that pined
for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor who begged—to bury
the dead;
'The naked, alas, that I might have clad, the famish'd I might have
fed!

"The sorrow I might have sooth'd, and the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there, from long forgotten years--
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago I scanned with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there as when I pass'd it by:
Woe, woe for me if the past should be thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake, no need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walk'd through life too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm, and fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts; and ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit, supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones that starve for want of
food!

"I dress'd as the noble dress, in cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs, in many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limb that froze with winter's
cold.

"The wounds I might have heal'd! the human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul to play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought, as well as want of Heart!"

She clasp'd her fervent hands, and tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell, remorse was so extreme:
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame would dream the Lady's Dream!

A HOLIDAY IDYL

TWO CHARACTERS.

RUTH. JACK DUDLEY.

SCENE—*Garden of a Farmhouse.* RUTH discovered sitting sewing.

Enter JACK.

Jack. (Aside). "A rosebud set in little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her."

When Tennyson wrote that, he must have seen such a girl as *she* is.
Why can't I write poetry about *her*? I *feel* it. What a contrast she

is to the flimsy women I've left? What is she working at? Not useless, imbecile embroidery nonsense, I'll be bound, but good honest plebeian calico. What will society say if I ask her successfully, what day after day for a fortnight has told me. I can't help but ask her? Bah! Society is as hollow as the noise it makes.—I wish she'd look round.

Ruth. (Aside.) Is he there? Watching me. If yes, I wonder how I look in this position. He doesn't speak.—Oh, if he should have gone! (*She cautiously looks round.*)

Jack. (Raising his hat.) Good evening! How are you?

Ruth. (Brusquely.) As usual.

Jack. That means very well. You see I am here again; I couldn't keep away. I hope you're not sorry I've come.

Ruth. Perhaps I am. You're always coming. I'm anything but sure that you're not getting a nuisance. A regular nuisance!

Jack. Yes; regular because I come every day. But don't say I'm a nuisance, and don't look at me so severely.

Ruth. I won't look at you at all. (*Turns from him.*) I'm not an inspector of nuisances!

Jack. Have I leave to come in?

Ruth. Certainly not!

Jack. May I take leave?

Ruth. Yes; leave of me. Good-bye! (*Aside.*) I hope he won't think I mean that.

Jack. Oh, let's come in.

Ruth. Not with my permission.

Jack. May I without?

Ruth. (Shyly.) Yes, if you like.

(*JACK comes into the garden and stands, or sits, opposite to her on the other side of the table.*)

Jack. What a jolly day it's been!

Ruth. Has it? I've really not had time to think about it.

Jack. No, you're always too industrious, early and late. Farming in the day, mending in the evening. (*Looks over her work.*)

Ruth. It's never too late to mend: but I'm not mending now. I'm manufacturing.

Jack. What is it?

Ruth. Harding—sevenpence a yard.

Jack. What will it be?

Ruth. A smock.

Jack. "A smock!" Doesn't it hurt your mouth to say it? Is it for yourself? Do you wear smocks?

Ruth. Dear me, no! It's for Hodge, the labourer.

Jack. I wish I were a smock.—No, no—of course I don't mean that. I mean, I wish I were Hodge.

Ruth. With ten children to feed?

Jack. No, by Jove! Has he ten children? (*Aside.*) What a lot they'll eat! A man's no business to have a family like that. It's a bad example to them. In a few years every other person one meets will be a Hodge.

Ruth. Why did you wish you were Hodge?

Jack. Because then you'd make a smock for me.

Ruth. I will as it is, if you'll turn out in the fields and work like him.

Jack. I shouldn't mind. It would kill time.

Ruth. What has Time done to deserve killing?

Jack. It so often drags along so wearily.

Ruth. By killing it you'd stop it altogether. But here in the country we are taught to be Conservative, and I'm Conservative, even in maxims. So I must admit that Time flies.

Jack. Perhaps it does. But more like a great lumbering partridge than a swallow.

Ruth. Then, if I know anything about guns, it should be easier to kill. Come, confess—Time flies.

Jack. It does *now*. It does always when I'm doing something like this.

Ruth. Like what?

Jack. Talking to you.

Ruth. Do you like talking to me?

Jack. Far more than I can say.

Ruth. (*Suddenly after an awkward pause, during which she has worked rapidly.*) Do you like weather? No, I mean, do you like umbrellas?

Jack. Umbrellas! I do indeed. I shall swear by them in future.

Ruth. The oath at all events will be original. It's usual, isn't it, for young men to swear "By Jove!"

Jack. Yes; with an occasional variation in the shape of "Jingo".

Ruth. Romeo swore by the moon, didn't he? I wonder how he managed when there was no moon?

Jack. I should think he made use of the nearest lamp-post. For give my talking nonsense.

Ruth. Don't mention it. I like it.

Jack. So do I. I've not been able to talk nonsense for long.

Ruth. How very clever and wise you must have been.

Jack. No; disheartened. Do you know what brought me from busy London here, into its completest contrast?

Ruth. Was it a cheap trip?

Jack. No; another *train* of reason. I've lived and moved in town for a long time. I've seen there much that is good, and more that is worthless; one-third of Truth to two of Humbug. Cynics in society of these advanced days are considered fools, because cynicism and society's usages are at daggers drawn. But cynicism is no folly when it sneers at vice—at fair young girls swearing to love, honour, and obey palsied mammons, with one foot in the grave; at high-bred men who boast of the poor hearts they have wrecked; at high-born women who are eternally simpering and smiling, not, heaven knows, because they are happy, but because they have brilliant teeth. I have seen all this, and though it's an unhealthy sentiment to feel better than one's neighbour, I irresistibly grew disgusted, sickened, bitter as wormwood.

Ruth. Bitter as wormwood; how bitter is that? Up to the standard of marmalade?

Jack. You're laughing at me.

Ruth. It was such a long speech with so many big words in it. I'm sure you must be very thirsty after it. What may I offer you?

Jack. What *can* you offer me?

Ruth. Being such a convert to the country, what do you say to milk?

Jack. Well, there's a good deal of sameness about milk, but I don't mind. Where is it?

Ruth. Oh, you'll have to go and help yourself; you'll find a cow in the next field but one.

Jack. No, its pure strength would be too much for me. We Londoners are not accustomed to take our milk neat. How you do quiz! But I like you to laugh at me. I came here seeking honest laughter and candour, and freshness and brightness, and I've found more than I ever hoped to find in this dear place, and let me say, in you.

Ruth. That's very good of you. Unfortunately I've not got a convenient forelock, or I'd pull it. It's very gratifying, very gratifying indeed, to know that Rookwood and *I* have exceeded your expectations. What did you *think* to find the place?

Jack. Natural, thorough, straight.

Ruth. And its people?

Jack. Also natural, thorough, straight. But I confess not graceful, and clever, and refined, and very beautiful.

Ruth. I see. You believed that the male portion of our community could only (*mimicking*) grin "ee, ee", and reply "Es, Zur", and that the highest accomplishments of a dairy-maid lay in her ability to drop eyelids, curtsies, and h's.

Jack. Scarcely so bad as that! I thought—

Ruth. Only to be able to tolerate us, and you find that you like us in spite of yourself.

Jack. So much, that I think I shall stop here always. Why not? I could turn farmer, and every week take my farmyard produce to the market in the most uncomfortable gig that ever incompetent coach-builder conceived. Huge baskets of butter, cream, cheese, and eggs.

Ruth. How many eggs would you sell for a shilling?

Jack. That would altogether depend upon the industry of the hens. Oh, I think I could work a farm famously in every department.

Ruth. Do you? Who'd churn your butter, milk your cows, look after your parlour curtains, regulate your mangling, and superintend your peggy tub?

Jack. Of course I should require help in certain necessary details; and whom do you think I should ask to help me?

Ruth. How can I tell, Mr. Dudley? I suppose you'd hire somebody at eighteen pence a day.

Jack. No, I should study economy. I should ask you to help me for nothing.

Ruth. (*Her head bent to her work.*) I scarcely understand you.

Jack. Then I'll cut parable and try to make myself understood. (*Ruth sews furiously.*) I want you to help me in everything—(*leaning across the table, and speaking earnestly*)—to help me to be better, and healthier-minded, and happier. I want you to believe, Ruth, that I love you very, very much, and that I hope you will be my wife.

Ruth. Oh, Mr. Dudley, you have—

Jack. Not offended, or hurt you?

Ruth. No, made me prick my fingers. You see, Mr. Dudley, I know so little of you.

Jack. Trust me, I'll give you every opportunity of knowing more.

Ruth. And you see, too, Mr.—

Jack. You'll make me feel desperate if you call me "Mr." My name's Jack.

Ruth. That's short for John, isn't it?

Jack. I'm never called John, except by the Governor, when he rows me, and he very often does.

Ruth. Who is the Governor?

Jack. My father.

Ruth. What is your father?

Jack. How do you mean?

Ruth. What's his profession, his business?

Jack. He is in the Baronet interest.

Ruth. Are you the son of a real live Baronet? (*Rises.*) But what would *he* say of your proposal to a poor, simple, rustic specimen like me?

Jack. I don't like to tell you.

Ruth. But I wish you to.

Jack. If you insist, I suppose I must tell you. He'd say—

Ruth. (*Quickly interrupting.*) Stop—a bad word?

Jack. Several.

Ruth. Then tell me what he'd say, *without* the bad words?

Jack. He'd say—nothing.

Ruth. He must be a very dreadful man.

Jack. He's about the average of baronets who've got the gout.

Ruth. What are his politics?

Jack. Like your eyes, true blue.

Ruth. Then his is not a "short-sighted policy". And suppose—suppose—nothing more, *yet*—that I do care for you—just a little, would you, with this gulf of station between us, in spite of all, be thoroughly constant, thoroughly true?

Jack. Always true?

Ruth. How true?

Jack. As—as—true as steel.

Ruth. Even if that simile were original, I shouldn't like it. Steel is so cold, and if you're going to be like steel, you'd get rusty when you were cried over!

Jack. Cried over? Why should I be cried over?

Ruth. All girls cry over their sweethearts some time or another. Try again.

Jack. Then as true as gold.

Ruth. What carat?

Jack. Eighteen, of course.

Ruth. You'd never relapse into anything approaching aluminium! Always gold? Eighteen carat?

Jack. Always.

Ruth. Then I'll—

Jack. (*Taking her hand across the table.*) Take me?

Ruth. Yes, and call you *Jack*.

Jack. The happiest Jack living.

Ruth. That's saying a good deal. (*Both sit. After a pause.*) So we're engaged. (*After a pause, shyly.*) Doesn't it strike you that there is something a little incomplete about the arrangement? In London, when a man proposes to, and is accepted by a woman, isn't it usual for him to—to—kiss her?

Jack. It is indeed. (*He sits on the table close to her.*)

Ruth. Of course, you know—of course, it is of no great consequence, but it's *sometimes* done in the country.

Jack. It's a pity to be exceptional. (*Kisses her, and puts his arm around her.*)

Ruth. (*Touching his arm.*) I'm not sure that this is customary in the country.

Jack. Then we'll set a wholesome precedent.

Ruth. But if anybody sees us, what shall we look like?

Jack. If "anybody" is fanciful—like the sun and the sea over there in the distance.

Ruth. The sun's popularly supposed to be a "He"—so you're the sun.

Jack. Yes, and you're the sea. Look—the sun is kissing "good-night" to the sea, and doesn't the sea seem to like it?

Ruth. I don't know. She's blushing dreadfully.

Jack. She'll moan very dismally when the sun has left her, and when she has to be contented to enjoy only the memory of him in the shape of the moon. But he'll come back to her to-morrow evening.

Ruth. Yes, after having kissed sundry other seas in the meantime. But he might not come back. Clouds might rise between them. You're rather unhappy in your comparisons.

Jack. I can't be unhappy in anything now. No clouds, no doubts, shall ever arise between *us*. We shall trust each other implicitly. No jealousies, no suspicions, no secrets.

Ruth. No secrets! Well, I have a wee secret, so wee, it's scarcely worth sharing with you.

Jack. Don't be selfish. Give me half of it.

Ruth. Not now; I'll test your patience, and tell you when we can find nothing else to talk about.

Jack. Then you'll never tell it to me. What is it?

Ruth. Only a little romance of my own. But it's too late to tell it now. See, the sun is going. You must go, too.

Jack. Not yet.

Ruth. (*Rising.*) Then the sea must rise and leave the sun. I must go. Farewell, resplendent sun.

Jack. Farewell, imperious ocean.

Ruth. (*Offering her hand.*) Good night, Jack.

Jack. (*Kissing her.*) Good night, Ruth. [Exit RUTH.]

Jack. (*After a pause.*) I wonder if there's a shop in the district where I can buy an engagement ring. No, hang it! I'll go in for a wedding ring right off, and marry her to-morrow.

(*Adapted from "Ruth's Romance" by special permission of Messrs. French, 89 Strand, London.—To whom application for permission to play it in public must be made.*)

THE LAST SHOT: A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

JOHN D. REID.

Three to ride and to save, one to ride and be saved—
That's the key of my tale, boys, deep on my heart engraved.
With death before and behind, through dangers many and nigh,
Four to ride together, and three of the four to die.

There was the Captain's daughter, a young and delicate girl,
With her childlike face and shining eyes, and hair of sunniest curl;
She looked like a beautiful flower, too slight to be even caressed,
Yet never had hero braver heart than beat in that girlish breast.

And then there was Sergeant Gray, a martinet old and grim;
The biggest tyrant that ever lived was a lamb compared to him;
Ne'er-dae-weel Douglas next, a Borderer born and bred,
With a sin on his soul for every hair that grew on his handsome head.

And then there was Fighting Denis—Denis the stout of heart,
Foremost in every row and brawl, skilled in the "manly art";
Take the three altogether, the truth is, old and young,
They were three o' the greatest scamps, boys, that ever deserved to be hung.

What was she doing, you ask, alone with fellows like these,
Down by the Ganges' bank, hid 'mong the mango trees?
Well, she couldn't help herself, could only wait and pray,
And they—they were doing their duty as well as they knew the way.

Slowly the red moon rose, and then the sergeant spoke—
"Pat, look to the horses' girths; Graham, give the lady this cloak;
Now, Miss, be your father's daughter, our lads are close below,
The horses are fresh the road is clear, and we've only five miles to go."

Then spoke the Captain's daughter, and her voice was weak but clear—

"I want you to promise, brave friends, while we're together here,
That you'll keep the last shot for me—when each heart of hope
despairs;

Better to die by hands like yours than be left alive in theirs."

The sergeant cleared his throat, and turned his face away;
Denis, the stout of heart, had never a word to say;
And Douglas grasped his hilt with a look and gesture grim,
While he looked on the face o' the girl with eyes grown suddenly
blurred and dim.

"Oh, you'll promise me, will you not?" the weak voice pleaded
again,

"You will not leave me to them—you—soldiers—my father's men?
For the sake of my mother in Heaven—and God and death so near—
Oh, father, father, you would, I know, if only you were here."

"I promise." "And I." "And I." The voices were hoarse and
low,

And each man prayed, I ween, that the task he might not know
As out on the plain they rode swiftly and silently—
Four to ride together, and three o' the four to die.

The sergeant's charger led with a long and raking stride,
And her Arab's lighter bound kept the lady by his side,
While hanging on either flank, the watchers, steady and strong,
Swept on through the clouds of dust that rose as the leaders
hastened along.

Fire to the right and left, fire in front and rear,
As the dusky demons broke from their lurking ambush near—
"Noo, Denis, boot tae boot—keep close between, ye twa—
We've cut her a way through waur than this, an'—" "Chairge!"
"Hurroo!" "Hurrah!"

As the lightning cleaves the cloud, as the tempest rends the oak,
The comrades' headlong rush the gathering miscreants broke;
Unharm'd through the yelling horde the Captain's daughter fled,
While thick and fast in fierce pursuit the Sirdar's horsemen sped.

Up on the crest o' the rise where Cawnpore's curse of blood
Hushes with horror yet the wide and rolling flood,
Douglas reeled in his saddle, and whispered brokenly—
"Gray, dinna let her ken, but it's near a' ower wi' me."

"Hit?"—"Ay, here in the side."—"Bad?"—"Ay, bad, but—a—h! I'll face yon hounds on the brae, it may gain ye a minute or twa—Tak' my horse—ye may need it for her. Steady, there!—woa, there, Gem!—

Diuna forget your promise—yon lassie's no for them."

An iron grip o' the hands—a mist o'er the sergeant's sight,
As he swiftly wheeled the horses, and vanished in the night;
Then round to the nearing foe, under the starry sky,
Alone with his God and his own brave heart Grahame Douglas
turned to die.

On came Hamed, the boastful—who so sure as he,
With his Siva-charmed sword, keen-edged, against the Feringhee?
Woe for Hamed, the boastful! woe the mistake he made,
When he matched his sword 'gainst a Border arm and the sweep of
a Border blade!

Then fighting it, thrust for thrust, and fighting it, blow for blow,
Till at last, where the bank fell sheer to the dusky stream below,
He fell—a groan—a plunge—wave circles eddying wide—
And the ne'er-dae-weel was still at last 'neath the river's turbid tide.

On and over all,—over nullah and stream;
On, where the serpents hiss, where the leopards' eyeballs gleam;
On and on like the wind, faster and faster yet,
While the iron fingers clutch the hilt, and the grinding teeth are set.

"Stretch to it, gallant Selim!—leap to it, Ned and Dan!
Well done, brave brutes! Hurrah! Let them catch us now who
can!"

On and on for life—for a higher, dearer stake—
For true men's chivalry—for a helpless woman's sake!

A sputter of fire on the right, a flame of fire in the rear,
And Gem leaped up and fell—another, and all too near
The hissing bullets came, and then the sergeant knew
His blood and life were ebbing away with every breath he drew

Sore and deep the wound, but never a moan he made,
And, rising up in his saddle, erect as when on parade,
"Pat, if you get in, report that Douglas and I are dead;
Tell them we did our duty, and mind—your promise," he said.

The maiden checked her horse with a quick, wild scream of pain—
"O Heaven, have pity!" she sobbed, as Denis seized her rein;

Then, giving his last command—"Ride on!" with impatient frown,
True British soldier to the last, the brave old man went down.

Oh, pale the maiden's face, but her brow was calm and clear,
Though never had woman yet such awful cause for fear;
And Denis, the stout of heart, in his saddle turned to rise,
With the lurid glare of maddened rage in his kindly Irish eyes.

Swiftly he aimed and fired—every shot was sure,
And fierce the yells that hailed the fall of each dusky blackamoor,
Till sudden the maiden's voice came shrill in agony—
"Oh, Denis, brave Denis, you promised you would keep the last for
me!"

Was that the glint of steel that flashed from yonder wood!
Rose there hoarse commands in voices stern and rude?
"On, on—oh, God! so near—so near, and to fail at last!
On, on—in vain—our brave brutes fail us—hope is past!"

Oh, pale was the maiden's face, and her white lips moved in prayer;
Then, with never a sign of fear, for the hero soul was there;
With the virgin martyr's glory lighting her bonny brow,
She laid her hand on Denis' arm, and gently whispered, "Now!"

The strong man shook 'neath the touch of those tiny finger-tips,
And, "Say you forgive me, Miss," broke hoarse from his ashen lips.
'Forgive you! Again and again! You see I do not fear!
God bless you, gallant soldier! Now, straight and sure—aim here!"

She laid one hand on her heart, then clasped them o'er her head,
And into the darkened sky her latest look she sped;
And Denis raised his arm with slow and deadly aim—
When all hell seemed leaping to meet them in thunder and cloud
and flame.

'Mid the smoke—'mid splintering shells that glare and shriek and
grate—

'Mid the battery's bursting blaze—'mid the rifle's flashing hate—
'Mid the pibroch's savage swell—'mid the trumpet's mad'ning
alarms—

The Captain's daughter fainted safe in her frantic father's arms.

While, with hurricane-roar, and rush, with clang of hoof and steel,
With flame in each rider's eyes, and fire at each charger's heel,
With shouts that rose to the sky on vengeance-laden breath—
The British squadrons thundered by to the carnival of death.

Sabres reddened and gleamed, pistols and carbines rang,
 Lances shook and flashed, bullets hissed and sang.
 Full the payment then of a black and damning debt—
 They frighten their dusky babes with tales of that midnight murder
 yet.

Prone on his back lay Denis—Denis, the stout of heart—
 Still as she for whom he had played a hero's part.
 Dying—alone! Unheeded! What matter? The fight was won.
 He was only a common soldier—besides, his work was done.

The sounds o' the vengeful strife aroused death's drowsy ear,
 He listened—rose on his elbow, and then with a whispered cheer—
 "Ho, Douglas, Gray—we've beaten that murderin' son of a thafe!
 I'm going—What matter?—Hurroo! Sure, the Captain's daughter's
 safe!"

Only three common soldiers, only three common men,
 Giving their lives for a woman, as men have again and again;
 Only doing their duty, teaching this lesson anew—
 Where'er true woman points the way, true man will dare and do.
 Then here's to the gallant three—reckless and rough and brave!
 And here's to the Captain's daughter, the girl they died to save!
 And here's to all true women, where'er they are under the sun—
 Worthy the toast they well must be for whom such deeds are done.

(By special permission of the Author.)

THE WIFE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Adapted for Recital.)

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who has been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I

was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be a fairy tale." The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and rapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from her cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow—and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings."

"Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth by telling her that her husband is a beggar; that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—"

"I could be happy with her," cried he convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could—I could—God bless her! God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result, and I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that

had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortune.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself, it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument and listened to the melting tones of her voice.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangements. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I; "has anything happened to her?"

"What?" said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humour. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked round her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost of everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over the prospect of future misery."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet, and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's arm tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white, a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair, a fresh bloom was on her cheek, her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come. I have been watching and watching for you, and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage, and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here—Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes, and he has often assured me that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

THE ARTLESS PRATTLE OF CHILDHOOD.

R. J. BURDETTE.

We always did pity the man who does not love children. There is something morally wrong with such a man. If his tender sympathies are not awakened by their innocent prattle, if his heart does not echo their merry laughter, if his whole nature does not reach out in ardent longing after their pure thoughts and unselfish motives, he is a crusty, crabbed old stick, and a world full of children has no use for him. And what a pleasure it is to talk with them! Ah! yes, to be sure.

One day a lady friend who was down in the city shopping came into the sanctum with her little boy, a dear little tid-toddler of five summers, and begged us to amuse him while she pursued some duties which called her down town. Such a pretty boy; so delightful it was to talk to him. We can never forget the blissful half-hour we spent getting that prodigy up in his centennial history.

"Now, listen, Clary," we said—his name was Clarence Fitzherbert Alençon de Marchemont Carruthers,—“and learn about George Washington.”

“Who’s he?” inquired Clarence.

“Listen,” we said, “he was the father of his country.”

“Whose country?”

“Ours—yours and mine: the confederated union of the American people, cemented with the life-blood of the men of ’76, poured out upon the altars of our country. The dearest libations her votaries could offer.”

“Who did?” asked Clarence.

There is a peculiar tact in talking to children that very few people possess. Now most people would have grown impatient when little Clarence asked so many irrelevant questions, but we did not. We knew that however careless he might appear at first, we could soon interest him in the story. And so, smiling, we went on. “Well, one day George’s father—”

“George who?” asked Clarence.

“George Washington—he was a little boy then just like you. One day his father—”

“Whose father?” demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of anxiety.

“George Washington, this great man we were telling you of. One day George Washington’s father gave him a little hatchet for—”

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have betrayed signs of impatience, but we did not. We know how to talk to children, so we went on.

"George Washington; his—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh yes! George."

And we went on. We took up the story where the boy interrupted; for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he told him that—"

"Who told him what?" Clarence broke in.

"Why, George's father told George."

"What did he tell him?"

"Why, that is just what I'm going to tell you. He told him—"

"George told him?"

"No; his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him that he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes, must be careful with the hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, with the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out on the grass at night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. At last he came to a splendid cherry-tree, his father's favourite, and he cut it down, and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"And his father came home, and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the cherry-tree. And he said: 'Who has cut down my favourite cherry-tree?'"

"What cherry-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they did not know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The cherry-tree."

"Oh!"

"—And George came up and heard them talking about it."

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and his men."

"What was they talking about?"

"About this cherry-tree."

"What cherry-tree?"

"The favourite cherry-tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own. The one his father gave to him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Who gave it to him?"

"His father did."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and he said: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I—'"

"Who could not tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father could not?"

"Why, no. George could not."

"Oh, George; oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your cherry-tree. I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no! It was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no! Said he cut down his cherry-tree."

"George's cherry-tree?"

"No, no! His father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no! George said: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie'."

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he would rather have a thousand cherry-trees?"

"No, no, no! Said he would rather lose a thousand cherry-trees than—"

"Said he would rather George would?"

"No! said he would rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and love children, but if Mrs. Carruthers had not come and got her prodigy, we do not believe all Burlington Street could have brought us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Fitzherbert Alençon de Marchemont Carruthers trotted downstairs we heard him telling his mother about a boy "who had a father named George. and he told him to cut down a cherry-tree, and he said he would rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree".

THE DUKITE SNAKE.

A WEST AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S STORY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Well, mate, you've asked me about a fellow
You met to-day, in a black and yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a pedlar's pack,
Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
Did you meet him square? No, he passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You'd have felt for your irons then and there,
For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.
Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
And if you're not sleepy just yet, I'll tell
His story—a strange one as ever you heard
Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.

You just wait a minute, mate; I must see
How that damper's doing, and make some tea

You smoke? That's good; for there's plenty of weed
In that wallaby skin. Does your horse feed
In the hobbles? Well, he's got good feed here,
And my own old bush-mare won't interfere.
Done with that meal? Throw it there to the dogs,
And fling on a couple of banksia logs.

And now for the story. That man who goes
Through the bush with the pack and the convict's clothes
Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,
And our lonely settlers feel no alarm
When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane
Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
Dave came from Scotland and settled here.
A splendid young fellow he was just then,
And one of the bravest and truest men
That I ever met: he was kind as a woman
To all who needed a friend, and no man—
Not even a convict—met with his scorn,
For David Sloane was a gentleman born.
Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer
There's plenty of blue blood flowing out here,
And some younger sons of your "upper ten"
Can be met with here, first-rate bushmen.
Why, friend, I—

Bah! curse that dog! you see
This talking so much has affected me.

Well, Sloane came here with an axe and a gun
He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.
This bush at that time was a lonesome place;
So lonesome, the sight of a white man's face
Was a blessing, unless it came at night,
And peered in your hut with the cunning fright
Of a runaway convict; and even they
Were welcome for talk's sake, while they could stay
Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned
The tricks of the bush—how the snare was laid
In the wallaby track, how traps were made,
How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed;
And when that was learned, I helped him to build

From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.
I lived up there with him days and days,
For I loved the lad for his honest ways.
I had only one fault to find; at first
Dave worked too hard; for a lad who was nursed,
As he was, in idleness, it was strange
How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.
From the morning light till the light expired
He was always working, he never tired;
Till at length I began to think his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye,
Clear, open, my heart gave such thought the lie.
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder. "Don't be afraid,"
Said he, "that I'm seeking alone for pelf;
I work hard, friend; but 'tis not for myself."
And he told me then in his quiet tone
Of a girl in Scotland who was his own,—
His wife,—'twas for her; 'twas all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale:
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia, when he wrote home and told
The oft-watched-for story of finding gold.

In a year he wrote, and his news was good:
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He said, "Darling, I've only a hut,—but come."
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home;
And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand
To make neat the house, and prepare the land
For his crops and vines; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and home-like face,
That when she came, and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of heaven's best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,

It came into that manly bushman's life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David, he loved her as only a man
With a heart as large as his is, can.
I wonder how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.
Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell:
I was talking of angels awhile since. Well,
Now I'll change to a devil,—ay, to a devil!
You needn't start; if a spirit of evil
Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.

Like! Like the pictures you've seen of sin,
A long red snake,—as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through its glistening skin,
And his eyes—if you could go down to hell,
And come back to your fellows here and tell,
What the fire was like, you could find no thing,
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a Dukite's eye!

Now, mark you, these Dukites don't go alone:
There's another near when you see but one;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other; for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone Dukite;
That will follow your trail like Death or Fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate.

Well, poor Dave Sloane has his young wife here
Three months,—'Twas just this time of the year;
He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Lasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
A long red snake; he had never been told
Of the Dukite's way,—he jumped to the road
And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goad!
He was proud of the red skin, so he tied

Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.

He was early home, and the dead Dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back; he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,
And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose
From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head
Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,
"I've had vengeance, my foe; you took all I had."
And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!

I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door
With an awful feeling of coming woe;
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,
The man held the hand of his wife—his pride,
His poor life's treasure,—and crouched by her side.
O God!—I sank with the weight of the blow.
I touched and called him; he heeded me not,
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both,—her boy on her breast,—
And laid them down in the shade to rest.

Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so woefully, "Let me stay
Till she comes again!" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here—her grave;
So I stayed by his side that night, and, save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound,—
O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!
'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.
Since that fearful night no one has heard
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.

You have seen to-day how he always goes :
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
By some prison-officer. On his back
You noticed a load like a pedlar's pack ?
Well, that's what he lives for ; when reason went
Still memory lived ; for his days are spent
In searching for Dukites ; and year by year
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes,
For he's clearing the bush of the Dukite snakes.

KARL, THE MARTYR.

FANNY BROUGH.

It was the closing of a summer's day,
And trellised branches from encircling trees
Threw silver shadows o'er the golden space
Where groups of merry-hearted sons of toil
Were met to celebrate a village feast ;
Casting away, in frolic sport, the cares
That ever press and crowd and leave their mark
Upon the brows of all whose bread is earned
By daily labour. 'Twas perchance the feast
Of fav'rite saint, or anniversary
Of one of bounteous Nature's season gifts
To grateful husbandry—no matter what
The cause of their uniting. Joy beamed forth
On ev'ry face, and the sweet echoes rang
With sounds of honest mirth too rarely heard
In the vast workshop man has made this world,
Where months of toil must pay one day of song.

Somewhat apart from the assembled throng
There sat a swarthy giant, with a face
So nobly grand that though (unlike the rest)
He wore no festal garb nor laughing mien,
Yet was he study for the painter's art :
He joined not in their sports, but rather seemed
To please his eye with sight of others' joy.
There was a cast of sorrow on his brow,
As though it had been early there. He sat
In listless attitude, yet not devoid

Of gentlest grace, as down his stalwart form
He bent, to catch the playful whisperings,
And note the movements of a bright-hair'd child
Who danced before him in the evening sun,
Holding a tiny brother by the hand.

He was the village smith (the rolled-up sleeves
And the well-charred leathern apron show'd his craft);
Karl was his name—a man beloved by all.
He was not of the district. He had come
Amongst them ere his forehead bore one trace
Of age or suffering. A wife and child
He had brought with him; but the wife was dead.
Not so the child—who danced before him now,
And held a tiny brother by the hand—
Their mother's last and priceless legacy!
So Karl was happy still that those two lived,
And laughed and danced before him in the sun

Yet sadly so. The children both were fair,
Ruddy, and active, though of fragile form;
But to that father's ever-watchful eye,
Who had so loved their mother, it was plain
That each inherited the wasting doom
Which cost that mother's life. 'Twas reason more
To work and toil for them by night and day!
Early and late his anvil's ringing sound
Was heard amidst all seasons. Oftentimes
The neighbours asked him why he worked so hard
With only two to care for. He would smile,
Wipe his hot brow, and say, "'Twas done in love.
For sake of those in mercy left him still—
And hers: he might not stay. He could not live
To lose them all." The tenderest of plants
Required the careful'st gardening, and so
He worked on valiantly; and if he marked
An extra gleam of health in Trudchen's cheeks,
A growing strength in little Casper's laugh,
He bowed his head, and felt his work was paid.
Even as now, while sitting 'neath the tree,
He watched the bright-hair'd image of his wife.
Who danced before him in the evening sun,
Holding her tiny brother by the hand.

The frolics pause : now Casper's laughing head
Rests wearily against his father's knee
In trusting lovingness ; while Trudchen runs
To snatch a hasty kiss (the little man,
It may be, wonders if the tiny hand
With which he strives to reach his father's neck
Will ever grow as big and brown as that
He sees embedded in his sister's curls).
When quick as lightning's flash up starts the smith,
Huddles the frightened children in his arms,
Thrusts them far back, extends his giant frame,
And covers them as with Goliath's shield !

Now hark ! a rushing, yelping, panting sound,
So terrible that all stood chilled with fear ;
And in the midst of that late joyous throng
Leapt an infuriate hound, with flaming eyes,
Half-open mouth, and fiercely-bristling hair,
Proving that madness tore the brute to death.
One spring from Karl, and the wild thing was seized,
Fast prison'd in the stalwart Vulcan's gripe.

A sharp, shrill cry of agony from Karl
Was mingled with the hound's low fever'd growl.
And all with horror saw the creature's teeth
Fix'd in the blacksmith's shoulder. None had power
To rescue him ; for scarcely could you count
A moment's space ere both had disappeared—
The man and dog. The smith had leapt a fence
And gained the forest with a frantic rush,
Bearing the hideous mischief in his arms.

A long receding cry came on the ear,
Showing how swift their flight ; and fainter grew
The sound : ere well a man had time to think
What might be done for help, the sound was hushed—
Lost in the very distance. Women crouched
And huddled up their children in their arms ;
Men flew to seek their weapons. 'Twas a change
So swift and fearful, none could realize
Its actual horrors—for a time. But now,
The panic past, to rescue and pursuit !

Crash! through the brake into the forest track:
But pitchy darkness, caused by closing night
And foliage dense, impedes the avengers' way;
When lo! they trip o'er something in their path!

It was the bleeding body of the hound,
Warm, but quite dead. No other trace of Karl
Was near at hand; they called his name: in vain
They sought him in the forest all night through;
Living or dead, he was not to be found.
At break of day they left the fruitless search.

Next morning, as an anxious village group
Stood meditating plans what best to do,
Came little Trudchen, who, in simple tones,
Said, "Father's at the forge—I heard him there
Working long hours ago; but he is angry.
I raised the latch: he bade me to be gone.
What have I done to make him chide me so?"
And then her bright blue eyes ran o'er with tears.
"The child's been dreaming through this troubled night,"
Said a kind dame, and drew the child towards her.
But the sad answers of the girl were such
As led them all to seek her father's forge
(It lay beyond the village some short span).
They forced the door, and there beheld the smith.

His sinewy frame was drawn to its full height;
And round his loins a double chain of iron,
Wrought with true workman skill, was riveted
Fast to an anvil of enormous weight.
He stood as pale and statue-like as death.

Now let his own words close the hapless tale:
"I killed the hound, you know; but not until
His maddening venom through my veins had passed
I knew full well the death in store for me,
And would not answer when you called my name;
But crouched among the brushwood, while I thought
Over some plan. I know my giant strength,
And dare not trust it after reason's loss.
Why! I might turn and rend whom most I love.
I've made all fast now. 'Tis a hideous death.
I thought to plunge me in the deep, still pool

That skirts the forest—to avoid it; but
 I thought that for the suicide's poor shift
 I would not throw away my chance of heaven,
 And meeting one who made earth heaven to me.
 So I came home and forged these chains about me :
 Full well I know no human hand can rend them,
 And now am safe from harming those I love—
 Keep off, good friends! Should God prolong my life,
 Throw me such food as nature may require.
 Look to my babes. This you are bound to ;
 For by my deadly grasp on that poor hound,
 How many of you have I saved from death
 Such as I now await? But hence away!
 The poison works! these chains must try their strength
 My brain's on fire! with me 'twill soon be night."

Too true his words! the brave, great-hearted Karl,
 A raving maniac, battled with his chains
 For three fierce days. The fourth day saw him free ;
 For Death's strong hand had loosed the martyr's bonds:
 Where his freed spirit soars, who dares to doubt?

HER LETTER.

BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
 In a robe even *you* would admire—
 It cost a cool thousand in France ;
 I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue :
 In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
 Is wasting an hour upon you.
 A dozen engagements I've broken ;
 I left in the midst of a set ;
 Likewise a proposal half spoken,
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
 They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
 And then he adores me indeed.
 And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"

"And what do I think of New York?"

"And now, in my higher ambition,

With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"

"And isn't it nice to have riches,

And diamonds and silks, and all that?"

"And isn't it a change to the ditches

And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving

Each day in the park, four-in-hand—

If you saw poor dear mamma contriving

To look supernaturally grand—

If you saw papa's picture, as taken

By Brady, and tinted at that—

You'd never suspect he sold bacon

And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting

In the glare of the grand chandelier—

In the bustle and glitter befitting

The "finest *soirée* of the year",

In the midst of a *gaze de Chambéry*,

And the hum of the smallest of talk—

Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry",

And the dance that we had on "The Fork";

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster

Of flags festooned over the wall;

Of the candles that shed their soft lustre

And tallow on head-dress and shawl;

Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;

Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;

And how I once went down the middle

With the man that shot Sandy M'Gee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping

On the hill when the time came to go;

Or the few baby peaks that were peeping

From under their bedclothes of snow;

Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;

Of—the something you said at the gate;

Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress

To "the best-paying lead in the State".

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
 To think, as I stood in the glare
 Of fashion and beauty and money,
 That I should be thinking, right there,
 Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
 The lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
 (Mamma says my taste still is low;)
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
 And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
 Whatever's the meaning of that?
 Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night! here's the end of my paper;
 Good-night! if the longitude please—
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

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AN AMATEUR COOK.

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

I wonder if any man is as clever as he imagines himself. I know I have not the confidence in myself I had a month ago as an amateur cook. I think it was my friend Davidson who first put the idea in my head to try my hand at cooking. The way he would describe the cooking of steaks on his yacht would make any one's mouth water, and it seemed to be always steaks they had. I asked him how he learned to cook, and he gave me the secret in one lesson. He said, "You just use plenty butter; that's how women can't cook properly: they grudge butter." It is five or six years since he first told me about his wonderful powers as a cook, and I have often longed for an opportunity to emulate him in the art. Davidson always got quite enthusi-

astic on this subject. He would say, "Man, when it was my turn, the fellows could hardly be kept on deck after the onions began to brown and the smell went up; and the doctor used to stand with a big rolling-pin to keep Jamie and the rest of them back, and every minute they would be crying down that it would do fine."

I don't know anything about yachting, and any time I have been over two hours at sea I had no taste for food. I always had more than I wanted. I remember going to Dublin, and at breakfast a tureen of ham and eggs was placed beside me, but by the time I had helped the company I had to go on deck and admire the prospect. An idea occurred to me, however, to get some companions to join me on a holiday with a caravan. "I would attend to the cooking," I said; but I never got any one to agree. I believe now if I had promoted each one to the office of cook I would have been successful, for I think every man—who has not tried it—is sure he is a born cook.

"Everything comes to him who waits"; and I got an opportunity to try my skill last month.

It came about in this way: we had taken a house in the country for August; and as the date approached, I found that business would prevent me from getting away for about a week. "But that need not prevent you and the girls from going," I said to my wife. "There's no use of having the house empty."

"But what will you do for food?" she said.

"Oh! I can easily make my breakfast, and I can dine at the club if necessary."

"Well," said my wife, "I must tell you where the things are. The tea is in a japanned box on the kitchen dresser. You put in a teaspoonful for yourself and a spoonful to the teapot." Davidson, I remembered, had not said anything about tea.

"There's cold meat in the pantry, and some tongue and sausages, and I'll leave word at the dairy about the cream."

There were several more injunctions thrown away on me, for my mind was on the cooking of a steak, and I fancied I could smell fried onions.

When I came home the first night I tried to persuade myself that I rather liked the hollow, echoing sound of my footsteps in the lobby. The house had a dismal appearance. I tried to read, but the stillness was oppressive, so I went to the club to get some one to speak to.

When I returned, the house seemed more deserted than before. I wasn't afraid to sleep in the house by myself, but, just for the fun

of the thing, I looked under the beds, but there was no one there, as of course I knew.

I intended rising an hour earlier than usual to make breakfast, and was wakened by the bell ringing, but fell asleep. I think it was the bell which wakened me again, and I rose, and, after dressing, started to light the fire. It was not till after considerable rummaging that I found the firewood, and it was a good while longer before I could get it to burn. I must have used at least half a dozen newspapers before the wood took fire; and as I had not time to wait on the coal burning, I used several bundles of sticks. The coffee wasn't a success. I had put in three times as much water as was necessary, and it was the colour of beer. I couldn't find the milk,—at least not then; but I found it when I was hurrying out, knocking it over with my foot. It had been laid at the door, with the morning paper on the top of it, and I left a stream meandering down the steps.

On my way along the street I fancied I was being looked at more than was necessary, and found, by a mirror in a shop window, that my face was peculiarly tattooed with black marks through using my hand for a handkerchief while sweating over the fire.

My great success—the steak—was yet to come off. I would have it for supper, and went into a butcher's shop for it on the way home. I had never been in a butcher's before, and did not know what to ask for. I said, "A piece of beef, please."

"Yes, sir. Where off, sir?"

I am not up in the anatomy of the cow, so I said, "Oh! the place you make steaks of."

"Yes, sir. How much shall I give you, sir?"

A waiter would have known, and gone off shouting "Steak one," but I had to indicate the size with my hands. I didn't like the way he handled the meat—he did not use a fork.

"Can I send it for you, sir?"

"Oh no," I said, "I'll take it with me."

He wrapped it in a piece of old newspaper, and I nearly let it drop when I got it in my hand, it was so damp and flabby, like carrying a frog by the middle. There was no use trying to persuade myself that people would think it was a bunch of flowers; it was hanging limp down each side of my hand, and I had not gone far till the blood oozed through the paper. I felt like a cannibal. Of course the fire was to light again; and as I did not like the kitchen range, I lit the dining-room fire.

Now Davidson had never alluded to the difficulty and pain connected with slicing onions. After getting the outer coat off I had

to hold the onion at arm's length, my eyes were nipping so badly; then they are so slippery inside that it is almost impossible to keep a hold while cutting off a slice. Sometimes the knife went down with a bang on the table, and the onion would shoot out of my hand to the floor.

The fire had plenty of time to burn up before the operation was concluded, and I was now ready for my great triumph. There was a very disagreeable feeling in unfolding the steak,—it felt so dead; but I dug a fork in it and landed it in the pan. I had no compunction about the onions; they had made me suffer.

There is a sort of musical sound in the fritter from a pan; and I waited for the tempting smell, but it was not what I expected. It brought to mind the days of my boyhood when I was in a smithy and a hot shoe was being applied to a horse's foot. Hang it! the butter. "Where on earth is the butter?" I searched all the presses for it, and at last found it on the table beside me. I quickly put in a large piece, and in a second the fire blazed up the chimney. The confounded pan was leaking, and I had not noticed it at first.

The steak was ruined: one side was like charcoal, and the other quite raw. It was annoying. If I only had another steak and another pan, and some one to slice the onions, I could now do it all right. As it was, I had to wash myself and hurry out of the house to get away from the smell.

The next morning I made my final attempt at cooking. I remembered about the milk, and took it and the paper in, reading the news while the milk boiled. It took so long that I forgot about it, till it suddenly boiled over, and the grate and the fender were in a fearful mess, and the fire nearly out, before I could lift it off.

I remembered, now it was too late, that I was to be careful not to allow the milk to boil, but the thought of the steak had put everything else out of my head. I gave it up in despair, breakfasted at the club, and left that night for the country. I think Davidson has been drawing on my credulity: there is more than butter in cooking.

(By special permission of the Author.)

THE BELLS.

POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—silver bells! What a world of merriment their melody foretells! How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night! while the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight; keeping time,

time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the tintinnabulation that so musically wells from the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—golden bells! What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! Through the balmy air of night how they ring out their delight! From the molten-golden notes, what a liquid ditty floats! what a gust of euphony voluminously wells! How it swells! how it dwells on the future! how it tells of the rapture that impels to the swinging and the ringing, to the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—brazen bells! What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells! In the startled ear of night how they scream out their affright! In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire, in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire. What a tale their terror tells of Despair! How they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour on the bosom of the palpitating air! Yet the ear it fully knows, by the twanging and the clanging, how the danger ebbs and flows; yet the ear distinctly tells, in the jangling and the wrangling, how the danger sinks and swells, by the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—in the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells! What a world of solemn thought their monody compels! In the silence of the night, how we shiver with affright at the melancholy menace of their tone! For every sound that floats from the rust, within their throats, is a groan. And the people—ah, the people—they that dwell up in the steeple, all alone, and who, tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone, feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone. They are neither man nor woman—they are neither brute nor human—they are Ghouls: and their king it is who tolls; and he rolls, rolls, rolls, a pæan from the bells! and his bosom proudly swells with the pæan of the bells! And he dances and he yells; keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the pæan of the bells—to the throbbing of the bells—to the sobbing of the bells—to the rolling of the bells—to the tolling of the bells—to the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE HAUNTED MERE.

HOLME LEE.

“O mother, the wind blows chill o’er the moor, the sleet drives sharp ’gainst the pane, the blast, like a guest, at the shaken door, comes knocking again and again. O! mother, there’s one on the

bleak, bare wold, so weary and worn and thin, wand'ring alone in the bitter cold: O! mother, you'll let her in? for the winter green is dark and drear while our home fireside is bright; its glow shines out on the glassy mere like a star through the stormy night. O! mother, that woman is wan and faint, footsore and hunger'd and ill: open the door to her piteous plaint, she may die on the snow-wreathed hill." "Put up the bolt on the creaking door, the shutter across the pane, your sister darkens my hearth no more, nor eats of my bread again." There presses a face to the streaming glass; she can see the light in the room; she can see her mother's tall shadow pass, to the inner chamber's gloom. As it duskily glows on the panelled wall, the fire looks kind and clear, and the peering eye that traces it all, grows dim with a burning tear. The gleam from the midnight mere is gone, the face from the window glass, and a step drags wearily, wearily, on to the edge of the morass. The clouds that flitter across the moon make shadowy shapes and strange, and beckon and waver and toss and croon round the dim and darksome grange. What misty form on the threshold stands, faltering in every gust? moaning, and wringing its ghastly hands, leaving no track in the dust? coming and going with soundless tread, in the gloaming across the marsh, when the moon is up and the world's abed, and the winds whistle loud and harsh? in the rusty grate there is not a spark, the door from its hinge is gone; the wainscot is mouldy and damp and dark, and shattered the threshold stone. The ivy has crept through the broken glass and trails on the mossy floor; gauntly and ghastly the shadows pass in and out at the door. Who calls, who calls through the frosty nights, as the spring-time comes apace? who calls, who calls when the summer lights on meadow and wold and chase? who calls, who calls through the autumn drear when the dusk-brown leaves grow thin? who calls with a voice of grief and fear, "O! mother, pray let me in!" It comes from the mere like a wailing breeze, with a shriek, a sob, a moan; then dies away 'midst the writhing trees, with a curse in its fainting tone. "O! mother, you'll hear that heart-break cry when you come to Heaven's gate, and angel ears are deaf to your sigh—'Too late, too late, too late!'"

PREPARING TO RECEIVE COMPANY.

J. M. BARRIE.

(Adapted for Recital.)

Henry M'Lumpha's house in Thrums, where I am at present a lodger, was flung into consternation yesterday by Henry's casual

remark that he had seen Babbie Mealmaker in the town with her man.

Jess Webster, Henry's wife, was at the fire "brandering" a quarter of steak on the tongs.

"Losh preserve's!" she cried, running ben the house to see what time it was. "Half-fower!" she said appealingly to Leeby, the daughter.

"Then it canna be done," said Leeby, falling despairingly into a chair, "for they may be here ony meenit."

"It's maist mighty," said Jess, turning upon her husband, "'at ye should tak' a pleasure in bringin' this house to disgrace. Hoo did ye no tell's suner?"

"I fair forgot," answered Henry; "but what's a' yer steer aboot?"

"Steer! is't no time we was makin' a steer? They'll be in for their tea ony meenit, an' the room no sae much as sweepit. Ay, an' me lookin' like a sweep, an' Babbie Mealmaker, 'at's sae particularly genteel, seein' ye sic a sight as ye are!—Get oot o' my road!"

Jess shook Henry out of his chair, and with her one hand began to sweep the room, while with the other she agitatedly unbuttoned her wrapper.

"She didna see me," said Henry, sitting down forlornly on the table.

"Get aff that table!" cried Jess.

"See haud o' that bessom," cried Leeby, seizing the broom out of her mother's hand. "For mercy's sake, mither, rin an' pit on yer other wrapper and a clean mutch, an' be ready to open the door."

"I'll open the door if they come afore yer ready," said Henry, as his wife pushed him against the dresser.

"Ye daur to speak about opening the door and you in sic a mess," cried Jess, with pins in her mouth.

"Havers!" retorted Henry, "a man canna be aye washin' at himsel'!"

Seeing that Henry was as much in the way as myself, I invited him upstairs to my own apartment, whence we heard Jess and Leeby rushing about and upbraiding each other shrilly. I was aware that the room was speckless, but for all that Leeby was turning it upside down.

"She's aye ta'en like that," Henry said, "when she's expectin' company. Ay, it's a peety she canna tak' things cannier."

"Babbie Mealmaker must be someone of importance?"

"Oh, she's naething by the ord'nar, but ye see she was mairit to a Tilliedrum man no lang syne, an' they're said to ha'e a mighty grand

establishment. Ay, they've a wardrobe spleet new, an' what think ye Babbie wears ilka day? It was Chirsty Miller 'at put it aboot the toon. Chirsty was in Tilliedrum last Teisday or Wednesday, an' Babbie gaed her her tea. Ay, weel, Babbie telt Chirsty 'at she wears *hose* ilka day."

"Wears hose!"

"Ay. It's some mighty grand kind o' stockin'. I never heard o't in this toon. Na, there's naebody in Thrums 'at wears hose."

"But you have not told me to whom Babbie was married."

"His name's Davit Curly; ou, a crittur fu' o' maggots, an' nae great match, for he's jist the Tilliedrum bill-sticker."

At this moment Jess shouted from the foot of the stair (she was burnishing the society teapot as she spoke), "Mind, Henry M'Lumpha, 'at upon nae condition are ye to mention the bill-stickin' afore Babbie."

"Babbie," Henry explained to me, "is a terrible vain tid, an' doesna think the bill-stickin' genteel. Ay, they say 'at if she meets Davit in the street wi' his paste-pot and the brush in his hands she pretends no to ken 'im."

Every time Jess passed the foot of the stair she sent up orders such as—

"Dinna call her Babbie, mind ye; always address her as Mrs. Curly."—"Shake hands wi' baith o' them, an' say ye hope they're in the enjoyment o' guid health."—"Dinna put yer feet on the table."—"Mind, you're no to mention 'at ye kent they were in the toon."—"When onybody passes ye yer tea say 'Thank ye'."—"Dinna stir yer tea as if ye were churnin' butter, nor let on 'at the scones are no oor ain bakin'."—"If Babbie says onything aboot the china, yer no to say 'at we dinna use it ilka day."—"Dinna lean back in the big chair, for it's broken, and Leeby's gi'en it a lick o' glue this minute."—"When I gie ye a kick aneath the table, that'll be a sign to ye to say grace."

Henry looked at me apologetically while these instructions came up.

"I winna dim my head wi' sic nonsense," he said. "It's no for a man body to be sae crammed fu' o' manners."

"Come awa doon," Jess shouted to him, "an' put on a clean dicky."

"I'll better do't to please her, though for my ain pairt I dinna like the feel o' a dicky on week-days—na, they mak's think it's the Sabbath."

Ten minutes afterwards I went downstairs to see how the preparations were progressing. Fresh muslin curtains had been put up in

the room. There was a book on each corner of the centre table. The grand footstool, worked by Leeby, was so placed that Babbie could not help seeing it, and a fine cambric handkerchief, of which Jess was very proud, was hanging out of a drawer as if by accident. An anti-macassar lying carelessly on the seat of a chair concealed a rent in the horse-hair, and the china ornaments on the mantel-piece were so placed that they looked whole. Leeby's black silk was hanging near the window in a good light, and Jess's Sabbath bonnet occupied a nail beside it. The tea-things stood on a tray in the kitchen bed, whence they could be quickly brought into the room, just as if they were always ready to be used daily. Leeby, as yet in dishabille, was shaving her father at a tremendous rate, and Jess, looking as fresh as a daisy, was ready to receive the visitors. She was peering through the window-blind looking for them.

"Be cautious, Leeby," Henry was saying, when Jess shook her hand at him.

"Wheesht!" she whispered, "they're coming!"

Henry was hustled into his Sabbath coat, and then came a rap at the door: a very genteel rap. Jess nodded to Leeby, who softly shoved Henry into the room. Jess gave a final tug at his necktie, and Leeby thrust Spurgeon's sermons, open, into his hands. Then Leeby disappeared, while Jess said in a loud English voice:

"Was that not a chap at the door?"

Henry was about to reply, but she shook her hand at him again. Next moment Jess opened the door. I was upstairs, but I heard her say:

"Dear me, if it's not Mrs. Curly! and Mr. Curly! And how are ye? Come in by. Weel, this is indeed a pleasant surprise!"

(From "A Window in Thrums", by special permission of the Author.)

SELECTIONS FROM "ROBERT FALCONER."

DR. GEORGE MAC DONALD.

(Adapted for Recital.)

PART I.

The holidays commenced on Saturday; but it was not till the Monday following that the boys set out for Bodyfauld.

As soon as they were clear of the houses, Shargar lay down behind a dyke, and Robert set off at full speed for Dooble Sandy's shop, making a half-circuit of the town to avoid the chance of being seen

by his grandmother. Having given due warning before, he found the brown-paper parcel containing his fiddle ready for him, and carried it off in triumph. He joined Shargar in safety, and they set out on their journey as rich and happy a pair of tramps as ever tramped. A hearty welcome awaited them, and they were soon revelling in the glories of the place, the first instalment of which was in the shape of curds and cream, with oatcakes and butter, as much as they liked.

In the evening, resolved to make a confidant of Mr. Lammie, and indeed to cast himself upon the kindness of the household generally, Robert went up to his room to release his violin from its prison of brown paper. What was his dismay to find—not his bonny leddy, but her poor cousin, the soutar's auld wife! It was too bad—*Dooble Sandy* indeed! He first stared, then went into a rage, and then came out of it to go into a resolution. He replaced the unwelcome fiddle in the parcel, and came downstairs gloomy and wrathful.

About eleven o'clock, after all had been still for more than an hour, he took his shoes in one hand and the brown parcel in the other, and descending the stairs like a thief, undid the quiet wooden bar that secured the door, and let himself out. All was darkness, for the moon was not yet up, and he felt a strange sensation of ghostliness in himself—awake and out of doors, when he ought to be asleep and unconscious in bed! He put on his shoes and hurried to the road.

Nothing was to be heard but his own footsteps. The cattle in the fields were all asleep. The larch and spruce trees on the top of the hill by the foot of which his road wound were still as clouds.

By the time he reached Rothieden all the lights were out, and this was just what he wanted. Arrived at *Dooble Sandy's*, he lifted the latch, closed the door behind him, took off his shoes once more, and felt his way to and up the stair to the bed-room. There was a sound of snoring within. The door was a little ajar. He reached the key and descended. Gently as he could he turned it in the lock. In a moment more he had his hands on the spot where the shoemaker always laid his violin. But his heart sank within him: there was no violin there! A blank of dismay held him both motionless and thoughtless; nor had he recovered his senses before he heard footsteps, which he well knew, approaching in the street. He slunk at once into a corner. The soutar entered, feeling his way carefully, and muttering at his wife. He was tipsy, most likely, but that had never yet interfered with the safety of his fiddle. Robert heard its faint echo as he laid it gently down. Nor was he

too tipsy to lock the door behind him, leaving Robert incarcerated amongst the old boots and leather and rosin.

For one moment only did the boy's heart fail him. The next he was in action, for a happy thought had already struck him. Hastily, that he might forestall sleep in the brain of the soutar, he undid his parcel, and after carefully enveloping his own violin in the paper, took the old wife of the soutar, and proceeded to perform upon her a trick which in a merry moment his master had taught him, and which, not without some feeling of irreverence, he had occasionally practised upon his own bonny leddy. The shoemaker's room was overhead; its thin floor of planks was the ceiling of the workshop. Ere Dooble Sandy was well laid by the side of his sleeping wife, he heard a frightful sound from below, as of someone tearing his beloved violin to pieces. He sprang from his bed with a haste that shook the crazy tenement to its foundation. The moment Robert heard that, he put the violin in its place, and took his station by the *door-cheek*. The soutar came tumbling downstairs, and rushed at the door, went straight to the nest of his treasure, and Robert, slipping out noiselessly, was in the next street before Dooble Sandy, having found the fiddle uninjured, and not discovering the substitution, had finished concluding that his imagination had played him a very discourteous trick, and retired once more to bed. And not till Robert had cut his foot badly with a piece of glass, did he discover that he had left his shoes behind him. He tied it up with his handkerchief, and limped home the three miles, too happy to think of consequences; reached home in safety, found the door as he had left it, and ascended to his bed, triumphant in his fiddle.

In the morning bloody prints were discovered on the stair, and traced to the door of his room. Miss Lammie entered in some alarm, and found him fast asleep on his bed, still dressed, with a brown-paper parcel in his arms, and one of his feet evidently enough the source of the frightful stain. She was too kind to wake him, and inquiry was postponed till they met at breakfast, to which he descended barefooted, save for a handkerchief on the injured foot.

"Robert, my lad," said Mr. Lammie, kindly, "hoo cam' ye by that bluidy fut?"

Robert began the story, and guided by a few questions from his host, at length told the tale of the violin from beginning to end.

In the evening, as they sat together after supper, Mr. Lammie said:

"Weel, Robert, hoo's the fiddle?"

"Fine, I thank ye, sir," answered Robert.

"Lat's hear what ye can dae wi't."

Robert fetched the instrument and complied.

"That's no' that ill," remarked the farmer. "But eh! man, ye suld ha'e heard yer gran'father han'le the bow. That was something to hear—ance in a body's life. Ye wad ha'e jist thought the strings had been drawn frae his ain inside; he kent them sae weel, and han'led them sae fine. Jist fan' them like wi' his fingers thro' the bow an' the horse-hair an' a', an' a' the time he was drawin' the soun' like the sowl frae them, an' they jist did onything 'at he likit. Eh! to hear him play the 'Floors o' the Forest' wad ha'e garred ye greit. Lat's ha'e a luik at her."

He took the instrument in his hands reverently, turned it over and over, and said: "Ay, ay; it's the same auld mull, an' I wat it grun' bonny meal. That sma' crater, noo, 'ill be worth a hunner poun', I's warran'," he added, as he restored it carefully into Robert's hands, to whom it was honey and spice to hear his bonny leddy paid her due honours. "Can ye play the 'Floors o' the Forest', noo?"

"Ay, can I," answered Robert, with some pride, and laid the bow on the violin, and played the air through without blundering a single note.

"Weel, that's verra weel," said Mr. Lammie. "But it's nae mair like as yer gran'father played it than gin there war twa sawyers at it, ane at ilka lug o' the bow, wi' the fiddle atween them in a saw-pit."

Robert's heart sank within him.

"To hear the bow croonin', and wailin', and greitin' ower the strings, wad ha'e jist garred ye see the lands o' braid Scotlan' wi' a' the lasses greitin' for the lads that lay upon reid Flodden side; lasses to cut, and lasses to gether, and lasses to bin', and lasses to stook, and lasses to lead, and no' a lad amang them a'. It's jist the murnin' o' women, daein' men's wark as weel's their ain, for the men that suld ha'e been there to dae't; and I'se warran' ye, no' a word to the orra lad that didna gang wi' the lave."

Robert had not hitherto understood it—this wail of a pastoral and ploughing people over those who had left their side to return no more from the field of battle. But Mr. Lammie's description of his grandfather's rendering laid hold of his heart. "I wad rather be grutten for nor kissed," said he.

"Haud ye to that, my lad," returned Mr. Lammie. "Lat the asses greit for you gin they like, but haud oot ower frae the kissin'. I wadna meddle wi't. But, Robert, my man, ye maun pit mair soul into yer fiddlin'. Ye canna play the fiddle till ye can gar it

greit. It's unco ready to that o' it's ain sel'; an' it's my opinion, that there's no' anither instrument but the fiddle fit to play the 'Floors o' the Forest' upon."

Robert was silent. He spent the whole of the next morning in reiterated attempts to alter his style of playing the air in question, but it was not till the afternoon, when he was returning home through the barley-stubble, and heard the wind *soughin'* through the heads of barley in the sheaves, that he for the first time realized the sadness of a harvest-field. He ran home and up the stair to his own room, seized his violin with eager haste, nor laid it down till he could draw from it, at will, a sound like the moaning of the wind over the stubble-field. Then he knew that he could play the "Flowers of the Forest".

PART II.

On the night of Robert's return from Bodyfauld, he left his books on the table and sped like a greyhound to Dooble Sandy's shop, lifted the latch, and entered.

By the light of a single dip set on a chair, he saw the shoemaker seated on his stool, one hand lying on the lap of his leathern apron, his other hand hanging down by his side, and the fiddle on the ground at his feet. His wife stood behind him, wiping her eyes with her blue apron. Through all its accumulated dirt, the face of the soutar looked ghastly, and they were eyes of despair that he lifted to the face of the youth as he stood holding the latch in his hand. Mrs. Alexander moved towards Robert, drew him in, and gently closed the door behind him.

"What on airth's the maitter wi' ye, Sandy?" said Robert.

"Eh, Robert!" returned the shoemaker, "the Almichty *will* gang his ain gait, and I'm in his grup noo!"

"He's had a stroke," said his wife, without removing her apron from her eyes.

"I ha'e gotten my pecks," resumed the soutar, "for cryin' doon my ain auld wife to set up your bonny leddy. The tane's gane a' to aise, and frae the tither I canna draw a cheep, for my richt han' has forgotten her cunnin'. Man, Robert, I canna lift it frae my side."

"Ye maun gang to yer bed," said Robert.

"Ou, ay, I maun gang to my bed, and syne to the kirkyaird; I ken that weel eneuch. Robert, I lea' my fiddle to you. Be guid to the auld wife, man,—better nor I ha'e been. An auld wife's better nor nae fiddle." He stooped, lifted the violin with his left

hand, gave it to Robert, rose, and made for the door. 'They helped him up the creaking stair, got him half undressed, and laid him in his bed.

Robert put the violin on the top of a press within sight of the sufferer, and ran home.

For the first week or so, Sandy was very testy and unmanageable. If Robert, who strove to do his best, in the hope of alleviating the poor fellow's sufferings, happened to mistake the time or to draw a false note from the violin, Sandy would swear as if he had been the Grand Turk and Robert one of his slaves. But Robert was too vexed with himself, when he gave occasion to such an outburst, to mind the outburst itself. And invariably, when such had taken place, the shoemaker would ask forgiveness before he went. Holding out his left hand, he would say:

"Robert, ye'll jist pit the sweirin' doon wi' the lave an' score't oot a'thegither. I'm an ill-tongued wratch, an' I'm beginnin' to see't. But, man, ye're jist behavin' to me like God himsel', an' gin it warna for you, I wad jist lie here roarin' and greitin' frae mornin' to nicht."

"I'll try and get a sicht o' my sins ance mair," he added one evening. "Gin I could only be a wee bit sorry for them, I reckon he wad forgi'e me. Dinna ye think he wad, Robert?"

"I duv think it," answered Robert.

"Something beirs't in upo' me 'at he wadna be sair upo' me. There's something i' the New Testament, some gait, 'at's pitten't into my heid; though, faith, I dinna ken whaur to luik for't. Canna ye help me oot wi't, man?"

Robert could think of nothing but the parable of the prodigal son. Mrs. Alexander got him the New Testament and he read it.

"There!" cried the soutar triumphantly, "I telled ye sae! Not ae word aboot the puir lad's sins! It was a' a hurry an' a scurry to get the new shune upo' 'im, an' win at the calfie an' the fiddlin' an' the dancin'.—O Lord," he broke out, "I'm comin' hame as fast's I can; but my sins are jist like muckle bauchles on my feet and winna lat me! I expec' nae ring and nae robe, but I wad fain ha'e a fiddle i' my grip when the neist prodigal comes hame; an' gin I dinna fiddle weel, it s' no be my wyte.—Eh, man, but that is what I ca' gude!—O Lord, gin ever I win up again, I'll put in ilka steek as gin the shune war for the feet o' the prodigal himsel'. An' I'll never lat taste o' whusky intil my mou', nor smell o' whusky intil my nose, gin sae be 'at I can help it—I sweir't, O Lord! An' gin I binna raised up again—"

Here his voice trembled and ceased, and silence endured for a short minute. Then he called his wife.

"Come here, Bell. Gi'e me a kiss, my bonnie lass. I ha'e been an ill man to you."

"Na, na, Sandy. Ye ha'e aye been gude to me—better nor I deserved. Ye ha'e been naeboddy's enemy but yer ain."

"Haud yer tongue. I tell ye I ha'e been a scoun'rel to ye. I ha'ena even hauden my han's aff o' ye. And eh, ye war a bonnie lass when I merried ye! I ha'e spoilt ye a'thegither. But gin I war up, see gin I wadna gi'e ye a new goon, an' that wad be something to make ye like yersel' again."

"I'm affrontet wi' mysel' 'at I had been sic a brute o' a man to ye. But ye maun forgi'e me noo, for I do believe i' my he'rt 'at the Lord's forgi'en me. Gi'e me anither kiss, lass. God be praised, and mony thanks to ye! Ye nicht ha'e run awa' frae me lang or noo, an' a'boddy wad ha'e said ye did richt.—Robert, play a spring."

Robert began to play "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn".

"Hoots! hoots!" cried Sandy, angrily. "What are ye about? Nae mair o' that. I ha'e dune wi' that. What's i' the heid o' ye, man?"

"What'll I play, than, Sandy?" asked Robert.

"Play 'The Lan' o' the Leal', or 'My Nannie's Awa'', or something o' that kin'.—I'll be leal to ye noo, Bell. An' we winna pree o' the whusky nae mair, lass."

"I canna bide the smell o't," cried Bell, sobbing. Robert struck in with "The Lan' o' the Leal". When he had played it over two or three times, he laid the fiddle in its place and departed—able just to see, by the light of the neglected candle, that Bell sat on the bed-side stroking the *rosiny* hand of her husband, the rhinoceros hide of which was yet delicate enough to let the love through to his heart.

Henceforth Robert had more to do in reading the New Testament than in playing the fiddle to the soutar, though they never parted without an air or two.

There was no return of strength to the helpless arm, and his constitution was gradually yielding.

The rumour got abroad that he was a "changed character".

Food, wine, and delicacies were sent him, and to the day of his death the shoemaker had need for nothing. His humour, however, aided by his violin, was a strong antidote against evil influences.

"I doot I'm gaein' to dee, Robert," he said at length one evening as the lad sat by his bedside.

"Weel, that winna do ye nae ill," answered Robert; "ye needna care about that."

"I do not care about the deen' o't. But I jist want to live lang enough to lat the Lord ken 'at I'm in doonricht earnest about it. I ha'e nae chance o' drinkin' as lang's I'm lyin' here."

"Never ye fash yer heid about that. Ye can lippen that to him, for it's his ain business. He'll see 'at ye're a' richt. Dinna ye think 'at he'll let ye aff."

"The Lord forbid! it maun be a' pitten richt. It wad be dreidfu' to be latten aff. I wadna ha'e him content wi' cobbler's wark.— I ha'e't," he resumed, after a few minutes' pause: "the Lord's easy pleased, but ill to satisfee. I'm sair pleased wi' your playin', Robert, but it's naething like the richt thing yet. It does me gude to hear ye, though, for a' that."

The very next night he found him evidently sinking fast.

Robert took the violin, and was about to play, but the soutar stretched out his left hand and took it from him, laid it across his chest and his arm over it for a few moments, as if he were bidding it farewell, then held it out to Robert, saying:

"Hae, Robert, she's yours.—Death's a sair divorce. Maybe they'll ha'e an orra fiddle whaur I'm gaun, though. Think o' a Rothieden soutar playin' afore his grace!"

Robert saw that his mind was wandering, and mingled the paltry honours of earth with the grand simplicities of heaven.

He began to play "The Land o' the Leal".

For a little while Sandy seemed to follow and comprehend the tones, but by slow degrees the light departed from his face, his jaw fell, and with a sigh the body parted from Dooble Sandy, and he went to God.

His wife closed mouth and eyes without a word, laid the two arms, equally powerless now, straight by his sides, then seating herself on the edge of the bed burst into tears.

(By special permission of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.)

THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

Pass the word to the boys to-night!—lying about 'midst dying and dead!

Whisper it low; make ready to fight! stand like men at your horse's head!

Look to your stirrups and swords, my lads, and into your saddles your pistols thrust;

Then setting your teeth as your fathers did, you'll make the enemy bite the dust!

What did they call us, boys, at home?—"Feather-bed soldiers!"—
faith, it's true!

"Kept to be seen in her Majesty's parks, and mightily smart at a
grand review!"

Feather-bed soldiers? Hang their chaff! Where in the world, I
should like to know,

When a war broke out and the country called, was an English soldier
sorry to go?

Brothers in arms and brothers in heart! cavalry! infantry! there
and then,

No matter what careless lives they lived, they were ready to die
like Englishmen!

So pass the word! in the sultry night,
Stand to your saddles! make ready to fight!

We are sick to death of the scorching sun, and the desert stretching
for miles away;

We are all of us longing to get at the foe, and sweep the sand with
our swords to-day!

Our horses look with piteous eyes—they have little to eat, and
nothing to do;

And the land around is horribly white, and the sky above is terribly
blue.

But it's over now, so the Colonel says: he is ready to start, we are
ready to go:

And the cavalry boys will be led by men—Ewart! and Russell! and
Drury-Lowe!

Just once again let me stroke the mane—let me kiss the neck and
feel the breath

Of the good little horse who will carry me on to the end of the battle
—to life or death!

"Give us a grip of your fist, old man!" let us all keep close when the
charge begins!

God is watching o'er those at home! God have mercy on all our sins!

So pass the word in the dark, and then,
When the bugle sounds, let us mount like men!

Out we went in the dead of night! away to the desert, across the
sand—

Guided alone by the stars of heaven! a speechless host! a ghostly
band!

No cheery voice the silence broke; forbidden to speak, we could
hear no sound,
But the whispered words, "Be firm, my boys!" and the horses' hoofs
on the sandy ground.
"What were we thinking of then?" Look here! if this is the last
true word I speak,
I felt a lump in my throat—just here—and a tear came trickling
down my cheek.
If a man dares say that I funk'd, he lies! But a man is a man
though he gives his life
For his country's cause, as a soldier should—he has still got a heart
for his child and wife!
But I still rode on in a kind of dream; I was thinking of home and
the boys—and then
The silence broke! and a bugle blew! then a voice rang cheerily,
"Charge, my men!"

So pass the word in the thick of the fight,
For England's honour and England's right!

What is it like, a cavalry charge in the dead of night? I can
scarcely tell,
For when it is over it's like a dream, and when you are in it a kind
of hell!
I should like you to see the officers lead—forgetting their swagger
and Bond Street air—
Like brothers and men at the head of the troop, while bugles echo
and troopers dare!
With a rush we are in it, and hard at work—there's scarcely a
minute to think or pause—
For right and left we are fighting hard for the regiment's honour
and country's cause!
Feather-bed warriors! On my life, be they Life Guards red or
Horse Guards blue,
They haven't lost much of the pluck, my boys, that their fathers
showed us at Waterloo!
It isn't for us, who are soldiers bred, to chatter of wars, be they
wrong or right;
We've to keep the oath that we gave our Queen! and when we are
in it—we've got to fight!

So pass the word, without any noise,
Bravo, cavalry! Well done, boys!

Pass the word to the boys to-night, now that the battle is fairly
 won,
 A message has come from the Empress-Queen—just what we wanted
 —a brief “Well done!”
 The sword and stirrups are sorely stained, and the pistol-barrels are
 empty quite,
 And the poor old charger’s piteous eyes bear evidence clear of the
 desperate fight.
 There’s many a wound and many a gash, and the sun-burned face is
 scarred and red;
 There’s many a trooper safe and sound, and many a tear for the
 “pal” who’s dead!
 I care so little for rights and wrongs of a terrible war; but the world
 at large—
 It knows so well when duty’s done!—it will think sometimes of our
 cavalry charge!
 Brothers in arms and brothers in heart! we have solemnly taken an
 oath! and then,
 In all the battles throughout the world, we have followed our fathers
 like Englishmen!

So pass the blessing the lips between—

’Tis the soldier’s oath—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

(By special permission of the Author.)

DEBATE ON THE CHARACTER OF JULIUS CAESAR.

GAVIN L. PAGAN, *Chairman.*

Debaters—

ARTHUR ROBIN.
 DOUGLAS M’GREGOR.
 WM. DUNLOP.
 VICTOR A. WILSON.

JOHN B. FAIRLEY.
 CRICHTON D. FULTON.
 ARCHD. MAIN.
 WM. AITKEN.

WM. G. F. LAURIE.
 CECIL CRUICKSHANK.
 JOHN ANDERSON.
 JOHN FALCONER.

Gavin L. Pagan.—Gentlemen,—I am happy to see you. You have assembled to discuss the propriety of calling Caesar a great man; I promise myself much satisfaction from your debate. I promise myself the pleasure of hearing many ingenious arguments on each side of the question. I promise myself the gratification of witnessing a contest, maintained with animation, good humour, and courtesy. You are my sureties, and I shall not be disappointed. My first duty is to declare my sense of the honour I enjoy in having been appointed to this station, and my next to present you with a

few observations that have reference to the occasion of your being assembled.

You are assembled, Gentlemen, to discuss the merits of a man whose actions are connected with some of the most interesting events in Roman story. You have given the subject due consideration. You come prepared for the contest; and I shall not presume to offer any opinion respecting the ground which either side ought to take. My remarks shall be confined to the study of Oratory—and, allow me to say, I consider Oratory to be the second end of our academic labours, of which the first end is, to render us enlightened, useful, and virtuous.

The principal means of communicating our ideas are two—speech and writing. The former is the parent of the latter; it is the more important, and its highest efforts are called—Oratory. If we consider the very early period at which we begin to exercise the faculty of speech, and the frequency with which we exercise it, it must be a subject of surprise that so few excel in Oratory. The causes are various; but we must not attempt here to investigate them.

I shall simply state, that one cause of our not generally excelling in Oratory is—our neglecting to cultivate the art of speaking—of speaking our own language. We acquire the power of expressing our ideas, almost insensibly—we consider it as a thing that is natural to us; we do not regard it as an art. It is an art—a difficult art—an intricate art—and our ignorance of that circumstance, or our omitting to give it due consideration, is the cause of our deficiency.

Select a dozen men—men of education—ask them to read a piece of animated composition; you will be fortunate if you find one in the dozen that can raise, or depress, his voice—inflect or modulate it, as the variety of the subject requires.

They have not been exercised—they have been neglected—they have never been put into the hands of the artist, that he might apply them to their proper use—they have been laid aside, spoiled, abused.

Oratory is highly useful to him that excels in it. In common conversation, observe the advantage which the fluent speaker enjoys over the man that hesitates and stumbles in discourse. With half his information he has twice his importance; he commands the respect of his auditors; he instructs and gratifies them. In the general transactions of business the same superiority attends him.

Does he plead the cause of friendship?—how happy is his friend! Of charity?—how fortunate is the distressed! Should he enter the senate of his country, he gives strength to the party which he espouses.

That you will persevere in the pursuit of so useful a study as that of Oratory, I confidently hope. Gentlemen, the question for debate is: "Was Caesar a great man?"

Arthur Robin.—Sir,—To bespeak your indulgence is a duty, imposed no less by a knowledge of your abilities than by a consciousness of my deficiency. Let me anticipate that failure will not be imputed as a crime to him who dares not hope success.

"Was Caesar a great man?" What revolution has taken place in the first appointed government of the universe; what new and opposite principle has begun to direct the operations of nature; what refutation of their long-established precepts has deprived reason of her sceptre and virtue of her throne, that a character which forms the noblest theme that ever Merit gave to Fame should now become a question for debate?

No painter of human excellence, if he would draw the features of that hero's character, needs study a favourable light or striking attitude. In every posture it has majesty, and the lineaments of its beauty are prominent in every point of view. Do you ask me, "Had Caesar genius?"—He was an orator! "Had Caesar judgment?"—He was a politician! "Had Caesar valour?"—He was a conqueror! "Had Caesar feeling?"—He was a friend!

To expatiate on Caesar's powers of oratory would only be to add one poor eulogium to the testimony of the first historians. Cicero himself grants him the palm of almost pre-eminent merit, and seems at a loss for words to express his admiration of him. And it is well presumed that, had he studied the art of public speaking with as much industry as he studied the art of war, he would have been the first of orators.

As a politician, how consummate was his address!—how grand his projections!—how happy the execution of his measures! He compels the vanquished Helvetii to rebuild their towns and villages, making his enemies the guards, as it were, of his frontier. He governs his province with such equity and wisdom as add a milder but a faire: lustre to his glory, and, by their fame, prepare the Roman people for his happy yoke.

To you, Sir, who are so fully versed in the page of history, it must be unnecessary to recount the military exploits of Caesar.

As a soldier he was the first of warriors; nor were his valour and skill more admirable than his abstinence and watchfulness; his disregard of ease and his endurance of labour; his moderation and his mercy.

That Caesar had a heart susceptible of friendship, and alive to the

finest touches of humanity, is unquestionable. Why does he attempt so often to avert the storm of civil war? Why does he pause so long upon the brink of the Rubicon? Why does he delight in pardoning his enemies—even those very men that had deserted him?

It seems as if he lived the lover of mankind, and fell—as the bard expresses it—vanquished, not so much by the weapons as by the ingratitude of his murderers.

If, Sir, a combination of the most splendid talents for war, with the most sacred love of peace—of the most illustrious public virtue, with the most endearing private worth—of the most unyielding courage, with the most accessible moderation, may constitute a great man—that title must be Caesar's!

Douglas M'Gregor.—Sir,—No change has taken place in the first appointed government of the universe; the operations of nature acknowledge now the same principle that they did in the beginning—Reason still holds her sceptre, Virtue still fills her throne, and the epithet of great does not belong to Caesar!

I would lay it down, Sir, as an unquestionable position, that the worth of talents is to be estimated only by the use we make of them. If we employ them in the cause of virtue their value is great, if we employ them in the cause of vice they are less than worthless—they are pernicious and vile. Now, Sir, let us examine Caesar's talents by this principle, and we shall find that neither as an orator nor as a politician, neither as a warrior nor as a friend, was Caesar a great man.

If I were asked, "What was the first, the second, and the last principle of the virtuous mind?" I should reply, "It was the love of country". Sir, it is the love of parent, brother, friend!—the love of Man!—the love of honour, virtue, and religion!—the love of every good and virtuous deed! Without these principles man is the basest of his kind!—a selfish, cunning, narrow speculator!—a trader in the dearest interests of his species!

What, Sir, was Caesar's oratory? How far did it prove him to be actuated by the love of country?

It justified, for political interest, the invader of his domestic honour!—sheltered the incendiary!—abetted treason!—flattered the people into their own undoing!—and bawled into silence every virtuous patriot that struggled to uphold them! He would have been a greater orator than Cicero! I question the assertion—I deny that it is correct. He would have been a greater orator than Cicero! Well!—let it pass. He might have been a greater orator, but he never could have been so great a man.

But Caesar is to be admired as a politician! I do not pretend to define the worthy speaker's idea of a politician, but I shall attempt, Mr. Chairman, to put you in possession of mine. By a politician, I understand a man who studies the laws of prudence and of justice, as they are applicable to the wise and happy government of a people and the reciprocal obligations of states. Now, Sir, how far was Caesar to be admired as a politician?

He makes war upon the innocent Spaniards, that his military talents may not suffer from inaction. This was a ready way to preserve the peace of his province, and to secure its loyalty and affection! That he may be regarded as the first Roman that had ever crossed the Rhine in a hostile manner, he invades the unoffending Germans, lays waste their territories with fire, and plunders and sacks the country of the Sicambri and the Suevi. Here was a noble policy!—that planted in the minds of a brave and formidable people the fatal seeds of that revenge and hatred which finally assisted in accomplishing the destruction of the Roman empire! In short, Sir, Caesar's views were not of that enlarged nature which could entitle him to the name of a great politician; for he studied, not the happiness and interest of a community, but merely his own advancement, which he accomplished—by violating the laws and destroying the liberties of his country.

That Caesar was a great conqueror, I do not care to dispute. His admirers are welcome to all the advantages that result from such a position. I will not subtract one victim from the hosts that perished for his fame, or abate by a single groan the sufferings of his vanquished enemies!

But Caesar's munificence, his clemency, his moderation, and his affectionate nature, constitute him a great man! What was his munificence, his clemency, or his moderation?—The automaton of his ambition!

He could possess no real munificence, moderation, or clemency who ever expected his gifts to be doubled by return.

Of the same nature, Sir, were his affections. He atones to the violated and murdered laws by doing homage to their manes, and expatiates the massacre of thousands by dropping a tear or two into an ocean of blood!

Wm. Dunlop.—Sir,—To form an accurate idea of Caesar's character, it is necessary that we should consider the nature of the times in which he lived; for the conduct of public men cannot be duly estimated without a knowledge of the circumstances under which they have acted.

Let us examine whether the times in which Caesar lived did not call for, and justify, the measures which he adopted.

The erroneous ideas that we have formed concerning Roman liberty have induced us to pass a severe judgment on the actions of many an illustrious man.

The admirers of that liberty will not expect to be told that it was little better than a name. True liberty, Sir, could never have been enjoyed by a people who were the slaves of continual tumults; whose magistrates were the mere echoes of a crowd, and among whom virtue itself had no protection from popular caprice or state intrigue. By the term liberty I understand a freedom from all responsibility, except what morality, virtue, and religion impose. That is the only liberty which is consonant with the true interests of man—the only liberty that makes him the son of a land that he would inhabit till his death, and the subject of a state that he would defend with his property and his blood! All other liberty is but a counterfeit—selfish domination—anarchy—such anarchy as needed more than mortal talents to restrain it, and found them in a Caesar.

I hold it to be an unquestionable position, that they who duly appreciate the blessings of liberty, revolt as much from the idea of exercising, as from that of enduring, oppression.

Yes, Sir, that people, so jealous of what they called their liberties, to gratify an insatiate thirst for conquest, invaded the liberties of every other nation; and on what spot soever they set their tyrant foot, the fair and happy soil of the freeman withered at their stamp! But the retributive justice of Heaven ordained that their rapacity should be the means of its own punishment. As their territories extended, their armies required to be enlarged and their campaigns became protracted. Hence the citizen lost in the camp that independence which he had been taught in the city; and being long accustomed to obey implicitly the voice of his general, from having been sent forth the hope, returned the terror, of his country. Hence, Sir, their generals forgot in foreign parts the republican principles which they had imbibed; and, long habituated to unlimited command, from being despots abroad learned to be traitors at home.

Hence, Sir, Marius returned the salutations of his fellow-citizens with the daggers of assassins; and, with cool ferocity, marched to the Capitol amidst the groans of his butchered countrymen. Hence Sylla's bloody proscription, that turned Rome into a shambles—that tore its victims from the altars of the gods—that made it death for a man to shelter a person proscribed, though it were his son, his brother, or his father.

Such, Sir, were the events which characterized the times in which Caesar lived. To such atrocities were the Roman people subject while the rivalry of their leading men was at liberty to create divisions in the state. Had you, Sir, lived in those times, what would you have called the man that would have stepped forward to secure your country against the repetition of those horrid scenes? Would you not have styled him a friend to his country—a benefactor to the world—a great man? Yes, Sir, Caesar *was* a great man!

Victor A. Wilson.—Caesar, Sir, was *not* a great man. He who for his own private views disobeyed the order of the senate, from whom he held his power—he who seduced from their duty the soldiers whom he commanded in trust for the republic—he who plundered the public treasury that he might indulge a selfish and rapacious ambition—he against whom the virtuous Cato ranked himself, whose very mercy the virtuous Cato deemed a dishonour to which death was preferable,—was not a great man. “Caesar erected himself into a tyrant, that he might prevent a repetition of those atrocities which had been committed by Marius and Sylla!” What does the gentleman mean by such an assertion? Caesar pursues the same measures that Marius and Sylla did—Why?—That he may arrive at a different point of destination! What flimsy arguments are these! What were Sylla and Marius that Caesar was not? If they were ambitious, was not he ambitious? If they were treacherous, was not he treacherous? If they were tyrants, was not he a tyrant? You were told—the people, from their long-continued service in the army, gradually lost the spirit of independence, and that the calamities of the state arose from that cause. Was it to revive in his countrymen the spirit of independence that he audaciously stepped from the rank of their servant to that of their master?—Was it to preserve the integrity which fosters that spirit that he corrupted the virtue of all that came in contact with him, and that he dared to tempt?—Was it for the regeneration of the republic that he converted it into a tyranny?

These were the acts of Caesar. Did they tend to restore the ancient virtue of the Roman people? No, Sir; they tended to annihilate the chance of its restoration—to sink the people into a viler abasement—to rob them of the very names of men.

But the gentleman has brought forward a very curious argument, for the purpose of proving that the Romans were incapable of being a free people—namely, that their magistrates were the mere echoes of the people. He adverts, I suppose, to what were called the tribunes of the people—officers that acted particularly for the

plebeian orders, and were generally chosen from their body. But those magistrates, or tribunes, were, it seems, the mere voices of the people, and that circumstance rendered the people incapable of being free! To me, at least, this is a paradox.

Who elected these tribunes?—The people. What were they?—The representatives of the people. Whose affairs did they manage?—The affairs of the people. It was not the liberty which the plebeians enjoyed that was the cause of their enslavement. It was the senate's jealousy of that liberty—the senate's struggles for the control of that liberty—the senate's plunder of that liberty—the senate's desire to annihilate that liberty, which left it in the power of any crafty knave, miscalled a great man, who was sufficiently master of hypocrisy and daring, to set his foot on both the senate and the people, and make himself, as Caesar did, the tyrant of his country!

John B. Fairley.—Mr. Chairman—

Archd. Main.—Mr. Chairman—

John B. Fairley.—I believe I am in possession of the chair. I certainly spoke first.

Archd. Main.—I apprehend that I rose first—

Chairman.—The last speaker is certainly in possession of the chair.

John B. Fairley.—I bow to the decision.

Archd. Main.—When the voice of a single man can operate so instantaneously in composing a difference, who would not approve of a rational and moderate tyranny? It is not, however, Mr. Chairman, my present object to answer the arguments which have been so ably brought forward to support the negative of this question. I rise to submit a few observations upon the nature of the question itself. I take the liberty of stating, that I think it an injudiciously selected question—a question which does not receive from every mind the same interpretation. I dare assert, Mr. Chairman, that, in this very assembly, there are various different opinions with respect to what constitutes a great man. Some will tell you that greatness consists in rank, some in exploits, some in talents, some in virtue. Thus, Sir, the very premises of our discussion are unsettled and wavering.

Already do the gentlemen on the opposite side endeavour to strain your question to the construction, that greatness essentially consists in goodness; and they may quote Mr. Pope, and say, "Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great". Others, again, may insist that greatness depends upon rank, and exclaim with Milton, "Worthiest, by

being good, far more than great or high". I confess, Mr. Chairman, that until this point shall have been disposed of, I cannot hope for an end to the debate; and, therefore, propose, as an amendment, we shall determine, "What it is that constitutes a great man".

John B. Fairley.—I oppose the amendment—I oppose it because I think it unnecessary.

Crichton D. Fulton.—I beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman, but I believe there is not any motion before you, as the gentleman's amendment has not been seconded.

Wm. Aitken.—Mr. Chairman, I second the amendment.

Chairman.—The gentleman, then, will have the goodness to submit his amendment in writing.

John B. Fairley.—I apprehend, Sir, that your recommendation involves a question of no small importance, namely, whether the gentleman can write?

Archd. Main.—I thank the gentleman for his friendly insinuation, and beg leave to assure him that, if I cannot write, my deficiency is far less deplorable than his, who is master of the art of penmanship and makes a despicable use of it; and I dare assert that the man who makes a bad use of his tongue, will never use his pen to much advantage. Mr. Chairman, here is the motion, ready written; and if the writing is not mine, the dictation is. And that is more than many a man can say who flourishes upon paper.

John B. Fairley.—Sir, if the little gentleman that has just sat down imagines it would give me any pleasure to hurt his feelings, I assure him he is much mistaken. Mr. Chairman, I object to the amendment on two grounds—first, because it is indecorous with regard to you; secondly, because it is uncalled for with regard to the question. Your experience, Sir, could never have allowed you to propose a question that required revision; and had you proposed such a question, it would have been our duty to receive it without comment. Surely, Sir, in these enlightened times, we do not inquire what it is that constitutes a great man. The question cannot be viewed in any light but one, namely, as inquiring whether Caesar was a man of great virtues and justifiable conduct? If he was so, our opposition will be fruitless; if he was not so, these gentlemen exert their eloquence to little purpose.

Archd. Main.—Sir, I hope the big gentleman that has just sat down will do me the justice to believe, that as I receive little satisfaction from being offended, so I am not sedulous to find out cause for offence. If the gentleman is serious in his apology, I ought to be, and I am, satisfied. If he is not serious, I assure him that I pity

the poverty of that man's pretensions who thinks he can humiliate another by reflecting upon the dimensions of his body—that least and lowest part of a man. It is not, Sir, the consideration of five feet, or six, that ever yet operated in achieving a noble action or performing a virtuous one; nor have those maxims which have instructed, or those imaginations which have delighted mankind, proceeded from how much a man could measure in his stockings, the length of his back, or the thickness of his body. Those are considerations for your tailor; and give me leave to assure the worthy gentleman that though he could overlook me by a full head and a half, it would not give him the advantage of one poor eighth of an inch with respect to height or breadth of soul, or intellect—the proper, the real, the only measure of man. With regard to my amendment, Mr. Chairman, I am not anxious to press it. That I did not propose it from any disrespectful feeling towards you, I entreat you to believe. I withdraw it, and I beg you will excuse the interruption it has occasioned.

Chairman.—I cannot allow the last speaker to withdraw his amendment without expressing my conviction that, in proposing it, he was actuated solely by the desire of giving the question a greater degree of precision. However, I trust that you will proceed with the discussion, at the same time keeping in mind that the greatest talents and the most brilliant achievements are not sufficient to constitute a great man, unless his ends are virtuous and noble.

John B. Fairley.—Mr. Chairman, to you, Sir, I am sure I need not apologize for the freedom I have used with regard to the gentleman who has last addressed you. Believe me, Sir, had I not known his great natural talents—had I not admired and valued them, I should not have presumed to ruffle him into resentment, or pique him into retort. I appeared to slight him because I knew that he was above slight; and I rejoice at his triumph, although it has been achieved by my own apparent defeat.

Let us not call Caesar a great man because he was a great warrior; if we must admire him, let us seek some other warrant for our applause than what proceeds from the groans and writhings of humanity.

What do we find him doing?—He produces the images of Marius—that man who, as my worthy friend has said, returned the salutations of his fellow-citizens with the blows of his assassins, and marched to the Capitol amidst the groans of his butchered countrymen. This was not following the steps of Marius—it was justifying them—it was inviting to the standard of his ambition every

recreant that would sell the vigour of his arm to any cause, no matter how bloody, how unnatural, how immoral, how sacrilegious! Were your country, Sir, in a state of anarchy—were it distracted by the struggles of rival parties, drawn out, every now and then, in arms against one another—and were you, Sir, to attempt a reformation of manners, what qualifications would you require in the men whom you would associate with you in such an undertaking? What would content you? Talent?—No. Enterprise?—No. Courage?—No. Reputation?—No. Virtue?—No. The men whom you would select should possess, not one, but all of these. They must be proved men, tested men—men that had again and again passed through the ordeal of human temptation, without a scar, without a blemish, without a speck!

Who, Sir, I ask, were Caesar's seconds in his undertaking? Crebonius Curio, one of the most vicious and debauched young men in Rome—a creature of Pompey's, bought off by the illustrious Caesar; Marcus Antonius, a creature of that creature's—a young man so addicted to every kind of dissipation that he had been driven from the paternal roof.

Paulus Æmilius, a patrician, a consul, a friend of Pompey's, bought off by the great Caesar with a bribe of fifteen hundred talents. Such, Sir, were the abettors of Caesar. What, then, was Caesar's object? Do we select extortioners to enforce the laws of equity? Do we make choice of profligates to guard the morals of society? Do we depute atheists to preside over the rites of religion? The achievement of great objects does not belong to the vile, or of virtuous ones to the vicious, or of religious ones to the profane. Caesar did not associate such characters with him for the good of his country; his object was the gratification of his own ambition, the attainment of supreme power—no matter by what means accomplished, no matter by what consequences attended.

Crichton D. Fulton.—Mr. Chairman, I solicit your attention.

The gentleman says we ought not to rejoice at the triumphs of the warrior! Is this position, Sir, to be received without the least restriction? Let us detect the sophistry of those who support the negative of the question.

A caitiff enters your house at the dead hour of the night prepared for robbery, and grasping the instrument of murder. You hear the tread of unknown feet—you rise, come upon the intruder, resist him, and lay him prostrate. Shall your wife shudder when you approach to tell her she is safe? Shall your children shrink from you when you say you have averted the danger that threatened their innocent

sleep? Why should they not? I'll tell you, sir;—because you have followed the dictates of reason, of affection, of nature, and of God.

Sir, there are warriors whose victories should be celebrated with shouts and songs—for whose brows our wives and daughters should weave garlands, and whose knees our infants should embrace—such warriors as guard the boundaries of their native land.

And Caesar is to be condemned because he produced the images of Marius and revived his memory and honours! Now, Sir, I conceive a weaker ground of accusation could not have been selected, for the mere circumstance of Marius's having been related to Caesar by marriage presents a very natural excuse for such a proceeding, particularly as it took place upon the death of Caesar's aunt, who was the wife of Marius.

Let us, Sir, do justice to the dead, though their interests be parted from ours by the lapse of a hundred generations. As to the assertion that Caesar's aims may be ascertained by examining the character of those whom he associated with him, it must go for nothing.

Our cause may rest upon one single fact—Rome was happy, prosperous, and honoured under Caesar's government; and I shall have the hardihood to assert that he whose rule secures the happiness, prosperity, and glory of a nation deserves to rule it.

Wm. Aitken.—Sir, if you are not indebted to the gentleman that has just addressed you, I am sure the fault is not his. He has made you a present of a wife, and a fine thriving family, with all the happy *et ceteras*. Allow me, sir, to pay my compliments to you in your new character, which you wear with a peculiar grace, and which, I fervently trust, you will wear long. Yet let me hope, Mr. Chairman, that you will sometimes remember your late affectionate fraternity, now disconsolate at the loss they have sustained.

Let me presume that you will sometimes steal yourself away from the lullaby of the nurse, and the prattling of the children, to visit your old companions. Your condescension will not be unprofitable. From the contemplation of our desolate state you will turn with a livelier zest to your own little domestic circle; your heart will feel the prouder by the contrast; and in the fulness of your joy you will sigh an involuntary blessing upon the day that first introduced you to the acquaintance of the worthy gentleman. You know, Mr. Chairman, I never prided myself upon my talents for speaking

However, as I have risen, I shall venture an observation or two upon the question before me. And, first of all, Sir, I have not the least idea of calling a man great because he has been a great

conqueror. How many a renowned general has turned his arms against the very cause in whose defence he first took them up?—As Caesar did—Caesar, who was commissioned by his country to subdue the Gauls, and then commissioned himself to subdue his country! I wonder that any man who has a regard for common sense, or plain honesty, can so far forget himself as to justify Caesar's conduct in this particular. I shall state a very simple case to you, Mr. Chairman. You have a very large estate; you employ a couple of stewards to assist you in the management of it, and you send one of them to reside in the most distant part of it. Well, Sir, this steward is a fellow of address; he manages his little government very skilfully; keeps your tenants in due subjection and your servants in admirable order, at the same time taking care to secure himself in their good graces by indulgences and gifts and flatteries, and every effective means of engaging esteem. Well, Sir, in process of time you determine to dismiss this steward; but you retain the other.—You recall him that he may give an account of himself, and receive his discharge. Does he obey you?—No.—He does not stir a step! He sets his arms akimbo, and thus accosts your messenger—"Mr. Jack—or Thomas—or Walter,—present my duty to my master and say, that when steward such-a-one receives his discharge I'll accept mine." I should like to see your face, Mr. Chairman, upon your receiving his message. I fear it would require something more than the caresses of your wife, and the prattling of your infant family, to preserve it in its natural smoothness. What would you do with the rascal? You would have him fined—imprisoned—whipped—put in the pillory—hanged—and yet, Sir, such a man—though acting upon a larger scale—was the immortal Caesar. It makes one sick to hear the cause of such a fellow advocated! And let me recall to the recollection of those gentlemen, the truth, that greatness cannot consist in anything that is at the disposal of chance, or rather that exists by chance. Had not fortune favoured Caesar in his first battles, he would have been recalled, perhaps, brought to trial, and banished—and then he would have been little Caesar.

And now, Sir, in the name of common sense, what mighty acts did Caesar perform when he became the master of his country? We are told that the servile senate created him reformer of manners. A fine reformer of manners, whose own manners stood so much in need of reforming! Sir, they should have rather made him inspector of markets—for it was in that capacity he shone the most conspicuously. It is said he limited the expense of feasts, and that his officers used to enter the houses of the citizens and snatch from off their tables

any meats that were served up! I should like to see a constable enter my parlour at dinner-time, and hand away a dish just as it had been placed upon the table. I'd cut his fingers off with the carving-knife! But the best of it is, his restrictions effected certain orders only. Men of rank might do as they pleased.

In fine, Mr. Chairman, my opinion of Caesar is this—He was a very fine fighter, a very bad patriot, a very selfish master, and a very great rogue!

Wm. G. F. Laurie.—Sir,—If my worthy friend has presented you with a wife and family, the last speaker is not behindhand with him, for he has given you a large estate to maintain them—an estate so large, as to require two stewards to manage it!

As to the gentleman's eloquence in opposition to Caesar's greatness, he himself tells you what degree of importance you are to attach to his opinions, for he very ingenuously says you are not to expect anything serious from him. In one instance, however, I shall comment upon what he has said, because a man should not be frivolous even in his jesting. I allude to his wit, respecting the restraints that Caesar laid upon luxury.

Surely I need not remind him that the heroes of Greece fared upon black broth, and drew their glory no less from the moderation of their appetite than from the excess of their courage and patriotism.

The gentleman says it makes him sick to hear the cause of such a man as Caesar advocated! I shall prescribe for his sickness. Let him take a dose of common sense, and use a little mental exercise—that will remove his sickness. I am sure it makes me sick to hear the arguments of Caesar's opponents. Sir, he was a man of stupendous loftiness of mind! A man above all influence of fortune! Himself, where other men would have been—nothing! Observe him when he is surprised by the Nervii. His soldiers are employed in pitching their camp.—The ferocious enemy sallies from his concealment, puts the Roman cavalry to the rout, and falls upon the foot. Everything is in alarm, confusion, and disorder. Everyone is doubtful what course to take. Everyone, but Caesar! He causes the banner to be erected, the charge to be sounded, the soldiers at a distance recalled—all in a moment!

The contest is doubtful and dreadful! Two of his legions are entirely surrounded! He seizes a buckler from one of the private men—puts himself at the head of his broken troops, darts into the thick of the battle, rescues his legions, and overthrows the enemy!

Really, Sir, I cannot command my patience when I hear those gentlemen indulge themselves in invectives against a man, the twentieth part of whose excellence, divided amongst the whole of them, would make them heroes. I shall certainly vote for the affirmative of the question.

Cecil Cruickshank.—Sir,—If my worthy friend was sick, I hope he is now in a fair way of recovery. The gentleman has considered his case and prescribed for him, and he certainly could not have fallen into better hands.

You must confess, Mr. Chairman, you preside over an assembly whose members entertain a very respectful sense of your merits. One has made you the father of a happy family, another has bestowed on you a handsome estate—allow me, Sir, to recommend a physician to you—one who will be a faithful guardian of your health, who will watch with skilful eye the delicate complexion of your wife, and regulate, with gentle and innocent doses, your children's habit of body. Believe me, Sir, the gentleman's merit does not consist in his diploma only; it has its foundation in knowledge, in science, and experience.

He is, as you may perceive from the speech that he has just made you, a philosopher and a moralist. Unlike Macbeth's physician he—

“ Can minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Rase out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
That weighs upon the heart ”.

I regret, however, Mr. Chairman, that, notwithstanding my eulogium, I must dissent from him with regard to his admiration of Caesar. I cannot, I confess, behold those incidents he has just named in Caesar's life in the same light that he does. When Caesar was surprised by the Nervii, he had a great cause at stake, and his conduct was the natural result of that consideration. I am sure you will agree with me, that great exploits must have noble ends—and then, indeed, they make the executor great.

“ Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool—the more a knave!
Who noble ends, by noble means, obtains,
Or, failing, smiles, in exile or in chains—
Like good Aurelius, let him sigh, or bleed
Like Socrates—that man is great indeed ! ”

John Anderson.—Mr. Chairman, a gentleman has said, that the man whose rule secures the happiness, prosperity, and glory of a nation deserves to rule it. With equal confidence I assert, that the man who obtains the rule of his country by violating its laws—how much soever he may contribute to make it happy, prosperous, and great—does not deserve to rule it; for he sets a bad example, he leaves it in the power of any wretch, who may possess his ambition, without his excellence, to quote his name, and use it as an authority for the commission of similar crime. No gentleman has yet presumed to say that Caesar's conduct was sanctioned by the laws of Rome—those laws that guarded more cautiously against the approaches of tyranny than against the invasion of a foreign enemy.

Caesar, then, did not deserve to rule his country, for he violated its laws. A good man respects the laws of his country; Caesar was not in this view a good man—Caesar was not in this view a great man; for goodness is an essential part of greatness.

Let us now examine how far he deserved to rule his country, because, as it has been said, he secured its happiness, prosperity, and greatness. Sir, I do not believe that he accomplished any such object. To dispose of all offices and honours just as his own interest or fancy directed his choice of the candidates: to create new offices for the gratification of his favourites and creatures—I say, Sir, to adopt such measures as these had not a tendency to secure the happiness or prosperity of his country.

A gentleman, speaking of Caesar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it! Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river!

Caesar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon?—The boundary of Caesar's province. From what did it separate his province?—From his country. Was that country a desert?—No, it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant!—Love was its inhabitant!—Domestic affection was its inhabitant!—Liberty was its inhabitant!—All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Caesar, that stood upon the brink of that stream?—A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused. No wonder if, his ima-

gination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But no!—he cried, “The die is cast!” He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

He is not content to triumph over the Gauls, the Egyptians, and Pharnaces; he must triumph over his own countrymen! He is not satisfied to insult the Romans with triumphing over the death of liberty; they must gaze upon the representation of her expiring agonies, and mark the writhings of her last, fatal struggle! Mr. Chairman, I confidently anticipate the triumph of our cause.

John Falconer.—Sir,—With great reluctance I present myself to your notice at this late hour. We have proved that your patience is abundant—we cannot presume that it is inexhaustible. I shall exercise it for only a few moments. Were our cause to be judged by the approbation which our opponents have received, it would appear to be lost. But that is far from being the case, Mr. Chairman. The approbation they receive is unaccompanied by conviction. It is a tribute—and a merited one—to their eloquence, and has not any reference to the justice of the part they take. Our cause is not lost—is not in danger—does not apprehend danger. We are as strong as ever—as able for the contest—and as confident of victory. We fight under the banners of Caesar, and Caesar never met an open enemy without subduing him.

We grant that Caesar was a usurper, but we insist that the circumstances of the times justified his usurpation. We insist that he became a usurper for the good of his country, for the salvation of the republic, for the preservation of its very existence.

A gentleman very justly said, that the love of country is the first, the second, and the last principle of a virtuous mind. Now, Sir, it appears that the Roman people sold their country—its office, its honours, its liberty! sold them to the highest bidder, as they would sell their wares, a sheep or the quarter of an ox; and that, after they had struck the bargain, they threw themselves into it and fought manfully for the purchaser!

Thus, Sir, the independence of the republic was virtually lost before Caesar became a usurper; and, therefore, to say that Caesar destroyed the independence or liberty of his country, is to assert that he destroyed a nonentity.

Gentlemen talk of what are called the people as if they were the most enlightened part of the community. Are they the guardians of learning?—or of the arts?—or of the sciences? Do we select

counsellors from them?—or judges?—or legislators? Do we inquire among them for rhetoricians?—logicians?—or philosophers?—or, rather, do we not consider them little regulated by judgment?—much influenced by prejudice?—greatly subject to caprice?—chiefly governed by passion? Of course, Sir, I speak of what are generally called the people—the crowd, the mass of the community.

Mr. Chairman, I think that the times in which Caesar lived called for and sanctioned his usurpation. I think his object was to extinguish the jealousies of party, to put a stop to the miseries that resulted from them, and to unite his countrymen. I think the divided state of the Roman people exposed them to the danger of a foreign yoke, from which they could be preserved only by receiving a domestic one. I think that Caesar was a great man; and I would rather patiently suffer the oppressions of an arbitrary master than the cruelties and disorders which generally attend civil dissensions.

Arthur Robin.—Mr. Chairman,—As the opener of this debate I am entitled to reply, but it is a privilege by which I shall not profit. I leave our cause to the fate it merits. But allow me to remark, that how much soever we may disagree in our opinion of Caesar's character, there is a subject upon which we cannot have the slightest difference of sentiment, namely, that your patience, indulgence, and impartiality have been great, and claim—our gratitude.

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